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**THE  
CORRESPONDENCE OF  
HENRY CRABB ROBINSON  
WITH  
THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE  
VOL. II: 1844-1866**



**OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**

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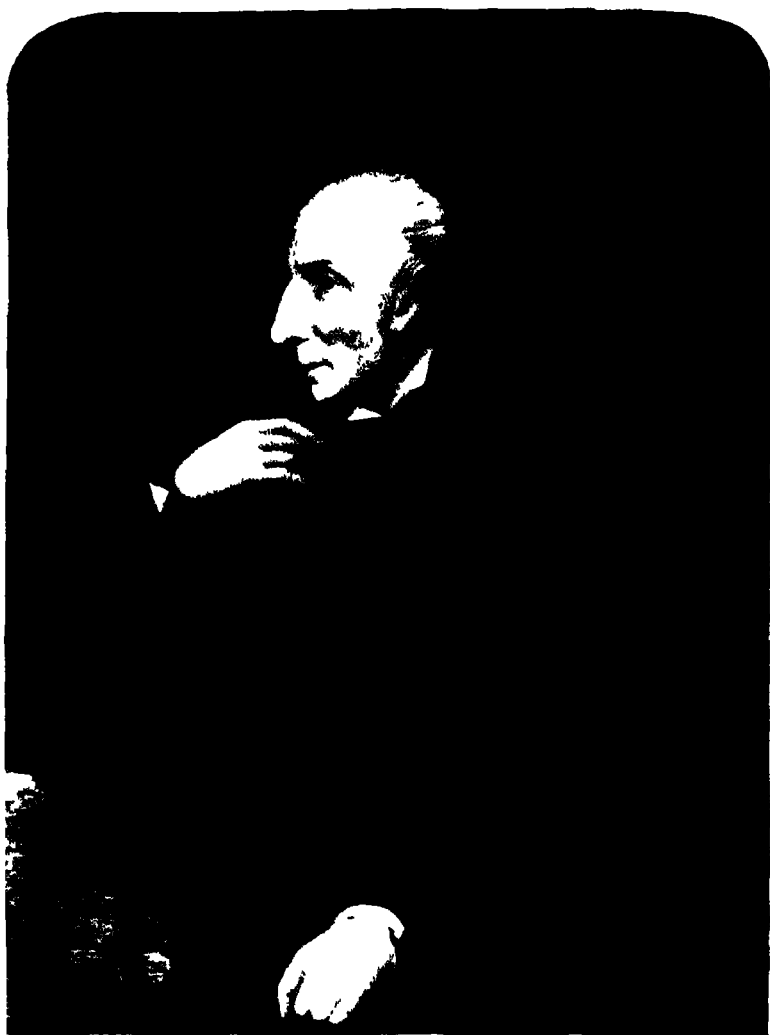
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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*From the miniature by Miss Gillies (1811) in the possession of  
Mr Gordon Wordsworth*

THE  
CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
*HENRY CRABB ROBINSON*  
,  
WITH  
*THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE*  
(1808-1866)

THE GREATER PART NOW FOR THE FIRST  
TIME PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS IN  
DR. WILLIAMS'S LIBRARY, LONDON

Chronologically arranged and edited with  
Introduction, Notes and Index

by

*EDITH J. MORLEY*

IN TWO VOLUMES  
WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

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VOL. II : 1844-1866

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1844  
Nos. 7a, b.

353. H. C. R. to M. W.

Jan. 27. 1844

p. 8, line 14. . . . I have written to my brother to day, what there is no harm in repeat<sup>s</sup> to you that I feel now even more strongly than ever before the obligations I owe you & all your's for all your kindnesses to me—I feel I must include in future *James* parli<sup>ar</sup>ly in the family—And I beg that I may be parli<sup>ar</sup>y rememberd to the *houses* of Arnold, Fletcher, Davy, Harrison & Carr—I sho<sup>d</sup> have begun with Quillinan if I had not consid<sup>d</sup> that as an offset of Wordsworth to which Fenwick is now indissolubly attached—&c &c &c

Affectionately Yours

H. C. Robinson.

*Mrs Wordsworth Rydal Mount*

1844  
No 9a

354. T. R. to H. C. R.

Feb 2. 1844

p. 8, line 7. . . . Just at the time that this matter came before me [the question of an Established Church v. 'the *voluntary principle*'] I accident[al]ly fell in with Wordsworth's *post[s]cript* at the end of one of his volumes in which as it *now* appears to me he has put this point in a very just and striking light—I have no doubt you well remember it—the fact is I am perhaps more *up to* Wordsworth's prose than to his verse—and one reason is that it requires less effort on my part to understand. In prose he is to me beautifully perspicuous [*sic*]—Indeed there are few readers, I take for granted, whose judgment is worth anything but will admit his superiority in this respect—the impression left upon my mind after perusing his 'Convention of Cintra' will remain as long as I retain any thing. . . .



1844  
Nos. 10b. 11a.

355. M. W. to H. C. R.

My dear Friend

5<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>ry</sup> [1844]

You have been gone almost a fortnight! & no one, to my knowledge, has written to you—This seems strange & you must have thought us ungrateful; the more so, as you sent us such a nice entertaining letter—but alas! I cannot refer to it, & for why? This involves a long story which I must first explain.

I know not how the remainder of the week after you left us passed, except that with *Willy* or Mr Roughsedge, or Dora, who remained with us till the Friday, we had our evening Rubber. — — It was settled as you may not remember that Miss Fenwick was to set off on her expedition into Durham on the Tuesday, & my Husband & myself on that day or the next, to visit our grandchildren at Brigham—driven by William in our little Carriage—Tuesday arrived, but with stormy snowy weather—however Miss Fenwick having engaged a proper Carriage, kept to her purpose, & performed her journey safely to Hallsteads—We gave up for that day—Dora came to keep house for us, & take care of Auntie in our absence, & to her your letter, received about that time, was given, so that she might beguile her solitude by answering it—‘But’—(don’t be angry if you detect that *that but* is a plaigarism [*sic*] from you) the snow & wind in the night, & a sort of uncertainty about the weather DAUNTED our Gentlemen, on Wed: Morn<sup>g</sup>—& neither of them would venture to face the *apprehension* of a storm—therefore—I hope you admire Woman’s resolution—When all had been prepared Dora came to me with ‘Mother let you & I go’—the bargain was struck—Your friend, James, nothing loth prepared himself to be our Charioteer—& tho’ the Lord & Master at first said, ‘*remember you go against my consent*’—he afterwards gave us in charge to James to return or not, as our way was found to be practicable or otherwise—& we consented to this arrangement—Started & had a journey, pleasant, & without impediment of any sort—Thursday was a glorious day—& we were delighted with the improvement we found in all the dear

children, & the joy they had from our visit. More snow fell in the night—yet we were as prompt to return as we had been to go—& had as favourable a drive home—With pleasant incidents at Keswick going & returning. We received a gracious welcoming from the elder & some grumbling from the younger W<sup>m</sup>—who threatened Dora with a storm, worse than she had encountered from her husband—who had been ignorant of her sudden flight—till we wear [*sic*] far away. However *his* anger was but a feint—and in our hearts we believe, that he would have been of our Party had he been at Rydal—as would I believe the Poet, but for his faint-hearted Son—who was timid about his Mammy's rashness, & would not be responsible for the consequences—Hence your letter remained unanswered, & as it is in Dora's possession so that I cannot refer to it, you must pardon my inability, after such an eventful interval, to recollect what I ought to say in reply, beyond our pleasure at hearing so well of your Brother—but our deep anxiety concerning what you said of your Niece Ere this I trust you have found that what you had heard had been exaggerated—Pray satisfy us on this point as soon as you can—this scrawl will meet you at Bury I expect.

Of dearest Miss Fenwick I can only tell you that she is yet in safe quarters at Hallsteads, our good Friends laid an embargo upon her, & wisely—for no doubt 'Stavemoor's wintry waste' over which she had to cross, is blocked up—This has been a fine day—for exercise, but the snow lies thick upon the ground.

We have had favourable accounts upon the whole from Madeira. John & Isa expressed much concern for your accident Now I must enquire of my husband what he has to say to you—he is left alone after dinner, W being at Green bank cheering his Cousin who I am sorry to hear has not been quite so well—Mr Carr too has had an attack, but is I believe better again.

James is the proudest of the proud in the possession of your gift<sup>1</sup>—which was a consequential companion to him when from time to time we enquired the hour as we travelled to Brigham. He has been somewhat disturbed at the thought 'of his being so astonished when the Watch was given to him

<sup>1</sup> A silver watch.

that he believes he did not even thank you for it '—' for he did not know what to think about it ' !—

We passed a couple of hours with Mr Stanger<sup>1</sup> on Friday, eat a good dinner & heard much about the Sub: for the Monument—He read us an insolent clever letter (W<sup>m</sup> bids me tell you this) from Croker in answer to the circular, grounded upon the objection you had heard made<sup>2</sup>—quite in his cutting reviewing style—But Mr S. did not spare him in his reply. Mr S told him that the object was not to raise money (for C. even insinuated that they wished to do so under cover of Southey's Monument to spare the Parish of Crosthwaite expence) for he knew one Individual who would rather have done the whole himself—but that it had been considered it would be grateful to others to join in such a mark of respect.—He would much rather that no one Person had sent more then one guinea & he had refused one *large* sum that had been offered. My husband now dictates The Committee had reason to expect there would be some surplus & it was thought it w<sup>d</sup> be more agreeable to sub<sup>rs</sup> to be told, if there was any, it should be applied in such a way—rather than return it, in shillings, half-crowns, or larger sums according to the several Subscriptions sent. The vulgar Irishman could neither comprehend this, nor perceive how Crosthwaite Ch: in sight of which Southey lived for nearly 40 years, & where he duly attended public worship &c &c &c could be more to the Sub<sup>rs</sup> on this occasion than any other Church. Mr Stanger's reply shewed what advantages a good man has over a merely clever one.

I need scarcely add that Dorothy, as she has just told her Brother, sends her love wishing to know how *your* Brother is. She expressed also her concern that your Niece is so unwell. I W<sup>m</sup> have today had a 3<sup>rd</sup> letter from my Glasgow autograph persecutor—a lyric or a sonnet he again pertinaciously requests. Miss Fletcher called this morn<sup>g</sup>. Our friends are all well of that connection—As are the Arnolds—

It was foolish to print the Epitaph, before it was engraven

<sup>1</sup> 'The Stanger family had for centuries owned estates near Keswick, and a township to the west of Derwentwater once bore their name.' Quoted by D. N. B. from Nicolson and Burn, *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, ii. 68.

<sup>2</sup> See No. 351.

FEBRUARY 1844

on the Marble, Lord Ashley, who is not the wisest of Men, thinks it not half encomiastic enough—His letter to Mr Stanger went a *desperate* long way in this strain. How few are there who understand the art of praising either the living or the dead. If you have a copy correct the 2 last lines thus

‘ Thro a long life & pure & Christian faith <sup>1</sup>

Calmed in his soul the fear of change & death.

With best wishes aff<sup>ly</sup> Your’s

W & M. Wordsworth

Excuse all my blunders & awkwardnesses for I cannot have patience to read what I have written

*Endorsed* : 5 Feb: 44. Mrs Wordsworth.

1844  
No. 11b.

356. M. W. to H. C. R.

Feb 6<sup>th</sup> [1844]

My dear Friend

Since despatching a letter to you at Bury this morn<sup>g</sup> William & I have been engaged in unpacking a box, most dexterously laden with a handsome set of breakfast & tea China—which to my confusion (in having so frequently to refer, to this subject of your generosity) I have to thank *You* for. Indeed my dear friend, tho’ I would not receive your gift uncraciously [*sic*], these annual valuable presents make me feel is [*sic*] if you thought it necessary to make some *substantial* addition to the very great pleasure you bestow upon us by affording us your society—In other words to put the matter in a *homely way*—as if you were paying for your board & lodging! and at a high rate.<sup>2</sup>

But truly I must say, that you are a wizard to discover what in the way of household requisites—would not be a superfluous gift to Rydal Mount—I have questioned James whether you had not been sifting him wherein there was a failure—so nicely have you hit upon the right thing to make

<sup>1</sup> The later version of this line reads : ‘ Through his industrious life, and Christian faith ’.

<sup>2</sup> The receipt is preserved among H. C. R.’s papers. It may interest some readers to know that the china breakfast service was bought of A. B. and R. P. Daniell, 18 Wigmore St. and 129 New Bond St., that it cost £6 18s. and was for 6 people.

up a deficiency—for never, since we were housekeepers, did we possess a *Company* Tea Service—& you have before provided spoons suitable to the very elegant & *fashionable*-shaped set—so that our table henceforth will vie with, if not take the lead of those of our neighbours.

We have just returned from taking Dora a drive, & have been charmed by the grandeur of our Mountain scenery—no snow-clad *Alpine* peaks ever appeared more beautiful than our's—& now the beaten snow upon the road allows the wheels to run so glibly, that nothing could be more delightful than our morning drive—Dora & I sate in the Carriage in the Sunshine while the two Williams ran up the hill to see the view from Brathay Chapel, with which they were enchanted.—If ever you go into Redman's shop in Bond St— to buy yourself a Silk Handkerchief—you might please him by telling him how often the Poet blesses him for that holy deed of his, when he planted the Chapel on that Rock.

We shall long for you after dinner—This M<sup>s</sup> my husband was wishing for a *fourth* to make up our evenings Rubber—poor M<sup>r</sup> Roughsedge is laid up in [*sic*] the Gout & Quillnan has got a bad Cold.

I hope your good Brother continues in a satisfactory state & that your Niece's health does not cause you encreased anxiety.

With the best wishes of us all for your, & their well doing, & begging you to make our respectful regards acceptable to them believe me ever to be my dear friend affectionately your  
much obliged

M. Wordsworth

*Endorsed* : Feb: 6-44. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsw.: The China recd.

1844  
Nos. 12b, 13a.

357. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

11<sup>th</sup> Feb: 1844

p. 2, line 9. . . . It is quite true that James did not thank me for the gift, but it is equally true that I well discerned the cause, and that I was better pleased with his grateful silence than I could have been with anything uttered by ' the rattling

tongue of saucy & audacious eloquence'.—I am not surprised at Mr Croker's letter And I can well believe that Mr Stanger's reply might happily reprove what was unbecoming in it And 'shewed what advantages a good man has over a merely clever one'—Nevertheless that two men so utterly opposite in character as the Ex-Admiralty-Secretary and my friend [Kenyon] one of the most generous of men I know, should precisely agree goes far towards proving that their separate but concurring objection is in fact well founded—Both of them were and are ignorant of the personal worth of Mr Stanger and of his individual inability to turn to account on behalf of the parish the incident of the monument But they know very likely what the Genus—Churchwarden is—I am sure that I should have come to the same conclusion had I not seen Mr Wordsworth['s] name to so large a Sum And I knew him to be one not likely to be taken in by any professions or artifices . . .

p. 5, line 16. . . I am glad to hear that the box and its brittle contents arrived safely—And hope that for many, many years we may all partake of their instrumentality in the most agreeable of all social meetings—One epithet you apply to them which I certainly did not intend should be applicable That is *fashionable*—fashion is essentially transient & therefore a worthless quality—These I meant to be only pleasing—I ought to be affronted with you for telling me so unhesitatingly that you did not give me credit for sagacity enough to find out what you yet admit I have found out—Ask the poet how he would have felt at the commencement of his career (for now he is callous alike to praise & blame) if any of his critics had said—These verses are so very beautiful that we are sure they cannot be his own And you carry your assurance so far as to confess that you cross-questioned James whether I did not ask his advice & assistance! I am sure he answered in the negative tho' you do not confess so much—

I have no wish to deny that on these occasions I do '*think it necessary*' to &c &c. but I protest that the necessity you fancy me to feel is the most perverse unwarrantable & scandalous of misrepresentations I ever read—

Nor would I trust you, even were you in my position, tho'

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you would feel & act precisely as I do, to state the necessity in clear & logical terms—And this only because it is your misfortune never to have studied German metaphysics—To say it in a word—The necessity is purely subjective & not at all objective—I leave the poet to explain these words to you—He must have gone through a course of logic at Cambridge And then learned their import—tho' that is a learning that generally oozes out of a man before he takes his L.L.D. or his U.I.D. or his Jus: Civ: D. degree—Whichever it is that he now rejoices in<sup>1</sup>. . .

<sup>1844</sup>  
*Nos. 14a b*      358. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> 1844

*p. 8, line 17.* . . . By the by I always feel unfeigned respect for all those who early discerned Wordsworths Genius & feel very little for those who began to admire only when they would have been mobbed for not doing it. This reminds me of a saying of my Husbands which struck me very much 50 years ago 'The generality of people think in herds' I enjoy his present fame more than almost any thing—but do you know I half wish the last volume had not been published during his life and yet there are many most delightful things in it. . . .

<sup>1844</sup>  
*No. 23b*      359. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside—March 19. 1844.

My dear Sir,

I am going to write you a short letter about nothing, for Mrs Wordsworth; who has it on her conscience that she has not lately written to you though she has nothing to say except what you know, that a letter from You is one of the most acceptable things her post-bag ever contains.—How are you & your brother? Both well, we hope; & we never fancy you quite well when your Brother is otherwise.—

We have had a roaring storm of wind here, which lasted two or three days, & did mischief among trees, but most at

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth was made an honorary D.C.L. Durham in 1838, and Oxford in 1839.

Rydal Mount. The two largest of those fine old cherry trees on the terrace nearest the house were uprooted & spread their length over the wall & orchard as far as the kitchen garden ; two fir-trees also, both ornamental, from their positions, & one especially so from its double stem, have been laid prostrate : with proper appliances these last might be set up again, but the expence here & inconvenience would be greater than the annoyance of their removal—Such losses will sound trivial at a distance, but they are felt at home. Those cherry trees were old servants & companions—Dora & the birds used (in *her* younger days) to perch together on the boughs, for the fruit.

There is a very favorable prospect, according to Mr Reed's report just arrived, of the American Stock turning out better than American rascality threatened. The Pensylvanians seem to have many honest men among them, & the non-repudiating States are so many intolerable thorns in the sides of the thievish ones.—But the inconvenience to themselves (felt more & more every day,) of their dishonesty, must I think make them pay if nothing else will.—Susy Arnold is *much* better, able to walk to Ambleside & back.—Mr Carr, so-so, but well or otherwise, always talks of you & your Samaritan visits with pleasure.—Miss Fenwick, who came home 3 or 4 days ago, was going to write you a short note, but was & is prevented by a severe cold. Mr Henry Taylor is wonderfully recovered : quite well I understand. Hydropathy & homœopathy combined (the two words alone are enough to kill a well man) have restored him. So at least I understood.—

All your friends here are in statu quo, I think, except Mr Roughsedge who suffers much & sometimes alarmingly, from gout & rheumatic fever, & one of the Miss *Briggses* (Dr B's dau<sup>r</sup>) who is very ill, & it is feared in danger : the most delicate looking of the three. Mrs *Fell* hopes you are *well*, translate that into German.

I am, as you know, if you have not forgotten, trying to translate Camoens Lusiad into *blank* verse, & have done two cantos out of the ten. I tried half of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Canto in ottava rima, the measure of the original, but I found I could by no means satisfy myself in *rhyme* ; it is impossible to keep near



MARCH 1844

enough to the sense of the author. Mickle's translation is no translation at all : it is another poem, in which Camoens story is followed, (but even that by no means faithfully !) his thoughts imitated & paraphrased, & the whole a most audacious humbug —though Mick. was a clever fellow & even a poet, as his Martyr & some other of his verses prove). I should not speak so harshly of Mick's version of the *Lusiad* (for I w<sup>d</sup> rather avoid that as I am trying to do it better) but that Mickle is insufferably insolent to all previous translators mentioned by him, & especially Fanshawe, who I suspect from all the queer but often able specimens I have seen, has given by far the better, certainly the nearer version.—Can you pick me up Fanshawe ? I should be much obliged if you could through any of the bookstall people. I have tried in various quarters in vain. The only ed<sup>n</sup> I know of is in *folio* & has this title : *The Lusiad* or Portugal's Historicall Poem : written in the Portingale language by Luis de Camoens, & now newly put into English by Richard Fanshawe Esq<sup>re</sup> London : printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Arms, in St Paul's Church Yard 1645. Were I in town, I could no doubt find a copy, purchase one I mean, for it is of course to be seen in the British Mus<sup>m</sup>.—Sir Richard Fanshawe was 'a fine old English Gentleman' & brave Cavalier in the days of Cromwell & the Charles's ; & it was *something* to translate the *Lusiad* at all in those days ; it is a pity that the taste of the age for quaintnesses & conceits have spoult him. It must be owned that had the Cavalier kept company with Milton & Marvel he might have improved his style.—If you see Mr Rogers pray give our best remembrances. All here join in kindest regards to you—Mr Wordsworth has been working very hard lately, to very little purpose, to mend the versification of the *Excursion*, with some parts of which he is dissatisfied, & no doubt justly : but to mend it without losing more in the freshness & the force of expression than he will gain in variety of cadence is in most cases I believe impracticable : *It will* do, in spite of my Lord Jeffery and its occasional defects in metrical construction &c—

Yours always truly

Endorsed : 19 Mar 1844. Quillinan.

E. Q.

APRIL 1844

Miscellaneous Bundle 5 360. H. C. R. to T. R.  
XVI. c.

[April 6. 1844]

P:S: 6<sup>th</sup> April 1844 At[h]enaeum l. 14. . . I must now turn to several letters I have to write One to Quillinan—Tomorrow being the poet's birth day—I would not omit writing today

1844  
No. 29a.

361. Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount  
April 7<sup>th</sup> 1844

My dear Mr Robinson

I delayed answering or rather thanking you for your note received many weeks since till my return to Rydal & then I was prevented from doing so by indisposition—and then again I delayed till *this very day* which was the day appointed for using for the first time your beautiful present being the Poet's birthday as well as the most holy of all our festivals—I find dear Mrs Wordsworth has had something of the same idea for she tells me she has been writing to you which would again have made me defer my few lines till some future occasion had I not thought it might please you to be told by another pen that your present supply'd a want tho' one that had not been felt till it arrived—and then it is exactly what they would have chosen themselves had the want & the power to supply occurred [*sic*] to them at the same time so this may be reckoned a most satisfactory present.

—But things are not at their best here at present—dear Mrs Wordsworth has been & is suffering from Lumbago—and Mr Wordsworth certainly not in the Sunshine—still we are going to have a Village fête—all the Children (300 at least) that we can muster & all our Neighbours on Tuesday next so you must wish for a fine day for Us—I dare say Mrs W. would tell you of all our neighbours in whom you are interested—Mrs Fletcher is going for a few weeks into Yorks'—Mrs Arnold & her family all doing well—indeed there is nothing amiss among us—I trust you may be able to say the same when you write to Mrs W— I communicated your Note to Henry Taylor who will

APRIL 1844

I trust be in England on the 31<sup>st</sup> of May—after that I hope he will be able [to] determine how best to discharge his duty as Literary Exec<sup>r</sup> to M<sup>r</sup> Southey he was at Rome the last time I heard from him & greatly improved in health. I will now only add to these lines my kindest regard & to beg you to believe [me]

to be kindly

& truly Yours  
Isabella Fenwick

*Endorsed* : 7 Ap<sup>l</sup> 1844. Miss Fenwick.

1844  
Nos. 29b 30a.

362. M. W. to H. C. R.

Easter Day, April 7<sup>th</sup> [18]44  
The *Laureate's* birth Day

My dear Friend,

In order to do high honor to this great Festival our Breakfast table was this morn<sup>g</sup> graced by the FIRST APPEARANCE of your latest contribution to the ornamental & useful arrangements of our household—hitherto reserved for this especial occasion.—And, having this to tell you is a less awkward introduction after my reproachable silence than were I to hunt for excuses to my idleness, tho' perhaps I might not find much difficulty in hitting upon several. It is better however to tell you *why* I write now, than why I have not written sooner—viz that my thoughts have thro' the last week been so much drawn towards you as you lay Prisoner at Rydal Mount—and that I have to express my gratitude to your inventive genius,—& for the use of that self-same rope, by which you raised yourself, & which has been *my* help in a state of not less powerlessness than your accident brought upon you. In short, I have been suffering from rather a severe attack of my old Enemy the Lumbago—& tho' I am now well enough to *walk* about something like other folk, I still need the rope—& have not been in plight to go with the rest to Chapel—therefore have thought this a good opportunity to make my peace with you—& learn where you are, & what you are doing ; & to enquire after your Brother & your Niece, & to beg you to speak of your own

health—as to whether you feel any effect from your Rydal mishap, & of any thing that interests you.

For ourselves, we have been going-on much in our *changeable* fashion—about the middle of last month our dear friend Miss F. returned after a 6 week's absence to Rydal Mount, W<sup>m</sup> remained with us a few days for the sake of her company, then *he* took his departure—And a week ago we lost our poor Invalid Nephew<sup>1</sup>—who had been our Inmate since the Harrison's left Green bank for Leamington 6 or 7 weeks ago—Poor fellow! his Malady, which had made little or no progress previously, seemed to gain upon him, with the warmer weather, & he is now gone for a little change to Keswick, & to his anxious Mother, & he gives us rather a more favourable report of himself, but we fear his doom is sealed.

From Madeira too we only have very unfavourable reports—In June we expect to see them—Isa: is *ordered* to quit the Island by the end of the present Month—to halt by the way for the sake of change of air—then to pass 4 Months at home, & return to a warmer Climate for the winter—A heartless prospect for us all to look to—but we can only hope & submit.

But let me turn to more cheering matters, & tell you with thankfulness that we are all well at home, were it not for a depressing nervous head-ache of W<sup>m</sup>'s the consequence of too long-continued labour in the attempt to correct what he deems to be faults (*chiefly in the versification*) of the Excursion. I trust however this will soon pass away. Dora has been, & is, our chearful support, since Thursday—& on Tuesday next our good Friend is to make some 3, or 400 School Children happy in giving a fete at Rydal M<sup>t</sup> to celebrate the Laureate's 44<sup>th</sup> [74<sup>th</sup>] birth day. How I wish you could be here to see so many proud faces as will present themselves from behind the terrace Wall, which is to be the Tea-table—each with their cup (these they are to bring)—a pretty sight will it be to the Spectators in the Garden below if the weather favors as this bright day promises, & scarcely less interesting will be the glad countenances of the Masters & Mistresses—& here & there a parent . . & above all that of the loving, pleasure-giving

<sup>1</sup> John Wordsworth.

APRIL 1844

Donoress of the treat & poor Sister's if able to get out.—But am I not wearying you? Yet you will not think the subject quite unimportant when I tell you that your friends Mr<sup>s</sup> & Miss Fletcher deem it worth while to put off a journey which was fixed for that day, in order to attend this *School fete*.—They are going into Yorkshire, meaning to be absent about 6 weeks.—Dr & Mr<sup>s</sup> Davy I am pleased to tell you, are busy preparing to build upon ground they have lately purchased—where, next to the villagers, they will be our nearest Neighbours on the road to Ambleside—The house will stand in the field on our side of Mr Robinsons, that & the adjoining one, reaching nearly to the Bridge is the Dr<sup>s</sup> Property.

The Arnolds well—Susan gaining ground—Lady Farquhar gone—Mr Carr & his Ladies well, tho' *he* has been a sufferer lately—& at present Mr Q. I am sorry to say has a cold upon him—the Girls are well—& now I must bring this *circumstantial* letter to a close, which I dare say you will think prosy enough—but you know I never expatiate beyond *facts*, & besides they will be coming out of Chapel & we must prepare for roast beef & plumb pudding—birthday fare So giving vent to the wish that you were here to partake of our festivities believe me to be, with the united best wishes which would be expressed if all were present, ever most affect<sup>ly</sup>

Yours

M. Wordsworth

Miss F. I believe means to enclose a note in my cover.

Pray tell us about dear Miss Lamb—& your friends the Miss Westons—

Easter Sunday *Even<sup>g</sup>* Since writing the above, we have had the pleasure of reading y<sup>r</sup> letter to Mr Q.—& I may take upon me to say that we hear Thorny-how is engaged.—But if the Serg<sup>t</sup> really wants to be accommodated, he must state the *time* he means to be here—the number of rooms, & beds they may require—& if they mean to bring their own Servants? They must speak quickly or all the lodgings will be engaged

Endorsed: 7<sup>th</sup> April 1844. Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth

1844  
Nos. 376. 38a.

363. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside—May 4— 1844—

My dear Sir—

Many thanks for your kind note rec<sup>d</sup> today. I was just doubting to what good friend I should venture to give the trouble of procuring for me, if possible, the Fanshaw *Lusiad* in Southey's catalogue (No 484—second day's sale) If you can get it for me on moderate terms I should be much obliged. I have not the least idea of its selling price—but I should not object to pay 30 or 35 shillings for it. This may be much above or *under* its market value.—If I could lay out much money on books, I would be present at the sale of Southey's, for there are many that I want for my assistance in the version & notes etc to the *Lusiad* & for other purposes.—For example Bouterwell's *Hist. of Sp. & Port<sup>o</sup> Lit<sup>e</sup>* translated by Thomasine Ross—N<sup>o</sup> 329—2<sup>nd</sup> day's sale—2 vols.—I know the book—Bouterwell is by far the best writer—not Portuguese—on Portuguese Literature—far superior to Sismondi—N<sup>o</sup> 2289 10<sup>th</sup> Day's sale—Acc<sup>t</sup> of the Court of Portugal under the reign of Don Pedro 2.

Warton's History of Engh Poetry 4 vols.	No 2986 - 13 <sup>th</sup> day
Lusiadis Leoninæ—M. S.	No 3145 - - - Do
Camoens (Obras de)—5 vols	„ 3185--14 <sup>th</sup> day
<i>Castanheda—Historia do Discrobimento [sic]</i>	
<i>&amp;c da India</i> 2 vols.—	„ 3187--14 <sup>th</sup> day
Ercilla—La Araucana 2 vols.	3212 Do
Corpus etc (Portuguese Latin Poets)	3280 Do
Diccionario da L. Portuguesa tom 1.	3372 Do
Montemayor's Diana &c 2 vols.—	3439 - 15 <sup>th</sup> day
Machada (Memorias &c) 4 vols	3512 - Do
Vasconcellos—Comedias &c 4 vols.—	3666 - 16 <sup>th</sup> day
Palmeirini de Inglaterra 3 vols—	3684 —
{ Sousa—Vestigios da Lingua }	3742 - „
{ Arabica em Portugal &c }	

In indicating the above as some few of the many books I should like to have if sold cheap, I do not mean to give you

the trouble of being on the watch for any of them—but if you sh<sup>d</sup> happen to be present at the sale of any of these, & they should be going cheap, perhaps you would exercise your judgment in bidding for me—not exceeding £4 (four pounds) in all that may be bought for me—and I know that sum cannot go far.—But the *Fanshawe* is the only vol. I will trouble you to *look out for*—& I shall be quite satisfied if you only get me that.—If you do, please to let it be sent directly for me to Moxon, for as it is in the 2<sup>nd</sup> days sale, it may be in time for a parcel of books which M. is about to forward to Mr Wordsworth—I will send you a P.O. order for the amount as soon as I know it.—

With regard to my projected version of the *Lusiad* into blank verse I, of course, differ from you as to its practicability with as little injustice to the original as a translation will admit of in any form of verse—for *our ottava rima* is quite different from that of the Italian & Portuguese—the *rhythm* is not the same, & the double terminations of all the lines would in English be intolerable, if possible.—I have done half a book in the 8<sup>va</sup> rima, but I cannot abide it, though it is far truer than Mickle's translation, which for the most part is not a translation, but a pompous bombastic paraphrase.—Fanshawes is said to be ridiculous & I fear it is so.—But there is another translation of which I was not aware till the other day, & into *blank verse*! A recent one too, by Musgrave (? who is he?) pub<sup>d</sup> by Murray so lately as 1826. A friend has sent it to me—it is now at Moxon's on its way—and if I find it tolerably well done, I shall think mine a work of supererogation. Yet, from a short specimen, transcribed in a letter to me, I suspect it ought not to deter me. I see that it is in Southey's catalogue too,—No 529.—It is strange that neither I nor any of my Portuguese friends had ever heard of it.

Mr Carr & I have been this morning looking over his files of *The Times*, for the paper of Thursday the 25<sup>th</sup> in which I understand your letter signed Barrister appears—but the paper has been mislaid—(we will yet hunt it up) I wonder how I could have missed your letter, for I have been on the watch for it, & have daily had Carr's papers.—If I do not

altogether, nor in any great degree, go with you as to the subject, you are quite out in supposing that either I or your Rydal friends (& the important Poet himself) lack sympathy with you on that<sup>1</sup> or any subject that earnestly occupies your mind. You do not altogether know your value in these quarters, & I shall not make you conceited by instructing your modesty in that particular.—I do not see the M. Herald, nor know any one who takes it here, but I shall enquire—& discover the Rara Avis if I can.—

Mr & Mrs W. & Miss F. started off today for Brigham to see the Grandchildren—thence they go to Carlisle to see W. W. Junr, take a run to Newcastle perhaps, & return in 12 days or a fortnight via Penrith & Halsteads (the Marshalls) Dora remains at R<sup>1</sup> M<sup>t</sup> in care of her Aunt till they return. My girls are on a visit with a young friend at Grasmere for a few days.—What a heavenly-earthly season it is ! It is enough to live & breathe such air, see such flowers, such stars, such moonlight, such variety of vegetation & vapour & shadow, on lake & mountain, & to hear such joyous carolling from every bush—Your reports of yourself & your brother are very satisfactory & I trust your Niece is better, as you do not seem to fear.—I shall send your note to the W's by this post. I am sure I may. They are always anxious to see your letters.—Your letter of the 6<sup>th</sup> April I deliberately remained in debt for<sup>2</sup>—because it arrived the very day that Miss F. & Mrs W. were writing to you, & in time for Mrs W. to add a postscript to her's.—

I fear the Americans have repented of their honest intentions—I do not think the Italian Tour will take effect ; nor even that Mr W. will go to town ; though he talks of it, being anxious

<sup>1</sup> The Dissenters' Chapels Bill. All H. C. R.'s contributions to the subject, together with a good deal else concerning it, are preserved among his papers at Dr. Williams's Library. He held that the part he played in converting this Bill into law was one of the three permanently useful acts of his life. The other two were the help he gave to the foundation of the Flaxman Gallery [University College, London] and to the establishment of University Hall as a hall of residence for London students. The latter now houses Dr. Williams's Library.

<sup>2</sup> Knight prints part of a letter (not extant in the 1844 vol. of H. C. R.'s correspondence) from Quillman to H. C. R., which he dates April 7th, 1844. (Vol. 3, p. 299, No. 809.) This would have crossed with H. C. R.'s of April 6th.



to tender his homage to Her Majesty—that is to attend a Levee, which he ought to have done long ago according to Etiquette I believe—but as a *dumb* Laureate.—Have you seen Leigh Hunt's funny volunteer Laureat-Ode to the Queen<sup>1</sup> in his new Edition (2/6<sup>4v</sup>—Moxon)? And have you seen the far funnier parallel between Wordsworth & Leigh Hunt in 'A New Spirit of the Age'.<sup>2</sup> It is truly rich.—'How we apples do swim!'—<sup>3</sup>—Have you also seen Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature? A number I mean with biographies & woodcuts of Coleridge & Wordsworth?—

What a *wretch* must that Mr Tate be! The epigram<sup>4</sup> is too diffuse; but not without a quaint cleverness that tells severely on the sordid creature.—Pray give our best regards to Mr & Miss Rogers.—I will not bore your eyes with more just now. Dora's best love to you.—I wish you could have seen our good neighbour Carr's pleased smile when he saw his name included among the friends you send greetings to. The Arnolds are well—Susan convalescent.—The Davys well—The Fletchers absent, in Yorkshire. Poor John Wordsworth well & ill—driving often between Rydal & Keswick. We rather think the J. W's are coming *home* from Madeira after all, instead of staying on the Mediterranean. But *how she* really is we cannot be quite sure.

The Benson Harrisons have been at Leamington &c. &c. some time, & come home next week.—The W's tell me that Sergt Talfourd has taken the Rotha bridge cottage (Ambleside) for 2 or 3 months from the 18<sup>th</sup> of August.—

We think of going to the sea-side (somewhere near Workington)

<sup>1</sup> There is a group of four poems in this volume, To the Queen, and the first three of the royal children (Oxford ed., pp. 360–73). The last begins:

Though the laurels' courtly bough  
Boast again its poet now,  
One with verse, too, calm and stately,  
Fit to sing of greatness greatly,  
Granted yet be one last rhyme  
To the muse that sang mean time.

<sup>2</sup> By R. H. Horne. Vol. I, pp. 307–332.

<sup>3</sup> 'While tumbling down the turbid stream,  
Lord love us, how we apples swim.'

*Tyburn* by D. Mallet.

<sup>4</sup> This reference is not explained by any letter preserved among H. C. R.'s papers.

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for three weeks, & then to the Windermere Island again for the summer.

[No conclusion.]

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 80 Russell Square, *London*.

*Post Mark* : Ambleside My 5 1844. [?] 6 My 1844.

*Endorsed* : 4 May 1844. *Quillinan*.

*Miscellaneous Bundle 5* 364. *H. C. R. to Quillinan*  
XVI. 4.

[Wrongly endorsed by him as to Wordsworth]

80 Russell Square. 11<sup>th</sup> May 1844

Dear Sir

I write merely to say that I have secured you Fanshaws Camoens for little more than one third of the price you were willing to pay but I shall take good care not to let you [know] the precise Sum lest you should send me the shillings by a postoffice order—I have never yet received such an order And do not know how I should act on receiving it but I incline to think I should feel myself bound to put it into the hands of a third party to demand an explanation—You of course as an Ex militare would give a sharp answer And the result might be tragical It would be a pity if either of our valuable lives should be lost in such a quarrel So I shall keep the Sum a secret till we meet.

I wrote, on receiving your letter, to W. W. Junr expressing a hope that if they went by rail to Newcastle they would go on to Tynmouth And call on H: M: It would be an act of charity & would be it's own reward. . . .

Kind regards to M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan & the travellers

&c &c &c.

H. C. Robinson

1844  
No. 42a.

365. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside—May 15. 1844.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson—

Many thanks for your kindness in procuring for me the coveted Fanshawe ; at so much less too than I expected. The Post Office Order I alluded to w<sup>d</sup> have been payable at the

nearest P.O. order-Office to y<sup>r</sup> residence, by any one authorised to take it in y<sup>r</sup> name. But I will not send you one as you decline that vehicle of payment. When, at y<sup>r</sup> leisure, you let me know exactly what the sum is I will take care that it shall be delivered into y<sup>r</sup> hand, without further trouble to you.—I hope you have been so good as to send the Book to Moxon, who is, or was, sending off a package to M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth.—

M<sup>rs</sup> Coleridge, Sen<sup>r</sup>, in a letter to Dora, rec<sup>d</sup> yesterday, regrets that she has no one to give her a report of how the sale is going on : but, she says, 'perhaps M<sup>r</sup> Robinson will do us the favor to call'.—She says that 'the Judges' and D. Coleridge &c are unavoidably absent from the Sale, by stress of business.

After a rummage by the Miss Dawlings, M<sup>r</sup> Carr's 'Times' of the 25<sup>th</sup> April was found & sent to me, but unluckily only the leading half of it, the other half having been mislaid, or disappeared, or *never been sent to him* ; for he gets it from a Brotherinlaw of his in town, & as I had cautioned him to look out for the 'Barrister's' letter, he thinks it c<sup>d</sup> not have escaped him ; & I am sure I sh<sup>d</sup> not have overlooked it if that part of the paper had ever been sent to me.—I have not been able to get the Morn<sup>g</sup> Herald for the letter signed *Civis*—I thought you had written *Avis*, which seemed an odd signature & my allusion to *rara avis*, must have appeared odd to you.—The sting of y<sup>r</sup> second letter in The Times, which I did see, was in the tail. The last sentence was a dry shrewd piece of irony. And we, *who knew our man*, felt its full meaning & force.

Marry come up with your sympathy ! You Dissenters from Lady Hewley's<sup>1</sup> Presbyterianism are to receive her money for the propagation of the doctrines of 'Christ's Gospel', & to continue to receive it after your dissent from those doctrines. But I suppose you will win the day ; for you seem already to have won it in the House of Lords, 'bad luck to you !'—

You will never be right till you all go back to the true

<sup>1</sup> 'By the effect of the legal decisions in the cases of the Lady Hewley Trust Fund and of the Wolverhampton Chapel, the Nonconformists of England & Ireland . . . found that the title to the chapels, burial grounds & religious property which had been created by their forefathers, and upheld & added to by themselves was bad.' *H. C. R. The Dissenters Chapels' Act of 1844* legalized their title to hold property.

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& indivisible Mother Church, & submit yourselves to the Supremacy of His Infallible Holiness the Pope.

Miss Fenwick returns to Rydal next Thursday—tomorrow—Mr & Mrs Wordsworth on Saturday. Mrs Fletcher,<sup>1</sup> & Miss, come back to Lankrigg, from Yorkshire, tomorrow.—I saw Mrs Arnold & her family yesterday, also the Wards, & Mr Carr, all of whom requested me to give you their kind regards, as I told them I was going to write to you.—Did you see a letter in the 'John Bull' of Saturday the 4<sup>th</sup> of May, headed 'Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth'?—The paper was sent to us.—

Dora & my Daughters join in best regards to you.—

Believe me very truly

Your obliged

E. Q.

*Endorsed : May 1844 Quillinan, &, again on first page, Quillinan*

1844  
No. 46a

366. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside Tuesday Even<sup>g</sup>

May 28. 1844.

My dear Sir,

Your report of yourself makes us all uncomfortable about you—because you appear to be as heedless of the 'Art of preserving Health'<sup>2</sup> as if prudence were beneath your care. I am disposed to be very serious about the 'slight rupture' you mention. . . .

p. 2, line 27. . . . The first imprudence of *over-exertion* any one might have fallen into, as you for example in *running* to the Athenæum (hang the Athenæum); but the after-neglect & the final rashness were remarkable. Mr W. & I have been talking

<sup>1</sup> 'Mrs Fletcher was formerly a lady of great renown in Scotland. Her husband was a Scotch Whig reforming barrister, counsel for Joseph Gerrald in 1793, the friend of Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham, in their early days. His lady was an English beauty and heiress. Brougham eulogizes her in his collected Speeches. I knew her thirty years ago at Mrs Barbauld's. There are letters to her in Mrs Barbauld's Works. She retains all her free opinions; and as she lives three miles from Wordsworth's I go and see her alone, that we may talk at our ease on topics not gladly listened to at Rydal Mount. She is excellent in conversation—unusually so for a woman at seventy-six. Her daughters are also very superior women. One of them has married Dr. Davy, brother to Sir Humphry.' *H. C. R.*

<sup>2</sup> The title of a poem by John Armstrong, 1744.

MAY 1844

this [*sic*] and other cases, (some in his own family, where *care* has done its duty) & I therefore cannot get it out of my head, that you who know these things much better than I, must be schooled & hectored into more care of yourself, for every man is apt to admit an exception in his own favor to any general rule that may be personally a little inconvenient. After that shake that you got here on Mr<sup>s</sup> Steel's stairs, you ought never to have *run* a race against Time for the ballot-box or anything else. Excuse this prolixity; you would read it with more patience if it were about the 'Chapels' Bill'—By the bye, a strain of the tendon Achilles is no joke, but such an accident as that *enforces* the quiescence requisite for its cure. . . .

*p. 4, line 3.* . . . All well at Rydal & here; & greetings from all. We go to Flimby on Saturday next. Miss Fenwick, with Kate Southey who is at Rydal, goes to town next week, to stay at Hampstead, as I told you, for a short time.—How provoking that the Papers have done so little to stimulate the Sale of Southey's Library! But the Wrangle-Jangle of politics & polemics fills all ears, and dulls all hearts.—

Mr W. still hankers after Italy; but I think there is little or no chance of his going thither this year.—John of Keswick is wonderfully well, for him—&, sometimes, gives us a cheerful hope of him.—No very late news from the Brigham W's. We suppose they are at Gibraltar, or in Portugal.

Your's very affectionately

E. Q—

*Endorsed*: 23 May 1844. Quillman.

1844  
No. 50a.

367. *Barron Field to H. C. R.*

Meadfoot House, Torquay,

8<sup>th</sup> June 1844

*p. 3, line 10.* . . . Neither can I believe in the fundamental change of our friend Talfourd's religious & civil opinions. Did you ever read his *Visit to the Alps*, a journal? That and his poem on the Isle of Wight (in his new collection) convince me that his mind is essentially poetical, and that he takes refuge in the bosom of antient institutions and faiths, from

JUNE 1844

the distaste of a contemplative & imaginative genius to all politics & polemics. Your great friend Wordsworth has the same feelings, and is (as you justly said) a liberal in his heart.

Your opinions are more practical, and you are the more useful & valuable citizen.

I am proud to call myself  
Your respectful friend,  
Barron Field.

*Endorsed: 8th June 1844. Bar. Field.*

<sup>1844</sup>  
*Nos. 65a. b.*

368. *Mrs. Fletcher to H. C. R.*

July 4. 1844

*p. 5, line 1.* . . . Our excellent friends from the Mount drank Tea with us last Monday. Much as I was gratified by your letter I had the *discretion* not to mention it or the subject of it:— Our excellent friend was in his happiest vein of cheerfulness having left Mr Quillinan much better and brought back his three Grandsons who came here with him and Mr Wordsworth. I did not venture to provoke a *frown* or a harsh word against The Dissenters Bill—I think he has made up his mind to build in Dora's field and it will be a better occupation for him than foreign travel to the fatigues of which Mr W.— is unequal.—

I am pleased that the remains of my Old friend Campbell have been consigned to the Poets corner in Westminster Abbey—did you know him or did you attend his funeral?—I have known him 46 years when he first went to Edinburgh to publish his 'Pleasures of Hope'.—He had great nobleness of heart, as well as gentleness.—If he had been more happily married he wd have been a different man.—his death made me very sad.— . . .

*Miscellaneous Bundle 5*  
*XVI. 5.*

369. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend

9<sup>th</sup> July [1844]

My Husband has written you a very long letter (which is all ready sealed up for the Post) in reply to your's addressed to me, but it being upon a subject, quite out of my line he

JULY 1844

kindly allowed me to prevail upon him to answer it—but, whether from the bad penmanship, or that he feels he has not thoroughly explained himself, I do not exactly know why he will not let me forward it—& he being too tired by hard work in the Hay-field, to turn to the subject at present—& as I do not like that you should feel our silence to be unkind, I think it better just to send you this explanation—with a few brief notices concerning ourselves in answer to your enquiries—Know then that we are Darby & Joan-ing it by ourselves, save that 3 of our Grandsons are come to make a sort of holiday—& tho' their company is at times somewhat troublesome, yet we delight in it—for they are 3 fine Lads as one would wish to see in their different ways—none of them much given to learning—but full of activity.

Quillman is in Ireland gone upon a Mission for his Brother—he left his Wife, & his Daughters by the sea-side on the Cumb<sup>a</sup> Coast—Poor Dora not having benefitted by this change of air, as we had hoped she might have done had she not had a bad attack of her stomach complaint on their first settling & afterwards brought on a cough by bathing before she was strong enough to do so prudently—She is now thank God better, but very weak.—Her Cousins Elz & Sarah have been with the *Flumby* Party—& we expect them all at Rydal Mount on Saturday—unless they await Mr Q's somewhat uncertain return—for having gone on business, he is now detained visiting old friends.

All our neighbours are well & never forget you—Of Miss F. you know as much, or more than we do—tho' perhaps not, for we heard from her today & she is not at Hampstead—but on a visit to Mr<sup>s</sup> Ed<sup>a</sup> Villiers. She will shortly be found at St Ann's Hill, Wandsworth—where Mr Taylor has taken a house for a short time—She tells me that Miss Southey is at Mr<sup>s</sup> Coleridge's—probably you may see her—& hear something about her Father's Papers, I understand Mr T. is in communication with Mr Wynn upon the subject.

We are indeed deeply interested, (as far as we can speak from the 1<sup>st</sup> Vol—the only one we have yet read), in Dr A's life, & think the Editor has done his work *well*—I wish dear Southey

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may have as good a one—but alas ! there is too much evil astir, to expect any one to have the same advantages that has [*sic*] favoured Mr Stanley.

We are delighted to hear your Br continues so well—& now that your late excitement is at an end I trust you will not continue to live too fast. God bless you I must be done  
affec y<sup>rs</sup>

M Wordsworth

*Endorsed : 1844. Mrs Wordsworth.*

*Miscellaneous Bundle 5  
XVI. r.*

370. H. C. R. to T. R.

July 13. 1844

p. 7, line 1. . . . ' It is the same with Wordsworth [as with Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson]—He is against the bill And Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth writes me word that he had written a long letter on the subject but had not sent it—This may be for one of two reasons—Either he may have suspected after all that he is not sure of being in the right—Or he may think that he has written something which might give offence to me. In either case the withholding of the letter is a proof of good feeling. . . .

*Miscellaneous Bundle 5  
XVI. 5*

371. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal

14<sup>th</sup> July

1844

My dear Friend,

I wrote to you at some length immediately on the receipt of your last to Mr<sup>s</sup> W—but as my Letter turned mainly on the subject of yours, the Dissenters chapel Bill I could not muster resolution to send it, for I felt it was reviving a matter of which you had had too much.

I was averse to the Bill, & my opinion is not changed. I do not consider the authorities you appeal to as the best judges in a matter of this kind, which it is absurd to treat as mere question of property or any gross material, right or privilege [*sic*], say a right of road, or any other thing of the kind for which usage may be pleaded. But the same considerations that



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prevented my sending the Letter in which the subject was treated at length forbid me to enter again upon it ; so let it rest till we have the pleasure of meeting and then, if it be thought worth while we may revert to it.—

Your Correspondent who declined writing to you in answer to a Letter turning upon things which she had not considered, and in which she took no interest begged that I would be her substitute. I have consented though well aware what a dull creature I am at work of this kind. You will be but little concerned to hear that we are now beginning to be overrun with Tourists and summer Visits—a few of whom, I am happy to say will be very welcome. Among others we expect my Brother, and Mr Rogers along with Moxon. I am also looking daily for Mr Salvin the Architect, who is likely to pass through this country on his way to Naworth Castle on the Borders which has been burned down, and which he is employed to rebuild. He is a Relative of Miss Fenwick ; and we hope that he will be so kind as to furnish us with a plan for a Cottage which we mean to build for her to occupy, who has been so long looking out in vain for An Abode of her own in this neighbourhood. The Site of the Intended Building will be some part of the field, near our garden, at the top of which runs the green terrace. The views as you remember are very fine ; and the approach to the house, as we mean to place it low in the field, will be easy. Among other visitors whom I have reason to expect, is an American Artist, who is just arrived, I believe in London, and purposes at the earnest request of my valued Friend Mr Reed of Philadelphia to take for him my Portrait. Mr Reed speaks highly of this Gentlemans talents, both for portrait and Landscape. His name is Henry Inman Esq which I mention as you may, perhaps fall in with him his address care of Messrs Wiley and Puttenham No 6 Waterloo place Regent street. To day<sup>1</sup> Mr Julius Hare is expected at Mr Arnolds, and I am to dine with him there in the course of the week.

Sergeant Talfourd and his family we expect about the middle of August, he has taken Mr Harden's Cottage on the Banks of the Rotha, for ten weeks ; I hope they will enjoy

<sup>1</sup> Deleted.

themselves. The House is now occupied by Mr Price second Master of Rugby now, as he was in Dr Arnold's time for many years. In the Dr's life by Mr Stanley is inserted a paper of his which no doubt you have read. These pending engagements will prevent my attending the fête about to be given on the Banks of the Dune in honour of the Poet Burns and his Sons. I had an invitation from the Committee seconded by a most urgent one from my old Friend Professor Wilson, who will act as Vicepresident upon the occasion——The Scotch are fond of ceremonials and solemnities and commemorations, partly owing to their nationality, and partly perhaps in opposition to the spirit of the Kirk which is austere and forbidding. Then there is to recommend them the intoxication of speechifying: Was it lucky or unlucky for me that I was born & bred before the age of oratory; a qualification which since the reform bill especially no Town-council man is without, as the provincial Newspapers give abundant proof.

Dr Arnold's life Mr W has read diligently. the 1<sup>st</sup> Vol she read aloud to me, and I have more than skimmed the 2<sup>nd</sup>. He was a truly good man; of too ardent a mind however to be always judicious on the great points of secular & ec[c]lesiastical politics that occupied his mind and upon which he often wrote and acted under strong prejudices, and with hazardous confidence. But the Book, notwithstanding these objections, must do good, and *great* good.

His benevolence was so earnest, his life so industrious, his affections domestic & social so intense, his faith so warm & firm, and his endeavour to regulate his life by it so constant, that his example cannot but be beneficial even in quarters where his opinions may be most disliked. How he hated sin & loved & thirsted after holiness; O that on this path he were universally followed! Mr Arnold and all the family are well, Susan recovered from the severe illness which she fell into last winter. The Fletchers & Davies[*etc*] and Harrisons are well. And now let me ask how you have borne with this gossiping Letter. If it has annoyed you, I won't beg pardon, for I cannot write any other kind of Letter to my satisfaction, having scarcely any *thoughts* to which I can do justice either in prose or verse.

JULY 1844

Pray remember me kindly to all common Friends, especially the Rogers's & Coleridges if you happen to see them, Kenyon also & many more whom I have not space to name ; besides my pens are intolerable & I have tried in vain to mend them

[No conclusion]

*Miscellaneous Bundle 5*  
*XVI 6.*

372. *H. C. R. to W. W.*

Bury St Edmunds. 24<sup>th</sup> July 1844

My dear friend

I was delighted to receive a letter in your own hand writing tho' that pleasure was lessend by its bearing Marks of being written with uneasiness, if not pain.

I am not going to tease you by discussing a subject you wish to avoid And therefore I shall leave entirely unnoticed the topic involved in your emphatic declaration that you dislike the bill, which has been the subject of my unremitted exertions for the last two or rather three months & which exertions have been rewarded by a triumphant victory.<sup>1</sup> . . .

*p. 8, line 7.* . . . By the bye, the Bp of Hereford sent his proxy for the bill to the bp of Durham who lost it. ' It is a pity ' said one of the M P friends of the bill ' that the bp had not lost his speech instead ' A better joke by the bye is current. Some one said to the D. of Wellington—'Did you know of the bps proxies? Oh Yes said the D: We set Sir James Graham<sup>2</sup> to work And he opend all the bps letters '—

This may be apocryphal—A more genuine *mot* is told of Sydney Smith to your friend M: M: [Monckton Milnes] the poet—who, you know is famous for his disregard of the proprieties—He had been perpetually calling the Canon simply—*Smith—Smith*—on every occasion—As M: M: was leaving the drawing room—S: S: called after him—Oh Milnes—Are you not going to dine with the Archbishop tomorrow?—Oh! Yes I am—S: S: well then ; I'll just give you a hint ; *He does not like to be*

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R. then discusses the subject for 5½ closely-written pages, his second sheet of paper being the blank leaf of a four-page leaflet on the Bill, which is thus incorporated in the letter.

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Graham was an active member of the Council of University College. [Sadler.]

JULY 1844

*called Howley* '—But I'm at the end of my paper for wch you may be thankful. I fear a more unreadable letter I never wrote. It is my only one on the bill to you, however—And now my attention will be drawn to other things—I hope to hear that Mr<sup>s</sup> Quillinans health goes on improving And that the news from the South continue good

I beg to have my kind regards sent to the wider circle among you

being affectionately &c &c

H. C. Robinson

1844  
Nos. 77b 78a.

373. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

12<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1844

[The Meeting of the Archaeological Society at Canterbury]

*p. 6, line 6.* . . . But there is more sense in Wordsworths Sonnet on a similar exploration in the North than in all I have heard on the subject—I will een copy it from memory but the line has been alterd in the last edition—I objected to it.

How profitless the relics that we cull  
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome  
Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
Too high, & fond imaginations lull [*or idle agitations lull !*]  
Of the World's vanities [*flatteries*], if the brain be full  
To have no seat for thought were better doom  
Like yon [*this*] old Helmet or the brainless [*eyeless*] Skull  
Of him who gloried in it's nodding plume,  
Heaven out of Sight [*view*] our Wishes what are they  
<sup>1</sup> Or [*Our*] fond regrets impatient [*tenacious*] in their grasp  
The Sages theory ; the poet's lay ?  
Mere fibulæ without a robe to clasp  
Obsolete lamps whose light no time recalls  
Urns without Ashes, tearless lachrymals.

I hope you will not say that I might have referred you to the original which is in your library.—The fact is that this copy is worth all my letter—There never was a finer compression of excellent sense. I have repeated it to several And I have no

<sup>1</sup> See *infra* No. 376. The words in square brackets are those of the final version, Oxford edition, ed. Hutchinson, p. 394.

# SEPTEMBER 1844

doubt that it will be the ornament of the lecture of Mr Bathurst Deane to be printed in the last publication of the Archaeological Association. . . .

1844  
Nos. 78b 79a.

374. H. C. R. to M. W.

80 Russell Square  
18<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1844.

p. 1, line 20. . . . Old Clarkson is really a wonderful creature, were he only contemplated as an animal There he is in his 85<sup>th</sup> year as laborious and calmly strenuous in his pursuits as he was fifty or sixty years ago—By the bye, I am afraid I am writing nonsense for this is not an *animal* habit or quality—I meant to refer to that strength of bodily constitution without which all the powers of the mind are insufficient to produce the effects by which a great mind or character is known—I have often applied this remark to your husband—In connection with another—that I believe all the *first rate* geniuses in poetry the fine arts &c &c have been strong & healthy And might have been good labourers, while it is only the *second rate* geniuses who are cripples or deformed or defective in their bodily qualities—What a digression this is ! you'll think I can have nothing to say—However, to go on ; Clarkson was busy during the three days I was there—writing letters assiduously both to private friends & for the press And all for his Africans.—He is happy in this that he really cannot see difficulties or dangers or doubts in any interest he has embraced or in any act he has to do—No one ever more faithfully discharged the duty of *hoping* [sic], which the poet has lain down. He does not believe that Texas will be united to the States. He will not see that France and America are doing all in their power to get rid of their reciprocal obligations to annul the Slave trade—However obstinate the hill may be to clime [sic], he toils on and has no doubt of reaching the Summit, being therein happier than a great poet a friend of yours who wrote on one occasion

‘ It needs the evidence of close deduction

To know that I shall ever reach the top ’

‘ Malvern Hill.’

. . . .

SEPTEMBER 1844

*p. 6, line 5.* . . . Among our leaders [at the Archaeological Society at Canterbury] was an old acquaintance of your's the Dean of Hereford— . . . finding that he was going to preside on one of the mornings I bethought myself that I might contribute to the enjoyment of the audience, in the degree of their accessibility to such impressions. I wrote down from Memory one of my favourite Sonnets

' How profitless the relics that we cull '

and took it to him—He heartily thanked me for it & read it with effect And reced as he afterw<sup>s</sup> told me great complim<sup>ts</sup> for the appropriateness of the introduction. . . .

*p. 8, line 18.* . . . Do have the goodness to write me a long letter of gossip. Tell me of your visitors, among whom the Talfourds hold a prominent place And you will add them to the *others* to whom as usual you will kindly remember me—Have you not had the Bp of Norwich? perhaps the Abp of Dublin<sup>1</sup>? The Life of Dr Arnold has come to a second edition. Tell me is Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold satisfied with the reception it has met with? Is Miss Fenwick returned? How is John of Keswick And Mr<sup>s</sup> John? You have much to tell me in return for matter that I fear will not have int<sup>d</sup> y<sup>o</sup>. Esp: how is dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Quill: & how your own health. &c &c &c

18 Sept 44

Affy yours  
H. C. Robinson

<sup>1844</sup>  
*No. 81a.*

375. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

23<sup>rd</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup> [1844]

My dear Friend

I deputed Mr Q—, whose home is now upon the Island, but who was here when your very interesting letter arrived,—to answer it for me—feeling my incapacity to do so adequately myself—However he has left your letter behind so that I must just thank you for it, & gossip a little in my own way—& the first thing I shall say is, that we are beginning to reckon the weeks that must intervene before we see you at Rydal Mount—

<sup>1</sup> Whateley.  
[ 589 ]

& tell you that your favourite bed has advanced from one side of the room to the other to meet you—but it shall march back to its old station if you like it better

Such a summer we have had for visitors tires me to look back upon—the tide is in a measure stemmed—& I am quietly interrupted from proceeding on a course of visits with my husband by Dora having unluckily caught a bad influenza—She came to be housekeeper & her Aunt's Companion in our absence—& on our return from Hallsteads last Monday we found her so ill that I could not leave her again.—So that the two Williams were obliged to go to Underley to visit Alderman & Mrs Thompson without me, where they now are, Willy on his road to Carlisle—& I am happy to say that Dora, tho' very weak & languid, is so much better, that if my husband insists on my meeting him at Levens on Wednesday next I am bound, tho' loth to do so—for I must confess paying these kind of visits is become as distasteful to me as letter-writing. This coming visit over, & a few weeks more (in the course of which I hope to take Dora to the sea side for us both to have a  $\frac{1}{2}$  a doz or so, warm sea baths to stave off the Rheumatism in the winter)—then we shall be well prepared for our campaign at the whist table with you dear friend—Mr Roughsedge is panting for the season already. We do not reckon poor Mr R. to be in a good state—he has alarming attacks in the head, which increase upon him & keep his wife very anxious. Your accounts of your good Brother delights [*sic*] us much, but you say nothing of yourself. I hope you have forgotten all about your accident ? & to finish the subject of health I may just tell you at once that we ourselves, including old Aunty, are well—& that poor John Wordsworth seems to be no worse—in many points better, but this he does not himself allow—& none of his Medical Advisers give him any encouragement to take upon himself any professional duty—he is just now at Keswick.

From our Wanderers we have better acc<sup>ts</sup> of Mrs J Ws health, they are now about leaving the baths of Lucca, where they have been for about the last 8 months—intending to spend a Month between Florence & Sienna & then on to Rome along with & by the advice of a favourite Doctor, who Isabella thinks

has been of more use to her than *all* her previous ones. It is a pity that she had not met with him sooner.

Notwithstanding we have been often tired out (for we are not so young as we once were) by our numerous visitors we have seen many interesting People—& interesting occurrences have taken place—for instance a marriage which promises much happiness has been settled among our Mountains—Our Friend Julius Hare & a fair Companion of his travels & visit along with his Sister-in-law, to Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold—have here made up their minds to become one—She is sister <sup>1</sup> to Mr Maurice<sup>2</sup> of Guy's Hospital—the pious Divine. Then we still have the Serg<sup>t</sup> & his family—all of whom seem to be very much enjoying themselves—& we have had great pleasure & no little profit from his residence—as you will hear hereafter—And Mr<sup>s</sup> T. has afforded, by her appearance and bearing, no little amusement to the Natives.

Have you been told by any one of the New Portrait? the last & best that has been taken of the Poet—The Painter is an American—deputed to carry the Laureate's Head to our unseen friend Mr Reed of Philadelphia. And thither ere this the picture is on its way, but Mr Inman has promised us a Copy—of what appeared to us to be a marvel inasmuch as it only occupied the Artist & Sitter scarcely 4½ hours to produce it. All agreed that no Englishman could do the like.

We *did* see the B<sup>p</sup> of Norwich & his family with whom we were well pleased—but W<sup>m</sup> never entered upon the subject of your Grand Bill—The Hares gave way to the Bp &c at Fox-how & went into the Cottage which Mr Price (the 2<sup>nd</sup> Master of Rugby & his family had left) & in which the Talfourds now are—Rothay bridge—Dear old Mr Harden with his eldest daughter Jane—you know he has lost Jessy also—are now at Miller Bridge—he as gay as ever—& I believe his son John is likewise with him at present. We have had Baron & Lady Park also—who told W<sup>m</sup> that he had by recommending to them to take the tour of the Langdales afforded him 'One of the pleasantest excursions he had ever made'—<sup>3</sup> & I mention this to shew you <sup>3</sup> we are not

<sup>1</sup> Esther Maurice married Julius Hare in 1844.

<sup>2</sup> F. D. Maurice became chaplain to Guy's Hospital in 1836.

<sup>3</sup> .<sup>3</sup> Replaces 'So you see we' of which the first three words are left undeleted.



insensible to the gratification we ourselves have derived in return for the interruptions which I have in some sort complained of—the pleasure remains while the annoyance passes away. An advantage which also abides with us after the *pains* of travelling.

We saw all about the Canterbury meeting but it was not till after your own report reached us, that we looked more minutely into the matter. When I saw your name as being the proposer of a vote of thanks—

We have not heard a word of Mr Moxon since he was here—his was a hurried visit—& he was at home sooner than he intended to be when we parted from him at the Lake side, after crossing together from the Island to Bowness—for in a day or two Mr Q. rec<sup>d</sup> from London a pair of Gloves which he had run away with. He had talked of a visit by the way.

Our dear Miss F. is now on her duties to her Somersetshire friends—& whether she will come northward in Nov<sup>r</sup> or not, depends upon our being able to find a habitation for her near us, where she can give accommodation to visitors—& this is doubtful—You perhaps know not of W<sup>m</sup>s intention of building for her—& of our being hitherto deterred by threatenings of Manorial impediments &—but this is a long subject that you must hear of viva voce—As also all about the Railway that is to our annoyance—unless Mr Q. enters upon these subjects. But if not it will be all in good time when we meet. Thanks for your news from Playford—pray forget not when you write to communicate our love to, & interest in them & their concerns. And poor dear Mary Lamb—What of her?—And now I think I have tired you by all this gossip—*Mind* you ask for it. One question I have not answered I find—& truly I cannot be sure but I think it was *this* spring that the Archbp of Dublin & his family were at Fox how. Best love from old Aunty & Dora with that of y<sup>r</sup> affec

M. Wordsworth

You will observe that among our visitors I have not enumerated the family ones—our dear Br & his son Ch Wordsworth & my nephew T. H. & his Sister. The dr Doctor was with us 8 happy weeks before the *height* of the season.

Endorsed : 23 Sept. 44 Mrs Wordsworth.

1844  
Nos. 34b.

376. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

29<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1844

My dear friend,

On returning home after an absence of a week I find your note of the 23<sup>rd</sup> I have tried in vain to find a substitute for tenacious; but see no objection to change the passage thus.

<sup>1</sup> Our fond regrets, all that our hopes would grasp ?

The sage's theory &c—

Mr<sup>s</sup> Quillinan was ill in a severe cold when I went away. it turned to an influenza and she still continues very poorly. I left home without Mr<sup>s</sup> W— who remained to nurse her Daughter, but she joined me at Levens on Wednesday, and we returned together yesterday. viz, Saturday. My sister is as well as usual. My first visit was to Mr Alderman Thompson's, a pretty place near Kirkby Lonsdale. During my stay (W<sup>m</sup> was with me) I saw a good deal of the rich & beautiful Vale of the Lune; among other places Hornby Castle, once the property & residence of the infamous Chartres.<sup>2</sup> They show a small turret room upon the top of the old Tower to be entered only by a trap door, in the floor; where some of his enormities were committed or attempted. The situation of the Castle is grand, commanding a noble view of Ingleborough 14 miles distant at the termination of a rich & spacious Vale.—

We have just heard from Miss Fenwick; her Letters have distressed us much, as she seems conscious of a change in the state of her health that is somewhat alarming, not, I mean, as to immediate effects, but causing apprehension. God grant that she may be mistaken. We are not likely to see her in West<sup>md</sup> this Winter, which we exceedingly regret.

I find an accumulation of Letters requiring answers, so you must be content with this scrawl, sent because yours required as speedy an answer as I could give.

ever faithfully

and affectionately yours

W. Words-

worth.

Endorsed: 29<sup>th</sup> Sept 1844. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> See ante, No. 373.

<sup>2</sup> Or Charteris. See *D.N.B.* He was a notorious criminal at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

OCTOBER 1844

<sup>1844</sup>  
Nos. 91b. 92a.

377. *Mrs. Arnold to H. C. R.*

Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> 1844

p. 5, line 9. . . . I have left myself little time . . . to speak . . . of our dear friends at Rydal Mount whose honoured age it is such a privilege to see, & to experience as we do their constant loving kindness. Next week they go to Leamington to meet Miss Fenwick, & though dear old Fairfield keeps its place & the Rotha flows on, the valley never seems like itself without them. . . .

<sup>1844</sup>  
Nos. 95a. b.

378. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

19<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> 44.

p. 7, line 16. . . . Last night my young friend Sam Naylor brought me some proof sheets of his forthcoming *Reynard the Fox* a free version—To look at, it is one of the prettiest products of the modern press—to which will be owing its popularity at Christmas if it become popular—Not at all unlikely—It is dedicated to me in a very kind brief epitaph-like half dozen lines : And tho' it is not an honour compared to the Dedication of Wordsworths nine lines yet it strikes the eye more at the beginning of a Volume— . . .

<sup>1844</sup>  
No 97b.

379. *Barron Field to H. C. R.*

Meadfoot House,  
Torquay,  
21<sup>st</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> 1844.

p. 4, line 20. . . . Thank you for the improvement of Mr Wordsworth's philosophy of Archaeology Sonnet. But my copy reads

' Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp,'

not *impatient* or *insatiate*, but equally active. I cannot quite agree with you that regrets or things regretted may not be active. Many of mine grasp at the memory of the past at things regretted with sleepless activity, more than my hopes do at the future. Past pleasures we are sure of, we grasp them. Is not the following the best couplet in Bloomfield

Oh, mem'ry! shield me from the world's vain strife,  
And give these scenes thine everlasting life!

There is also a beautiful Sonnet of our great Poets in this week's papers.<sup>1</sup> But I prefer the philosophy of his 'Motions and Means'.<sup>2</sup> But now that the rail road is coming home to Ambleside, he does not like it. This mere poetical view would equally oppose high-roads. The high-roads all over England will be henceforth of iron, and not of stone or gravel—that is all. It is merely a step or stride further, in the direction of Macadam. There will always be plenty of nooks for rural retirement. But he went to the Summer nuisance. For the last 60 years, the Lakes have in summer been crowded with Tourists, as his verses have always complained. And as he has grown popular he told me that so many strangers come to see his house, that he thought he should absent himself in summer & not in Spring, as he used to do. Retirement for him is, with his fame, impossible—at least at the Lakes. He must bear with his immortality, like St Leon.<sup>3</sup> . . . . .

1844  
No. 103a

380. M. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount Nov 4<sup>th</sup> [1844]

My dear Friend

Your interesting *double* letter bearing date the 1<sup>st</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> inst was forwarded to us by Dora to Cambridge &, as she told us at the same time that, as a reward for the privilege of reading it, her husband had answered it for me, knowing we were upon the move—& as he would naturally give you some account of our proceedings—I have nothing to say in *reply* to your communication which I have re-read this morn<sup>g</sup>—than, to express my deep sympathy in you[r] family perplexities & the cause thereof—the necessity of an uprooting for your dear

<sup>1</sup> 'Is then no nook of English ground secure' is dated October 12, 1844, and was first published in *The Morning Post* of October 16, of that year. The second sonnet on the same subject, *Proud were ye, Mountains* appeared in the same paper on Dec. 17. Both were reprinted together with the *Two Letters on the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway* as a separate pamphlet in the same year.

<sup>2</sup> *Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways* which begins with the words quoted. It was published in the 1835 volume entitled *Sonnets composed or suggested during a tour in Scotland in the Summer of 1833*.

<sup>3</sup> The hero of Godwin's novel of the same name became possessed of the elixir of life, but his immortality brought him a series of misfortunes.

Brother is truly a sad grievance—& yet the reason for contemplating such a wrench justifies it. Not for a moment dear friend must (if *necessity* requires the sacrifice) you think of us & our severe disappointment—but we do hope arrangements may be decided upon that may not deprive us of what we now deem our rightful gratification & claim upon you—I know you will do your best to come to us—but if duty & affection says nay—why, we must submit with the best grace we can.

My husband & I passed a most pleasant Month in Company with our beloved Friend, paying our several visits—particulars of which, I must still venture to reserve for our after-dinner chat—before we draw round the Whist table—by the bye we *now* pass *one* hour each evening, thus profitably employed—which amuses poor Dora (Mr Carter is our 4<sup>th</sup>) whom you will be sorry to hear we found very unwell on our arrival at home—& that she continues exceedingly weak, & unable to join her family upon the Island. In the course of next week Mr Q. & his daughters return to winter quarters in Ambleside when I trust poor Dora may be strong enough to go to them—altho' at present she is obliged to keep to the Sofa most part of the day.

Our dear friend Miss Fenwick is with the Taylors—you will probably find a note upon your Table from her, as I told her you were to be in Town on the 26<sup>th</sup>, if not I may as well tell you that her address is 'Ladon House Mortlake Surry'. There she remains till Feb<sup>r</sup> when, with God's blessing, she will return to Mrs Peddar's house in Ambleside which she has taken for the following 3 or 4 Months—afterwards we trust she will be again our Inmate. What do you think of dear Mr Arnold having volunteered to come & play Whist with us tomorrow Even<sup>g</sup>!—We have never seen or even heard of The Fragments<sup>1</sup>, except from your letter. 'The Life etc' sells swim[m]ingly & is universally read with delight—but—(tho' perhaps I ought not to speak of it—& Mr S. does not wish that the profits should be his)—but they are & the family has *hitherto* (by their own decision) no benefit from the work. Is this right circumstances considered?—

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Arnold's *Fragment on the Church*, 1844.

# NOVEMBER 1844

Our Neighbours are all in their usual way—Mr Carr been a sufferer of late—it will be a disappointment—a great one to him if you do not come—& as for y<sup>r</sup> Friend James, I know not how he will be pacified—by the by I must tell you what he said to me upon my asking him for a certain newspaper the other day—He observed he had not read one for a very long time, indeed he seldom did, ‘*natural* books were more to his fancy’.

I hope you will be able to send us good tidings not only of yourself, but of your brother and Niece, & believe me with the united love of the household affec my dear Friend

Your’s  
M Wordsworth.

P.S. I was glad to hear so favorable an acct of dear Mary Lamb, & of Miss Rogers. The Coleridges too—to all of whom kindest remembrances.

*Endorsed : 1844. Mrs Wordsworth.*

<sup>1844</sup>  
*Nos 104b. 105. 381. Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> 1844.

p. 3, line 28. . . . I was much interested in the account of dear Mr Wordsworths reception at the meeting of the Camden Society in Cambridge though as you will know I am no advocate for making protestant worship as like popish as it can. Popish worship requires that all should see—protestant that all should hear. . . .

<sup>1844</sup>  
*No. 106b. 382. Mrs. Arnold to H. C. R.*

Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> 1844

p. 4, line 9. . . . I can give you a good account of Rydal Mount—for Dora is better & Mr Wordsworth is returned in very good looks, & considerably tranquillized about the Railroad—which seems likely to be metamorphosed into a regular summer steamer, obscuring the beauty of our lovely Windermere. . .

NOVEMBER 1844

1844  
No. 107a.

383. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

80 Russell Square  
30<sup>th</sup> Nov: 1844./—

My dear friend

My single but sufficient purpose in writing to you to day is to relieve your mind in some measure on the subject of the great robbery at Rogers's bank—

I returned from Brighton on Tuesday And on my arrival, finding an invitation to dine that day with Miss Rogers I immediately set out to call on her as I could not accept it. On the way I fell in with Kenyon who told me of the sad occurrence—I found Miss R: but just informed of it And she seemed rather stunned than afflicted by the intelligence: But the next day I met with a friend who was also invited to that party & who had met with Rogers himself there, And who found him as chearful as if nothing had happend—He told me also that R: had engaged him to breakfast with him this Morning—I therefore wrote to S: R: and invited myself also to breakfast with him to day—And I had really an agreeable morning with him—Not much was said on the subject; but all that Rogers said was unaffected and satisfactory—‘ I should be ashamed of myself if I were unable to bear a shock like this at my age ’—‘ It would be an amusement to me to see on how little I could live if it were necessary—But I shall not be put to make the experment—Let the worst come to the worst, we are not ruined—There is enough to pay every body—and to spare—

He did not go into the details or specify the extent of the loss—or the chances of recovery—These are matters of business which we should not have well understood—And about which we were less anxious than the state of his spirits. He had received M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth's kind letter to Moxon which he shewed me—He said he had many letters to write in answer to such letters And that would be his excuse for not writing himself to M<sup>r</sup> W:—I told him therefore that I would write to you to day—And I now do it—

I have to thank you for your letter to me I have great

NOVEMBER 1844

pleasure in telling you that I have now hopes of being able to come to you at Christmas But if I do, you will understand that the visit will be especially liable to interruption any day. .

1844  
No. 111.

384. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal. 8<sup>th</sup> Decbr 1844

My dear Friend

Miss Martineau is coming to Mr Gregg, at the head of Windermere, and we shall have you and the Mesmerism Convert in all your glory ! and for us all yourself included there is a still better thing in prospect, Miss Fenwick in the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of next month and probably, along with her, our dear little Friend, Anna Rickettes. We rejoice that the state of your Brother's health is not so threatening as to require your being in attendance, and pray assure him of our best wishes.<sup>1</sup>

We have had very fine bright weather since our return, though the frost has been for some days most severe. The Thermometer, Dr Briggs says, never so low since —96. I know not what you may think of public affairs, but we are all much concerned for the distracted state of the Church, and for the privations of so many among the labouring poor. As to the former, it may in time work to some good, for the latter I cannot foresee any material benefit. They multiply in all directions the standard of civilization being so low among them, and evil proceeding from ignorance for which the upper classes have not virtue enough to prepare a remedy or material palliation. Then there is America growing worse & worse ; and state murders committed in Spain without remorse.

You will have an opportunity of reading here, a Book which though somewhat over minute and consequently in parts tedious has interested us much. It is written by the Librarian at Lambeth,<sup>2</sup> and entitled, the dark ages. It confirms,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Robinson lived until February 1860. But for many years before that he suffered from epileptic fits (*petit mal*), which were not, for some time, diagnosed as such. The doctors at first thought them to be some sort of paralytic or apoplectic seizures which were likely to end fatally at any moment. The family, and especially H. C. R., were for years in a constant state of anxiety, which was not shared by the sufferer, who faced death with complete and courageous tranquillity.

<sup>2</sup> Maitland.



without alluding to any thing of mine all that I had previously thrown out upon the benefits conferred by monastic institutions, and exposing the ignorance of Robertson Milner Mosheim and others upon this subject—repels most successfully their calumnies.<sup>1</sup>

I have just sent a long letter, probably much too long for insertion in their Paper, to the Editor of the Morning Post, upon the Railway with which we are threatened by some gambling Speculators [*sic*]. I am not so simple as to think that my paper if published would stop the nuisance, but collaterally it might set opinion right in some quarters. Many thanks for your notice of Rogers's misfortune. It is well borne by the parties—We have heard twice from Moxon on the subject

Ever faithfully yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Endorsed* : 8th Dec<sup>r</sup> 1844. Wordsworth.

*Miscellaneous Bundle 5*  
*XVI. W.*

385. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

27<sup>th</sup> Dec. 44 [first sheet missing]

p. 6, *line* 14. . . . I had from my friends the cordial reception I have constantly received And found Mr & Mrs Wordsworth very well—Indeed Mrs Quillman is the only Invalid in the family. . . . Yesterday . . . I called on Dr Davy (Sir Humphrey's brother)—And also on Mr Carr, a very sensible man whose company I like—He is however as well as the poet a sturdy enemy to the bill—our bill— . . . I have had a little sparring with the poet on the subject He has not thrown any light on the subject And indeed his erroneous conclusion arises from unacquaintance with the facts rather than from erroneous conclusions or inferences. . . . W: like most other orthodox has an unreasonable dislike to U—s but really knows very little about them—I have however told him that I am now a member

<sup>1</sup> 1845  
*Nos 4a. b*

*H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount 8<sup>th</sup> Jan 1845.

*P.S.* Tho' the day has been very fine I have not been out of the house, so lazy am I, or so entertain<sup>s</sup> having [*sic*] I found Martland's *Dark Ages*, A successful exposure of the misrepresent<sup>s</sup> of Robertson & such like compilers of History—

DECEMBER 1844

of the U— Association And he receives this kindly for he really has no bitterness about him—And tho' he has strong Pusey-propensities he by no means approves of the excess to which such ecclesiastical firebrands as Henry of Exeter and Charles James of London are now driving their adherents—He thinks that if there be not some relaxation And if the Pusey or Property [*sic*] party persist a civil war is likely to be excited And which would break out in Scotland—This would be a sad prospect, if it were not pretty certain that these high Prelatists have already excited a reaction that will crush them—On this, there is much to be said I will now conclude my letter by copying the first of W's Anti R R: sonnets—That you may see both at once

Is there <sup>1</sup> no nook of English ground secure  
From rash assault ? Schemes of refinement <sup>2</sup> sown  
In youth, & mid the busy world kept pure  
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown  
Must perish ; how can they this blight endure ?  
And must he, too, his old delights disown <sup>3</sup>  
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure  
Mid his paternal fields at random thrown ?  
Baffle the threat, bright scene from Orrest head  
Given to the pausing travellers rapturous glance !  
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance  
Of nature ; and, if human hearts be dead,  
Speak passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong  
And constant voice, protest against the wrong !

I am desired by Mr & Mrs W to present their kind remembces. . .

1845  
No. 1b.

386. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Mount

2<sup>d</sup> Jan: 1845/-.

p. 1, line 9. . . . You are anticipating my account of the appearance of two stars in one firmament—The poet & the mesmerisee But this conjunction is not to take place till the middle of next month—Of which you may expect an account on the 18<sup>th</sup> or 19<sup>th</sup>— . . .

<sup>1</sup> Then *printed* version.

<sup>2</sup> Retirement *printed* version.

<sup>3</sup> The ruthless change bemoan. *Printed* version.

p. 2, line 1. . . . But it is not only at Mrs Fletchers<sup>1</sup> that I can talk liberality—There is Mrs Arnold, the worthy widow of the Doctor—whose fragment on the *Church* is an ultra liberal production—The Dr denies the apostolic succession and the necessity of the Sacraments to Salvation—So that many—Even the poet, thinks [*sic*] he ought not to be of the Church Mrs A. who published this fragment would not give it to W:—And having had it lent him by Mrs Fletcher has neither read it himself, nor has Mrs W: read it—I delight in it And mean to bring it with me when I come to Bury. . . .

p. 3, line 5. . . . We have had with us for two days Mrs Cookson Widow of the supposed writer of Ws Sonnet ' Broken in fortune and<sup>2</sup> in mind serene<sup>3</sup> ' ! See Index And the mother of the Mr Cookson you liked much when you dined with him in Russell Square A gentlewoman tho' in adversity— . . .

3<sup>d</sup> Jan: 1845

p. 4, line 1. . . . Yesterday we dined with Mr Benson Harrison . . . Mr Harrison is (with the exception of the half crazy lady of the Manor Lady Fleming, whose house is within a stone's throw of the Mount & who for many years has lived with<sup>t</sup> ever speaking to the poet or appearing aware that he has illustrated her estate by being her tenant & whom she by her steward treats with the utmost indifference) the Squire of this country—A rich man a magistrate, his wife a cousin of the poet's And both, very respectable persons, but nothing more— . . .

p. 4, line 20. . . . We played whist for Love, as I have done with the Ws every *lawful* evening, as the Scots say announce their stages which travel every *lawful* day—Mr H: is like W: a sound Churchman, with a strong Tractarian bias, from wch I am glad to find Wordsworth is shrinking. The bishop of Exeter has gone too far for him And tho' flattered by the compliments of the Cambr: Camden Society, he is no partisan of their pro-papistical labours— . . .

<sup>1</sup> ' With Mrs Fletcher as with Mrs Arnold I can talk my full—(perhaps take my full would be the more idiomatic expression) of liberalism both political & ecclesiastical—in the absence of the poet & his family.' *H. C. R. to T. R. 9 Jan. 1845.*

<sup>2</sup> Printed version 'but'. The sonnet is one of the *Poems Composed or Suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833.*

<sup>3</sup> Printed version 'entire'.

1845  
No. 4a.387. *H. C. R. to T. R.*Rydal Mount  
8<sup>th</sup> Jan: —45

*p. 4, line 6.* . . . You will have perhaps now read the Anti-Rail Road Sonnets with interest—Wordsworth has been for the last few days recomposing his letters in the Post In their new form they will have gained a permanent value—Not indeed in the eyes of mere political economists who ask themselves only how the material produce of the earth is to be encreased And who disregard as a foreign matter equally the distrib<sup>n</sup> of that produce among the various classes in Society, And also the influence of the wealth of nations on the welfare of individuals and of states also—This being, as they would say in apology, the subject of another science or branch of social or political philosophy—The Italian writers have never thus isolated political economy from the rest of political science— . . .

*p. 7, line 16.* . . . Miss Martineau & her Mesmeriser are expected on the 14<sup>th</sup> And if they are true to their appointment no other subject will be required to fill up my eight pages I may just say by way of introduction that I fear her reception will not be a cordial one—The poet entertaining otherwise a very friendly feeling towards her has so bad an opinion of Mesmerism that if he could he would decline seeing her— . . .

1845  
No. 9a b.388. *H. C. R. to T. R.*16<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1845  
Rydal Mount

*p. 4, line 8.* . . . By the bye. . . I read your letter to Wordsw: Your jocular allusion to your purchase of so many Rail Road shares occasioned this answer—‘Tell your brother that I do not think he has committed any Sin And I only hope he may not find he has committed a few mistakes— . . .

*p. 5, line 2 (17<sup>th</sup> Jan).* . . . I think I hear you exclaim on reading the last page—‘This is all beating about the bush—I want to know abo<sup>t</sup> Miss Martineau & the poet And their meeting And the experiments in Mesmerism Henry has witnessed’—Do

you ? I am sorry for it ; but I must disappoint you, having nothing of the sort to tell you, tho' I may have something in my next letter— . . .

p. 5, line 14. . . On Tuesday I formed a new acquaintance. There resides in this neighbourhood a Gentleman of fortune Mr *Greg*<sup>1</sup> who is a whig radical & a man of some literature He is a U— or worse As you may infer from his being the author of the Review of Dr Arnold in the last *Westminster*—which is a very respectable production & worth your reading—He came lately to reside here but never formed any acquaintance with Rydal Mount And I remarked on shyness between him & the poet yesterday—Tho' they dined together I believe scarcely a word passed between them— . . .

p. 6, last line. . . Yesterday there was a party at Dr Davy's—Wordsworth sat next Miss M: And they chatted very freely on indifferent subjects—but Mesmerism was not once alluded to—This was judicious—Mr Greg also is a believer in & practiser of Mesmerism ; And as well Wordsworth as Dr Davy & Mrs Fletcher are utter disbelievers—Any thing like a dispassionate discussion was out of the question. . . .

p. 8, line 9. . . It is curious W: was the other day so arguing against Mesmerism that I replied—Are you aware that you are using the very argument & almost the very words of Hume against Miracles ? He replied—There are argum<sup>s</sup> for Miracles which are utterly wanting here—And this is most true . . .

1845  
Nos. 11a b.

389. Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

21<sup>st</sup> Jan 1845

p. 5, line 9. . . Your account of Mrs Quillinan grieved me exceedingly. I do not fancy that Rydal agrees with her. What a pity it is that Q— cannot turn his abilities to account. It must be depressing to see her languish & yet they would not like her to go & live abroad with him though if her health required it they would submit to it. . . .

<sup>1</sup> William Rathbone Greg (1809–1881) mill-owner, philanthropist and writer on religious polemics. He settled at Ambleside on account of his wife's ill-health. His best-known work was entitled *The Creed of Christendom*. See Lord Morley's *Miscellanies* for an article upon him.

<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos 13a. b.

390. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

80 Russell Square  
24<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1845

*p. 4, line 8.* . . . ' Well then, tell me how the poet & the convert to Mesmerism agreed, & liked each other ? '—You must infer accord<sup>s</sup> to your observation in like cases—I have seen both H: Mart: & W: W: frequently since they met, And neither of them has mentioned the other except<sup>s</sup> in the most indifferent way. And neither has given any opinion on the other—Hence one must infer that each is afraid of saying what I might not like to hear—Except that W: is going to call on H: M: at Mr Greg's—This is something—This Mr Greg is a U—and Ultra Rad: and W. did not call on him when he came to reside in the neighbourhood—And he has desired me to let it be known that it was not from disrespect but from mere old age on his part & distance &c—This is again something—And W: has expressed great liking to Mr<sup>s</sup> G:—when they meet in third places they will be civil, but they will remain distant They differ on all points—W: is against the Masters on the Factory Question<sup>1</sup>—And Greg is a factory Master And it is a sad spectacle, how the very best of men are seen to be unable to resist influences arising out of interests— . . .

<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos. 121b 122a.

391. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

27<sup>th</sup> Nov [Jan]: 1845./.  
80 Russ: Square.

*p. 1, line 9.* . . . I had scarcely taken leave of Mr Quillinan on the road before I discovered that in return for a month's hospitality I had been playing the thief, having carried away a very substantial well looking cap in lieu of my own which I had been hunting for in the dark recess in the passage which excuses my blindness, but I ought to have *felt* the difference—I shall carefully keep it unworn—indeed it is too small for convenient

<sup>1</sup> Peel's Factory Acts were carried in 1844. They restricted the employment of young people in factories, and appointed inspectors to see to factory sanitation and safety. Most of Lord Shaftesbury's reforms were carried out between the years 1830 and 1850.

use which I marvel at—William Jun: ought to have a bigger head than I have—I wish he may not find my old thing too shabby for his gig. He cannot *walk* with it, that's certain—...

p. 2, line 18. . . . By the bye K[enyon]: has received a letter from Mr<sup>s</sup> Greg written I believe chiefly to learn from him where she could procure the two rail-way letters—I at first thought of sending her one of those I duly received at Kendal, (A copy is bought legally under the protection of a *blue Queen's head*<sup>1</sup>) but I thought it better to give the author an opportunity of doing a civil act, by sending her one—He knowing from me that she is desirous of seeing them, the act will not be one of officious politeness, which a certain quality called pr— might deter him from— I have read over the letters again with very great pleasure And am satisfied that his argument is essentially & incontrovertibly true—It will convince every body, except I fear all those by whom the ultimate decision will be given decisive of the fate of the lakes—You are aware that now all projects for rail roads are submitted to the consider<sup>n</sup> of a rail-road board who recommend or discountence [*sic*] the conflicting proposals to parliament. And in ordinary cases the decision of the board will be conclusive—You will from time to time see in the papers extracted from the Royal Gazette the decisions of this board with the names of some four or five members of the board—Now I think it would be right to send a copy of the letters to the members of the board—The great probability is that over the majority the letters will have no effect—Except perhaps the beginning of the first letter—which in truth does briefly suggest precisely the reasons to which persons of their office are especially accessible—Indeed I cannot persuade myself that the meanest & lowest of all considerations, (that of the *Dividend*) will not be alone quite sufficient to secure the lake district from the threatned invasion—I feel at the same time that it was quite impossible to do more than allude in the slightest way possible to this argument And I think it very judiciously done—For the sake of the first page & half the second, if for no other part, the letters should be sent—But

<sup>1</sup> Queen's head, the slang term for the newly invented postage and revenue stamps.

I would add that if there were any active enemies to the road in London who are willing to give themselves a little trouble Mr W: should put himself in correspondence with them—Otherwise this publication will be a mere protest—A 'Salvavi animam meam' And nothing more— . . .

p. 5, line 14. . . . Yesterday I called on the Twinings and left a card at Serg<sup>t</sup> Talfourds—I hear his new book<sup>1</sup> contains many thoughts concerning the poet—It was written during his last Summer retirement at Ambleside, And I therefore wonder he has not sent you a copy— . . .

<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos. 14a. b. 392. H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick

80 Russell Square  
27<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1845./.

My dear Madam

I believe that almost any letter treating of Rydal Mount and it's occupants will be acceptable to you ; it will certainly be interesting—This is my excuse for writing to you now, tho' it is not my chief inducement—I left our friends on Thursday after four weeks spent in quiet enjoyment. The only serious drawback was the poor state of Mr<sup>s</sup> Quillinan's health—She divided her time between Ambleside & the Mount—The inability to take any solid food being the most distressing symptom in the eyes of Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> W. She supplied what had been your place at the Whist table and became as eager & passionate a player as any of us. Her mother was even alarmed at her vivacity—A few days before my departure William came from Carlisle—He was looking pale & was seriously indisposed when I left—I did not hear any more serious complaint spoken of for either of them than dyspepsy. . . .

p. 2, line 8. . . . Her [Miss Martineau's] friends the Greys are disciples of the same school . . . but they being excepted, Miss M: could not have been in a country less favorable to a fair examination of the pretences set up—The poet Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher & Dr Davy rivalled each other in expressions of scorn & contempt of Mesmerism—So it was not safe to have any

<sup>1</sup> *Vacation Rambles and Thoughts, 1841-3*, publ. 1845.



conversation openly between the chiefs—Miss M's health in appearance at least is such as I never saw before. . . .

p. 6, line 2. . . . I hope you will return to Rydal, or rather Ambleside before Miss Martineau leaves Mr Gregs which I understood would be about the 14<sup>th</sup> of February—It is my hope & expectation that if the opportunity were afforded you would become friends She has called at the Mount & Wordsworth promised to return the call—tho he does not visit the Gregs I am uncertain of the impression Miss M: made on W. for he has been, I fear significantly, silent ; but Mrs Arnold is pleased with her And Mrs Fletcher is an old friend Mrs A will bring you together if you are willing. I should tell you that Mrs Greg has very much pleased us all—Even the poet, who is not easy to please, And, *by desire*, I have let it be known at Wansfell that Rydal Mount did not make advances from any disrespect, but merely from indisposition to move to a distance &c. . . .

p. 7, line 1. . . . I hope I have not written so much as will weary you & indispose you to read with kindness what I have now to add which is a very earnest request that you will once again render me the Service you have already been so successful in doing—I should be quite distressed were you to refuse me your aid

I have myself thought of one thing—Only the selecting it this year shews a barrenness of invention But as the breakfast & tea service have been so much approved of, what say you to my sending them a table service ? I am ashamed to say that I have so poor a faculty of observation that I have no recollection of what covered the table when there was a dinner party—You I am sure will know whether such an article would be useful—Or whether there is a greater want of a desert service—There is nothing else of that sort that occurs to me—And I could not think of any book or other literary article. . . .

*Endorsed* : To Miss Fenwick Sent me by Lord Lord [*sic*] Monteagle—Exōr after Miss F's death. Wordsworth & H: Martineau it contains Anecdotes of (The poet).

1845  
Nos. 10a. b.

393. *Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.*

Jan. 29<sup>th</sup>/45

p. 8, line 18. . . . Our good & great friend the *Poet* should have kept in mind<sup>1</sup> that 'there are more things in Heaven & earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy [*etc*]'—

Now dear Mr Robinson touching the point on which you consult me—I can decidedly say they have a very handsome dinner & desert service at Rydal and as to what they may want—I should as decidedly say they want nothing—but I have sometimes thought when they were making tea they would be the better for a new tea Urn—there is a kind I have seen of late which I should buy if I was wanting one—that is one made of the usual material of which Urns are made & heated by a Lamp that is either fed by Oil or spirits—the Urn or rather Kettle does not need to be lifted off its stand but is turn'd on a Swivel—I fear I have explained this in a very inexplicable way—I don't know the price of such Kettle it may be £5—or less—this is the only thing that at this moment comes into my head without it was a Concordance for Shakespeare which is now in the course [of] publication but the Poet hardly deserves a book—he so seldom reads one. . . .

1845  
No. 16b.

394. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal  
2<sup>nd</sup> Feb [18]45

My dear Friend,

Thanks for your Letter—I write in great haste having several Copies of the two Letters to send off, and my purpose is to mention that having forgotten that I had allowed you to publish the 'Young England'<sup>2</sup> when & where you liked; I now beg that if it is still in MS. you keep it so. Mr Johnston of the Post to whom Mr Faulkner sent the Sonnet showed it to Lockhart who relished it much; and most likely would be able

<sup>1</sup> When discussing H. Martineau's attribution of her recovery to meamerism.

<sup>2</sup> 'Young England—what is then become of Old,  
Of dear Old England?' . . .

*Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order No. XIII.*

to find a place for it in the Quarterly which would introduce it to notice better than as a flying Squib in a daily or weekly Journal.

We called on Miss Martineau yesterday. We found her alone, the Greggs [*sic*] being from home—She relates strong things of cures by Mesmerism, which would be entitled as far as they depend upon her own testimony to more respect, if she were not really of *unsound mind* upon the subject of *clair-voyance*. Besides, I hardly think it safe for any one's Wits to be possessed on the manner this extraordinary person is by one subject be it what it may.—

Your suggestion of *is* for *was*<sup>1</sup> &c will be attended to. I have given permission to the Kendal Publisher to strike off as many Copies as he thinks proper for sale.—I have not the least hope of preventing the Bill being sent to a Committee, but my Letters may prepare an efficient Opposition to another which will surely follow this; namely a Bill to carry the railway through the Country to join the one that will soon be brought from Cockermouth to Keswick.—

ever my dear Friend  
faithfully your's  
W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Endorsed: 5th Apl: 1845. Wordsworth.*

1845  
No. 17a.

395. *H. C. R. to M. W.*  
[Wrongly endorsed to Wordsworth]

Bury St. Edmunds  
11<sup>th</sup> February 1845

*p. 3, line 16.* . . . I had avoided giving publicity to the Sonnet on Young England, tho' it has been liked by all I have read it to—I shall rejoice to see it in the Quarterly—

*p. 4, line 13.* . . . I am glad that you called on Miss Martineau—And sho<sup>d</sup> be obliged if you would tell me how she & the poet manage to talk on topics which interest both, & that without giving offence. I must say She is more tolerant of infidels & sceptics than I expected—But then the suffering church is generally tolerant, it is only the Ecclesia triumphans which proscribes & burns— . . .

<sup>1</sup> In the sonnet which begins 'Is then no nook of English ground secure'.

1845 -  
No. 12a. b.

396. *Barron Field to H. C. R.*

Meadfoot House, Torquay,  
16<sup>th</sup> Feb 1845

p. 1, line 9. . . . I also thank you for your great friend's Railway Letters and Sonnets, and I wish, if he can do no better, that he would, as he says in one of his poems 'take his last leave both of verse and of prose'. With the exception of his Cintra Pamphlet (worthy of Milton) and of his Essay on Epitaphs (of Verulam) I am no admirer of any of his prose-works. His letter on Burns betrayed too much personal revenge ag<sup>t</sup> Jeffrey, and his petition and Letters on Copyright showed too much anxiety to make a pecuniary advantage of the reaction in favor of his poems. I am afraid there is a little secularity of mind in our divine poet. He wants the glorious imprudence of Coleridge, who was always in the Heaven of Poetry.

If he had confined himself to *the Sonnets* on this subject of the Railway, it would have been all within his vocation: but still I should have objected to the falseness & puerility of such Sonnets. How can the man who has been constantly publishing poetry for the last 40 years, and has at last made that poetry part of the food of the public mind, call himself a man of 'retirement', if he means to include himself? and if not, how can he complain that he has at last, by his Lake and Mountain poetry, created a desire for realizing some of those beautiful descriptions of scenery and elements, in the inhabitants of Liverpool & Manchester, which may possibly bring them in crowds by Railway to Windermere? I am sure it would do those people a great deal of good to go; but I am only afraid they will not. There is already virtually a Rail-road to Ulverstone, and I therefore think the Board of Trade will upon their principle of discountenancing rivals, report ag<sup>t</sup> even the Bowness Rail from Kendall. So that the poet is crying out before he is likely to be hurt. But I am sorry to see him entering into politics or political economy at all. He does not shine in such subjects.<sup>1</sup> His postscript<sup>2</sup> on the

<sup>1</sup> See Dicey on *The Statesmanship of Wordsworth*, however.

<sup>2</sup> *Postscript* to the volume of 1835. (Oxford ed<sup>n</sup> p. 959).

poor laws only exposed him to periodical criticism ; and I wish he would either complete ' The Recluse ' or lock up his desk. I was saying the Sonnets were bad. Can anything be more puerile than to call upon the Winds to protest against the Rail ?

And, if the winds reject you, try the Waves ? If the winds of the fells, and the torrents of the floods were really to protest against the thing by destroying it, the Railway could not be effected & there would be some sense in the Sonnet. But to open and close two argumentative business letters<sup>1</sup> with such conceits, can only elicit a sneer from engineers & projectors. You think the concluding Sonnet better. I do not. The idea is much the same—nothing new. After the poet has in an accurate pair of scales calmly weighed the mischief against the gain,<sup>2</sup> he finds there is a considerable balance of the passion of disdain, which he calls upon the Mountains, Vales and Floods to share with him. My objection to the reasoning of the Letters is that 1. There is no danger ; and 2. It would be a benefit to the humbler classes greater than the inconvenience to the residents, if there was any danger. Lastly, I have a personal argument ag<sup>t</sup> Mr W. that he and Rydal can no more pretend to ' retirement ' than the Queen. They have both bartered it for fame. As for Mr W. he has himself been crying *Roast-meat* all his life. Has he not even published, beside his poems which have made the District classic-ground, an actual Prose Guide ?<sup>3</sup> And now he complains that the decent clerks and manufacturers of Liverpool and Manchester should presume to flock of a holy-day to see the scene of the ' Excursion ' and to buy his own ' Guide book '. For I utterly deny that the holders of Kendall & Bowness Excursion Railway Tickets would require ' wrestling-matches, horse and boat races, pot-houses or beer-

<sup>1</sup> The two sonnets were published in the pamphlet :—*Kendal and Windermere Railway . Two Letters Reprinted from the Morning Post, 1844.*

<sup>2</sup>

' . . . and in balance true  
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you  
To share the passion of a just disdain.'

<sup>3</sup> First published as a separate volume in 1822. *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes* originally appeared as an introduction to Wilkinson's *Select Views* in 1810, and then as an appendix to the Duddon volume in 1820.

shops'. If they came in crowds (which I am afraid they would not) it would be as literally to see the Lakes and Mountains as the Brighton Holiday-ticketers go to see the Sea. They take their baskets of food and liquor, and sit on the beach quietly all day long. The innkeepers complain of them and call them Nose bags. This I know. I have not seen the Spectator; but I think your excellent and amiable friend is quite wrong; and, from want of mixing sufficiently in the world, is only making himself unjustly unpopular, whenever he writes upon secular affairs. This makes you and me, who love and venerate him, grieve; and I am sure his sweet wife would agree with me. *Que diable avait-il à faire dans cette galère?* . . .

1845  
No. 24.

397. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside—Monday Morn<sup>g</sup>

March 23. 1845

My dear Sir,

If in acknowledgment of your pleasant letter I write you a very stupid one, as I fully intend to do, you must lay the blame on Mr Wordsworth who has deprived me of the enlivening influence of your's. He carried it away in his pocket the day it arrived, and when I asked him for it yesterday he had forgotten to bring it. So it is at Rydal, where your letters are always in request. . . .

*p. 2, line 10.* . . . Did you see that good-tempered but perhaps too facile Lord [Morpeth]'s playful fling at our Poet the other day? He hoped 'to see a railway through the Lake-Country *with the peace* of Mr Wordsworth'—cum pace tanti viri.—Here is a squib in retaliation. I have amused D. & her father with it, so it may possibly be endured by you.

*To Lord M.*

A maudlin Punch of sentimental jokes,

Who whiffs his pointless epigrams with sighs,

Egregious Morpeth Wordsworth's peace<sup>1</sup> invokes,

While through the Lakes at rail-road speed he flies.

<sup>1</sup> I need not tell so acute a reader as you that the word *peace* is used in this line in Lord Morpeth's sense, *permission*. [Quillinan's note.]

MARCH 1845

Ah, gentle Howard, gentle more than sage ;  
Thy little wit on Rydal-Water stranding,  
Thou need'st not deprecate the Poet's rage,  
His peace surpasseth all thine understanding.  
Away to Tynemouth <sup>1</sup>! there's thy Dephick shrine,  
(How fair is Truth, in spite of coal & pitch !)  
Go to thine own ' young Pythoness ' divine—  
As sure as thou'rt a Wizard She's a Witch.—

. . . .

1845  
No. 27b.

398. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Ambleside April 4. 1845

My dear Sir—

I happened to be at Rydal Mount when your letter arrived, for which I thank you on the part of Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth, who is up to her eyes in dust & lime—house-cleaning, stove-fitting, beds-opening &c &c—*superintendence*; & there are *you* (or at least you were yesterday) like an old Roman sniffing the air on the lawn in front of the house with the two Laureates, the late & the living, among chairs & litter, & you all looked like lumber exposed *in van* for sale.— . . .

p. 8, line 1. . . . Poor Dora's health, I lament to say, is very far from satisfactory—that is just as usual—about every three weeks illness returns upon her, & she is always feeble—& these recurrences of illness & nervousness make me so anxious that I have *almost* come to the resolution of making the experiment of a great change, of scene & country on her. My Brother has a pretty marine villa at the mouth of the Douro, 8 miles from Oporto—he has offered it to us with all sorts of accommodation for as many months as we choose, & Dr Davy, Miss F. Mr W. & even Mrs W (though very loth) concur in the prudence of accepting the offer.—Two great tugs there are 'Daddy & Mammy are 75—says D & 'she looks in my face as if her heart would break'—but she is, except on that account, hopeful & eager to go. The scheme does not originate with me—But you will hear more. I am afraid of the voyage for her. From

<sup>1</sup> Where H. Martineau was cured by mesmerism.

APRIL 1845

Southampton by Steam w<sup>d</sup> probably be only three days—four at the utmost.

I am called away—the *post hour*—I have scribbled in a shameful hurry—

Yours ever

E. Q.

If we go it will not be till the first week in May—and you will see us in town.—

*Endorsed [in pencil]:* Quillinan 4 Ap. 45.

*Miscellaneous Bundle 2*  
*IV. w.*

399. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Ambleside April 7. 1845.

Dear Mr Robinson,

I might have added to the information I gave you the other day respecting my proposed move for a few months to the South, another fact in embryo, which may please you better. It is probable, all but certain, that if we go, Mr W. (& most likely Mrs W. also) will accompany us to town.—We shall stay, I believe, a few days at Mrs Hoare's, & then go, via Winchester-College, to Southampton, where Dora, Rotha & I go on board the Oporto packet on the 7<sup>th</sup> May. We mean to be in town in about a fortnight, say not later than the 25<sup>th</sup>—Mr and Mrs Fletcher are also going to town in about a fortnight for a few weeks—Miss Fenwick will pay a visit to Halsteads (Mr Marshalls) before we go, & return in time, that *she* may look to Miss W's comfort at R<sup>1</sup> M<sup>t</sup> during the absence of Mr & Mrs W.—

How completely Miss Martineau has been *sold*, in the cant meaning of the word, by Transparent Enthusiasm (Mrs A. P. W) & young 'simplicitas'—Jane Arrowsmith.<sup>1</sup> She is utterly stultified *in this particular* Tynemouth affair of the Wreck; all the World sees it & laughs; even the Dunderhead Dilke who sells his four-penny oracles to all the world while the controversy lasts, sees it & laughs—but the Harriet will not see the folly of obstinacy in such a hopeless case. She is too proud, or under too strong a delusion, to own that she has been deceived.—

<sup>1</sup> The girl who was cured of blindness by mesmerism, and who lived with Miss Martineau for seven years after her recovery. Subsequently she emigrated to Australia.



I don't like your Prospective Review at all, Mr Robinson.—Not even your three pet articles—I might rather say I especially dislike those. The first article, *Hist Christ*<sup>1</sup> is (*to me & you are fully entitled to say 'that is your fault not the writer's'*) a weary business—able, teasing, unsatisfactory &—half-awake—or if awake, slowly uncoiling its snakiness.—Art 6 on Dr Arnold—there are some passages in, that even *I*, a Papist & more of a Bigot than you take me for, can admire,—& there are many things in Dr Arnold to admire, he was a good man & capital Schoolmaster—but I do not think that the fruit on his Tree of Knowledge, theological & political, was half-ripe—& he is not one of my *great men*. I am not such a Pantheist as you are. You make Gods & Goddesses out of chalk.—As to Art<sup>2</sup> 3 *Vestiges of Nat Hist*<sup>1</sup> of creation—it is about as bad as the wicked book itself. I wish wicked people (like you) were not so clever, or clever people (like you) were not so wicked. That volume of '*Thoughts on the Vestiges of Creation*' is a book of hypotheses grounded mainly on the modern discoveries in geology—a grand & solid foundation on which free-thinkers build nebulous towers that reach the skies and from those airy observatories pry into the Holy of Holies, peruse the inner mind of the Almighty, & look down with pity on the ignorant multitudes who have nothing to help them in their heavenward aspirations but blind faith in the truths of revealed religion.

'Leave me, leave me to repose!'—

What an audacious abominable doubly crooked note of interrogation must that Inquirer Concerning the Origin of Christianity be! Charles C. Hennel<sup>2</sup>(?)—Art 2.—& your Reviewer talks, of his 'earnest & reverent seriousness! his refined, elevated, & spiritual mind'!!—The 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> Articles I have hardly glanced at, therefore do not presume to say that I either think or feel respecting them.—The thing I like best in the Review,

<sup>1</sup> Anonymously published in 1844 by Robert Chambers. This book first showed some grasp of the idea of the gradual evolution of species as opposed to the doctrine of creation propounded by the orthodox.

<sup>2</sup> The *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*, by Charles Hennel, appeared in 1838. It was a book of great ability which had considerable reputation on the continent as well as in England. In the German translation, there was an introduction by Strauss.

APRIL 1845

& the only thing I heartily like in it, is to be found at pages 159, 160, 161, 162—Mr R. W. Emerson's Address on the Emancipation of the West Indies' Negroes.

I am all alone, & have had no talk about this Review with any one else; so you may refer every particle of my venom against it to my own bag—Dora is at Rydal Mt since Saturday—but comes home to day, & we all dine to day at Miss Fenwick's, this being Mr Wordsworth's Birthday—he is 75.—Have you read the Improvisator? I should think many of the pictures in it must be very pleasing to those who have seen much of Italy—& some, I suspect, are but Danish-Italian pictures: . . .

[Incomplete]

1845  
No. 29a.

400. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Ambleside April 8. 1845.

My dear Sir—

'The Man has a sudden fancy for hunting me with letters!' I hear you cry—'One yesterday, one a few days before,—this scrawl again to-day!'—Softly, don't be frightened; but I lose no time in writing to you in order to neutralize my yesterday's information as to the intention of D. & myself to go southward & the probability of our being accompanied by Mr & Mrs W. '*Nous avons changé tout cela.*—Yesterday, as I told you was the arrangement, we all dined at Miss Fenwick's, drank the Poet's health &c. We talked of Oporto, & all agreed that it was a most desirable experiment for D.—One person only said nothing—& it was too evident that she was very low on the subject—Mrs Wordsworth.—Dora when we came home intimated to me that she was thrown into an uncertainty about going by her Mother's fears & dislike of the scheme. I therefore at once advised her to give it up, for if she went it could do her no good to be fretting because she would feel that her Mother was fretting. Mrs W's anxiety is natural, & Dora's unwillingness to pain her, & to leave her at 75, is all right—but it is a pity that Mrs W. does not take more cheerfully to the only plan likely to restore her daughter's health. However we give

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it up, & there is an end of it. So please if you have told any body, unsay it.—

I have twenty notes of this sort to write—so has D—so good bye—

Your's faithfully  
E. Q.

*Endorsed : April 1845. Quillinan.*

1845  
No. 306.

401. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside. 18<sup>th</sup> April 1845

My dear Sir

I suppose you are so busy pulling down Westminster Abbey or tripping up Sir Robert Peel while he staggers under the weight of Maynooth College, that you have no time to think of, much less to write to, such poor quiet inoffensive creatures as we are. You have two letters of mine unacknowledged—for which I shall punish you thus : on Thursday-Morning at the early hour of the arrival of the Lancaster Mail in Euston Square, or rather a few minutes later, there will be a knock at your door, a gentle one that the other inmates of your house may not be disturbed, except the one that Dora thinks you will be good enough to set on the watch for us. Dora, Rotha & Jemima & I then with your permission, but not causing you to be disturbed before your usual hour, will take shelter in your drawing-room (where I must beg for Dora a cup of coffee & a slice of very thin dry toast on her arrival, & the use of the sofa that she may rest till your breakfast hour—We propose to breakfast with you, & stay in your house till mid-day, when Mr<sup>s</sup> Hoare's carriage will arrive to clear your house of intruders. D. & I. go to Hampstead Heath, & my daughters to Hendon. On the 7<sup>th</sup> of May Dora, Rotha & I set out for Portugal from Southampton by Steamer, after having left Jemima with friends in Kent.—So you see we are going to make that important experiment of change of climate for D's health after all.—

But I have kept my best news back, & almost grudge them to you : one William Wordsworth ' a wicked imp they call a poet ' is to be our companion to London, but will go straight from

APRIL 1845

Euston Square to Moxon's, where he will remain till his *business* in town is over : his business being to attend the Queen's Ball on Friday night, by H.M.'s gracious command. Think of the Laureate 75 invited again to go 800 miles to a Ball ! But he cannot ' decline the honour ' & it is but right & decent that he should make his appearance at the Queen's Levee, & this will be his opportunity, the same day too.—I don't know whether he will have anything to say to his old London friends after he has made his debut in the palace of a young Queen, but you will have him among you & can try—

Dora begs me to add that she has taken the liberty of appointing a meeting at your rooms between 10 & 12 with a bonnie Westmoreland Lassie.—

In great haste—

Your's most truly

E Q.

We leave this on Wednesday next

*Endorsed* : 18<sup>th</sup> April 1845. *Quillinan*.

1845  
No. 32a.

402. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Ambleside. 21<sup>st</sup> April 1845

p. 3, line 22. . . . Mr W. goes to Moxon's direct to be near the palace & get over the business in the most convenient manner. He will remain there till he goes to Hampstead I believe. I hope he will not get involved in London parties, for he is not very well, & we are all very anxious about him, as he takes neither Mr<sup>s</sup> W. nor James to help him.

Add the rest yourself

E. Q.

1845  
No. 41b.

403. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

May 5<sup>th</sup> 1845

p. 2, line 8. . . . I was busied till it was Time to dine with Wordsw: at Mrs Hoare. He was in wretched spirits And spoke not a word to any one. Mr<sup>s</sup> Quillinan sets off for Lisbon on Wednesday And he is filled with anxious apprehensions concerning her health when there—He is besides indisposed from

MAY 1845

a complaint in his eyes—On the same day he ought to attend the Queen's Levée I have no expectation that he will be able to pluck up spirits for the exercise A more uncomfortable dinner I have seldom had—The rest of the party all felt for him. . . .

*Miscellaneous Bundle 6* 404. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*  
X.1.

May 24. 1845

p. 5, line 6. . . . It gave me great pleasure to hear that you thought Mr Wordsworth was awake to the mischief that Puseyism is working. I cannot help hoping that the authors of the system must perceive that they have raised a spirit which they cannot lay & will go over to Rome & leave our poor divided Church to settle not into slumber but to peace.

I am very anxious to know how Mrs John Wordsworth & Mrs Quillman are—Be sure you tell me— . . .

*Endorsed* : 24<sup>th</sup> May 1845. Mrs Clarkson. Wilberforces. The Slavery Princ. Not one of the best but like most of Mrs C's letters worth preserving. They are documents for a Hist. of the Slave-trade & Slavery Questions—as well as the Clarkson & Wilberforce Q<sup>n</sup>. H. C. R.

1864–1867 405. *W. W. and M. W. to H. C. R.*  
No. 93b.

21 June. Rydal Mt. [1845 <sup>1</sup>]

My dear Friend

We want to know something of your whereabouts, & how your Br is, & all about you—that we are so ignorant on these points, w<sup>ch</sup> are always interesting to us, is no fault of yours, but of my own, who have been so long disinclined to write to any one unless from [sic] dire necessity—which I am sorry to say has of late been but too frequent. We have had from

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gordon Wordsworth kindly supplied this date. He deduces it: (1) because the four-year-old child, Edward, 'died on this very trip'; (2) because the sonnet on the navvies in Furness Abbey (published in 1845) is dated on 'this identical day. June 21, 1845'.

various causes an anxious & I may say saddening Season—Dora's departure, her subsequent illness which is still hanging about us—Father returning from town with disordered eyes—which tho thank God are better, yet still require attention—And John's arrival from Italy, & hasty return with his 4 boys, who are now poor things travelling onward thro' France to the Baths of Lucca, the youngest 4 years old ! to join their sick Mother—They left us at 5 oC. on Tuesday morning & got thro' London as fast as the business John had to do, about the rail-road which is to destroy his house—& getting Passports etc would allow—Hence probably neither you nor any of his friends save Moxon saw aught of him. His Boys were under the care of a connection of their Mother while he was making these preparations. You will guess our thoughts are travelling with them.

Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher mentioned to me one day, that you had given her reason to understand you intended giving us a *Summers Call* some of these days. Is this true ? I hope it may be, for be it but an hour's chat, it is worth a doz letters—if one had time to write them.

Miss Fenwick with Kate Southey returned last night to R. M. from a 2 days Excursion to Newby Bridge & Furness Abbey with the Miss Arnolds—they had the pain (tho it was a picturesque appearance) of seeing the Old Abbey occupied by the 'Navys' at their meal, who are carrying a rail-way, so near to the East window that from it Persons might shake hands with the Passengers !!

The weather is beautiful for Tourists, & the Country is going to swarm—but some of our Neighbours mean to fly—for instance Mr<sup>s</sup> A. & her brood mean to go about the 14<sup>th</sup> to the Isle of Man for a few weeks. We shall be stationary, till about Sep<sup>r</sup> when I at least hope to go for a farewell visit to Brinsop—which the family leave in the Spring—Willy—if his health which is far from what it ought to be poor fellow, does not require to seek advice elsewhere will go with me

Our dear Sister keeps in her usual way—her Br<sup>r</sup> is at this moment drawing his Sister's Carriage in *the front*, they together with our dear friend beg their affec. remembrances along with

JUNE 1845

me, hoping that you will excuse this scrubby letter & believe me ever affly

Yours

M. Wordsworth

My dear Friend,

I congratulate you upon the Premier doing so stoutly the devil's work in fellowship with your Friends the Whigs & the Radicals. The ignorance of fact, Law, and human nature shown in Parliament upon this occasion is truly deplorable. Let Sir Robert look to the state of France to learn whither leads the course he is taking—ever faithfully yours

W W.

I hope your dear Brother is doing well.—

*Endorsed : Wordsw: Mrs Wordsw.*

<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos. 61b. 62a. b

406. H. Martineau to H. C. R.

Waterhead

N<sup>r</sup> Ambleside

June 24<sup>th</sup> [1845]

p. 8, line 2. . . Wordsworth looks *very* old—even again since his return from town. They have bad news of Mr<sup>s</sup> Quillinan's health by the last letter. Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth is poorly ; but they are pretty cheerful. We were to have gathered, a large party, in their hayfield, last ev<sup>g</sup>, but, after a stretch of fine weather, we had rain.—Miss Fenwick sends you her affectionate regards. I have seen her two or three times & I hope time will make us friends. The Arnolds are well & merry, & full of kindness to me. . . .

p. 9, line 6. . . I have had an interesting little correspondence with Mr<sup>s</sup> Sydney Smith, about her husband's letters to me, & mine to him,—whereof you will see the upshot in Moore's Memoir of him. How the Wordsworths agree with him & me about that !<sup>1</sup> . . . .

<sup>1</sup> In objecting to the publication of private correspondence after the writer's death.

<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos. 64b. 65a.

407. *Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.*

July 1<sup>st</sup> 1845  
Rydal Mount.

*p. 1, line 6.* . . . you will be pleased to receive this letter because of the good news it will give you of dear Dora about whom we have all been so anxious. . . .

*p. 8, line 11.* . . . Mr Q speaks very sanguinely of his expectation of her residence in Portugal being the means of restoring her health, and even her Mother now begins to think of it less despondingly. . . .

*p. 4, line 9.* . . . The Laureate keeps wonderfully well in the midst of all these troubles even in spite of having a new Edition of his Poems in hand—he has written several short ones of late one of the last I have asked Kate Southey who is now here to copy for you by way of giving some value to my packet in addition to that which it has as a bearer of good news—of course the Author knows I am sending it to you—& he desires me to say that if he has made you angry by his violence on the Maynooth & Irish Education<sup>1</sup> question he is sure you will be pleased with his kind notice of these Railway Labourers—the Sonnet arose out of a circumstance I told him on my return from a visit to Furness Abbey not many days ago where I had taken three young Arnolds a little Davy & dear Kate Southey—the Sonnet is the literal fact of what we saw—the Railway is carried *profanely* near this holy pile—these poor Labourers seemed to feel that ‘once it was holy & is holy still’—not so the Directors—who would have driven streight [*sic*] thro’ the *consecrated* enclosure but for L<sup>d</sup> Burlington who ought to have insisted on a still *greater distance*— . . .

<sup>1845</sup>  
No 67a.

408. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

2<sup>nd</sup> July 1845

*p. 2, line 18.* . . . I breakfasted at Sam: Rogers’s (our oldest poet) with M<sup>rs</sup> Shelley, the *worthy* descendant of Godwin

<sup>1</sup> Sir R. Peel’s *Maynooth Act* was passed in 1845. It augmented and put on a permanent basis the grant to Maynooth College.

He founded, in the same year, the Queen’s Colleges in Ireland for the improvement of education without religious distinction.



JULY 1845

& Mrs Woolstonecraft [*sic*] & the consort of a man who in poetic genius better deserves to be classed with Wordsworth & Coleridge than either Byron Scott or Tom Moore— . . .

1845  
Nov. 77a. b. 409. H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick

July 17<sup>th</sup> 1845

p. 5, line 3. . . . There was something I did not like from the first in Mrs M. W.<sup>1</sup> And yet for this I have really no warrant— It is quite discreditable to me that I cannot help reminding you of

‘ I do not like you Doctor Fell ’

Do you know whether that unamiable Gentleman was an M.D. a D.D. an L.L.D. or a D.C.L. ? ‘ Not the last I am sure,’ the Laureat would exclaim, if you had the indiscretion to read him this which you will prudently avoid— . . .

p. 6, line 7. . . . She [Harriet Martineau] mentions with satisfaction one Subject on which she and the Laureat and the late facetious Canon perfectly agree And that is about *letters* It is well there is one subject on which at Rydal Mount every one may expatiate with warmth & without danger ; as Dr Priestley used to meet with Berington the Papist & Toplady the Methodist to talk on nothing but Necessity & Free Will— Yet that would be scanty fare for a hungry party—How many topics of the day are excluded at the Mount— !

The Maynooth and Irish Colleges bills

The Dissenters Chapels Act—(But that is nearly forgotten by the bye—At least by the Opponents)

The American Questions—Slavery Texas & Repudiation Tho’ H.M’s Pro-America zeal has greatly subsided.

Dr Arnold—For tho’ neither the Laureat nor the Mesmerist is precisely an Arnoldite Yet precisely what the one prizes & tolerates is what the other tolerates & prizes— . . .

p. 8, line 20. . . . Tell the poet I feel no displeasure towards him for his political heresies—He is under a spell—the conversion of the last Quart: Rev: will not convert him—Nor

<sup>1</sup> ‘my friend and mesmerist Mrs. Montagu Wynyard Junr’ H. Martineau to H.C.R. 12 Dec. 1844.

JULY 1845

ought it—His own early poems ought : By the bye, Moxon says his new edition contains many alterations I hope they are merely verbal . . .

1845  
No. 30a

410. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount 7<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> [18]45

My dear Friend,

I must begin with a little matter of business—A few months ago you kindly presented me with two Vols entitled a Glossary of Architecture. They were very acceptable as a memorial of yourself, and for their contents ; but I have felt obliged to part with the Book ; & I will tell you—How. Miss Fenwick was very desirous of making an acknowledgement to Mr Reed of Philadelphia for the trouble he had taken mainly on her account about the Pennsylvanian bonds. Mr Reed's Brother came hither from Liverpool to bid me good bye, just before his departure for America. I showed him this Book and asked if he thought it was in his Brother's library. He said he was sure it was not ; I then proposed to Miss Fenwick that as there was no time to procure any other, She should avail herself of the opportunity to send the Volumes in her own name. This accordingly was done, and they are now better half of the way to Pensylvania.—Now what I have to beg is that you would procure another Copy of this work write your name in it as a present from you to me, have it sent to Moxon to be forwarded by the first convenient opportunity, and request him to put the cost of the Volumes down to me. In this way Miss F. will have attained her wish, and things will stand on the same footing as before.

You ask how we get on with Miss Martineau. She has had with her 4 Aunts and 9 Cousins, and innumerable acquaintances occasionally, so that it has been utterly impossible for us to have more than two or three interviews with her, one of which was at our own house, where she was kind enough to drink tea with us. I have however heard from others that she is as entêtée as ever upon the ground of mesmerism, and will only see and hear as suits her passionate credulity. A striking

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instance of this in connection with her prime agent, Jane, shall be told you with all particulars when we meet. At present I will confine myself to observing that in this and all matters, her quickness of mind, in leaping to conclusions, in conjunction with her imperfect hearing, has much to do in misleading her, and makes her in many respects ever a dangerous companion. Of this also You shall have an instance, in which the Fletchers were concerned and with which they were a good deal hurt . . I have not been well lately from two causes ; I overlaboured and overheated myself with my axe and saw, and caught cold in the evening. And when I was recovering from this I had [a] very ugly fall from the top of the Mount, which shook me sadly, and of which I shall feel the effects for some time. Mrs W and Miss Fenwick are both pretty well—You do not mention your Brother. The reprinting of my Poems is going on regularly, the Book will be stereotyped and from what I hear through the Bookseller, there will be no small demand for it ; partly for its own sake, & partly to class with Byron & Southey &c who are already in the same forms. The alterations of which you heard, are almost exclusively confined to a few of the Juvenile Poems—I am at the end of my paper & my time & so my dear Friend farewell. with a thousand good wishes—ever  
most faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos 80b. 81a.

411. M. W. to H. C. R.

My dear Friend

[7<sup>th</sup> Aug 1845]

I have forwarded your note to good Mrs Hoare & unless she be gone to Cromer as is her usual custom about this season I have no doubt Miss Weston will soon have a visit from her & Miss Hoare.

I have indeed been very remiss in leaving you so long in the dark about us—but truly my thoughts have been so much disturbed of late in connection with our Absentees, & our time has been so taken up by daily visitors which under existing circumstances (My husband's derangement from his fall &c) have been rather oppressive than otherwise, so that I have

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shrunk from the pen, as much as I possibly could,— & hence I have presumed upon your forbearance.

I am now thankful to tell you that we have delightful reports of Dora's improvement since the illness which interrupted the flattering account she gave of herself after her first arrival in Portugal—She now rides a beautiful Andalusian Poney & is in the 7<sup>th</sup> Heaven.

From Lucca our letters give, I grieve to say, a very different report, Mr<sup>s</sup> J. W. not seeming to make any progress—and the heat of the present season oppressive to them all—tho' the Father & the little fellows all performed their journey admirably. Notwithstanding what I have said about our being overrun by visitors We sh<sup>d</sup> be delighted were your Lady friend to succeed in her desire to elope hitherward with you. Miss F. is now in residence, & entertaining the H. Taylors & other inmates, at Fox how.—Our nephew Charles W. & his daughter, with three other Lady friends are occupying the Quillinan's lodgings at Ambleside.—Mr Monkhouse after a visit of a fortnight's stay left us yesterday—The youthful Poetess Emmie Fisher is our guest—as also Kate Southey has been, & will be again we expect tomorrow—She went to Keswick for a few days to be present at the re-opening of Crosthwaite Church, which Mr Stanger, that munificent Man, has been beautifying preparatory to Mr S's Monument being received therein.

Ever my dear friend

affly yours

M. Wordsworth

By the date of *Fathers* letter you will discover that William is now with us & I am thankful to say in better health than during his last visit.

<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos. 87a b 88a 412. H. C. R. to Mrs. Wordsworth

Sept 9<sup>th</sup> 1845

p. 5, line 12. . . . A proposi [of America] Have you seen the Yankee-poet Bryant? He was made much of at the Cambridge Association—but rather in the character of *Stranger* than in any other—I am curious to know how you go on with my Mesmeris-

SEPTEMBER 1845

ing friend. I have not heard again from her And begin to apprehend that my Answer to her letter was not agreeable which I should be sorry for—I hear she is building herself a cottage, in which case I have no doubt she has had the aid of one who can build other than the lofty rhyme— . . .

1845  
Nos. 91a. b

413. M. W. to H. C. R.

[16<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1845]

My dear Friend

I am going to give you as briefly as I can an account of what we have been doing, & what we are going to do—for I have not time to write a regular letter but first I must thank you for y<sup>r</sup> comfortable report of y<sup>r</sup> Br & answer your main question as to Dora's health—& to this I am most thankful to tell you that we have, since the severe illness, which attacked her soon after her arrival in Portugal, & which lasted about a month, had nothing but flourishing accounts of her improvement; & among a host of letters, which we found upon the table on our return after a week's absence yesterday, was one from her from which I will extract a passage just to shew you how her ambitious spirit is mounting

' Shall I tell you why we are so very careful of our pence. We have a grand project in view (*if—if—if—you may fill up my ifs*)—when we leave Oporto for England to turn South instead of North, & [instead of] giving our £40 to a Steamer just to be made miserable for 5 days & see nothing—we wish to add enough to this £40 to enable us to see Lisbon, Cintra, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Grenada, the Alhambra!! & so coach it on to Marseilles & home up the Rhone. This is all very easy but I am so ambitious as to ask, Cannot we go from Grenada to Madrid & thence home by the Pyrenees? Old Daddy, Mammy & dearest Miss F. you must give us the meeting among those mountains '—

What do you think of this flight? It will serve to answer your questions after her health in the happiest words I could make use of. But for ourselves, & your dear friend first of all I must tell you that yesterday week my husband & I as we passed the ' Descending Shop ' saw your friend as we thought

behind that building staking out the foundation for her house, on our return yesterday to our surprize the walls had risen half-roof high—Surely she must have mesmerized her workmen for our builders are never so alert as her's must have been. We have seen little of her for She has been so much engaged with her relations & friends—Poor Law Commissioners—Educationalists &c &c to whom she has been the Shew Woman—ranging over the mountains, the Leader, & *Tirer*-out of all the said Commissioners &c She is truly the marvel of the Country by her exertions—but she is now about to exclude herself from all society for several hours a day being to be engaged in some most important work that is to enlighten the world & which is much needed—I will speak to her of you as you wish when I see her.

We have, THRO THE SEASON been beset by strangers—among those we liked best was the Poet Bryant he was an agreeable modest person—& my husband enjoyed his society—& he my husband is much pleased that you approve of the disposal of the book being sent by Miss F. to Mr Reed—by the bye W<sup>m</sup> had a letter from that Gen<sup>t</sup> yesterday giving *almost* an assurance that Miss F's interest will in future be paid—Miss F. is not further from us, than the house at the end of Ambleside *as yet*, & I trust some abode may be found for her near[er] to us than Rayrigg which is the house you must have heard of.

M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold & her daughter & eldest son are returned from the Isle of Man & Ireland in good health to Fox-how, & enjoying the place if possible more than ever.—Tom & Edward are in Scotland—the 2 youngest boys gone back to School. We had but just seen them before our departure—Good Mrs Davy bears her widowhood with chearfulness in her comfortable new house—& is now & then cheered by good tidings from her husband at Barbadoes—the Fletchers are well—I do not imagine the *Miff* to which you allude between them & H. M. has caused very great difference in their several feelings toward each other. I do not enter into particulars not having any distinct notion of the cause of the misunderstanding further than we all think your friend has been the dupe & continues to be duped.

SEPTEMBER 1845

My Husband & Son W<sup>m</sup> go to Brigham next Thursday to fix upon a site to which the Parsonage house is to be removed *out of the way* of the horrid Railroad which is to be carried upon the very ground on which that building a doz years ago was fixed by the choice of the Father & Son—Alas we have no good news from Lucca save that the Children are all well, I fear they are to be left by their Father who is coming to take the duty not at Brigham, but at his other Incumbency Plumbland. This latter arrangement is very satisfactory to us, as he can be of no use to his Wife—that he should be where his Professional duty requires his presence. Isabella hopes to be able in the spring to leave her Dr under whose care she means to return to Rome for the winter, with her younger children—the Elder boys being left with a clergyman who takes Pupils now in Lucca, & at Pisa in the winter. To such matter of fact people as myself these seem strange proceedings, but we are old-fashioned people & can only submit—I will not say without disturbance of mind.

Next week my husband & I hope to set out for Brinsop to pay a farewell visit to that place—You know perhaps that they have given up their Farm, & are going to live with their eldest son Tho<sup>s</sup> near Presteyn.

But W. waits for my letter & I must be done—with all affec remembrances from all ever y<sup>r</sup> much obliged friend

M Wordsworth

16<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup>

Go & see Miss Rogers with my Love—Christmas is coming fast upon us.

*Endorsed: 16 Sept<sup>r</sup> 1845. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.*

<sup>1845</sup>  
No. 110 a.

414. M. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal M<sup>t</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> [1845]

My dear Friend

My husband and I reached home after an absence of six weeks last Tuesday night—& I have so many things that I *could* say to you, & so many things that I *must* say to numerous others—that I merely take this sheet to remind you that

NOVEMBER 1845

Christmas is fast approaching when we can each relate our adventures *viva voce*—

Meanwhile, I must express our regret that you did not favor us with at least one of your pleasant letters while we were at Brinsop—were it not that good Mr<sup>s</sup> Hoare has spoken of you to us, we should not have known if you were in the land of the living—Do let us hear of your Brother, of yourself & your doings—We have had a pleasant bustling time while absent—& find plenty of occupation awaiting our return. From Oporto we have delightful tidings of Dora's improved health—& rather more favorable of Mr<sup>s</sup> I. Wordsworth's.

Your friend Miss Martineau, whose house, as W<sup>m</sup> told her yesterday, he expected was to be like the Lark's, nestling in the earth—is soaring to the skies—as, truly are her spirits—she is the gayest of the gay, & perfectly well—indeed we have found all our friends flourishing & all enquired after you, & when we are to see you—You must enable me to answer this question—& I hope satisfactorily.

Yesterday evening we had Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold with us at our Teatable & this even<sup>g</sup> Mr<sup>s</sup> & Miss Fletcher—with whom we have also had pleasant chat, in which you were not forgotten

W<sup>m</sup> bids me say that he paid 9 visits, i.e. passed one or more nights in different houses during our absence—we were 4 or 5 days at York & the like in the neighbourhood & Leeds, & took great pains to see the leading Lions of these places. York is in fact in[ex]haustible.

We found our Sister had been well & comfortable during our absence—& think her much improved in many points.—The 2 books to replace those that went from Miss F. to America have found their way to Rydal—& your name must be written therein when you arrive.

With our joint affec regards believe me to be very sincerely  
your's

M. Wordsworth.

Moxon tells us that the Trade have taken off the last copies of the 6 vols—the new Ed: is nearly ready

*Endorsed* : Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth Nov 1845



<sup>1845</sup>  
Nos. 111b. 112a.

415. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

80 Russell Square  
11<sup>th</sup> Nov: 45

*p. 1, line 7.* . . . Kenyon was with me when your letter came And had just reported from Mr<sup>s</sup> Coleridge that Mr<sup>s</sup> Quillinan had written to her that she had been brought to such a state by her foreign travel—That she slept like a top and ate like a plough-boy—A very ungenteel confession certainly— . . .

*p. 7, line 20.* . . . Apropos of aspirations I was told the other day that there is a sort of scheme afloat—That Mr<sup>s</sup> Qu: is to return to England thro' the French Pyrenees And that she may possibly be met there and escorted home—Now I shall rejoice in hearing this report confirmed . . . I should gladly assist in framing a tour—It would be neither costly nor laborious. . . .

<sup>1845</sup>  
No. 113b.

416. *Barron Field to H. C. R.*

Nov. 18, 1845

*p. 2, line 8.* . . . I see your great and good friend is publishing his Monogram<sup>1</sup> at last. If there are any alterations from the Seven Volumes, please to tell me ; and I will buy the book. . . .

<sup>1845</sup>  
No. 126a.

417. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

80 Russell Square  
8<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1845.

My dear friend

This letter I write merely to ask a question And as I am desirous of as early an answer as may be convenient & must go into the city this morning I must be very short—It is simply to ask whether it will be quite agreeable that I should make my visit to you before Christmas this year instead of arriving as I have been in the habit of doing on Christmas Eve—I mean to spend my Christmas week with you, but to leave

<sup>1</sup> In a P.S. to another letter (*No. 114a*) of the same date, B. Field writes : 'ERRATUM in my last ; for *Monogram* read *Monotome*'.

DECEMBER 1845

early in January rather than at the latter end—Of course, if this in any the least respect disarranges your proceedings you will tell me so frankly And the intention can be abandoned.

Why do I wish this? You will at once suppose that this is consequent on the famous *Times* announcement on which the opinion of all quid nuncs is divided—But however true this may be; I cannot publicly avow it and therefore I must allege for the larger public such plausibly sufficient reasons as that the Athenæum is under repair & will not reopen till the first or second week in January—Further, that in the middle of January, I have certain payments to make which I must if I do not return in time trouble my friends about &c &c &c. . . .

1845  
No. 126b.

418. M. W. to H. C. R.

9<sup>th</sup> [8<sup>th</sup>] Dec<sup>r</sup> [1845]  
Rydal Mt

My dear Friend

James tells me that you 'took a fancy' to the Candles that were in use at Rydal Mount & that he gave you the address whence they were to be procured in London—This said address *we* cannot find, so will you excuse my making you useful before you leave Town (which I hope & expect you mean soon to do on your Northward course) by requesting that you will order to be sent immediately to Rydal Mount *per Canal a doz: Packets* of 'Price's Composite Candles *short fours* in the pound' also, if to<sup>1</sup> be had at the same place, 2 *doz lbs* of Moulds (shorts 8<sup>ths</sup> in the lb)—And, I must further request that you will desire the Vendor to take the bill to Mr Moxon (*before he sends off the Candles*) whom I will request to discharge it—& who will be prepared to give a parcel to be forwarded in the Box. I am afraid you will think me very troublesome, &, but for my husbands encouragement I scarcely should have ventured upon what I have done.

We are all looking forward with much pleasure to your visit; and we trust nothing may occur to cause disappointment

<sup>1</sup> 'if to' replaces 'which no doubt may': the 'which' is left undeleted.

DECEMBER 1845

to so many of your friends. At present the weather is deplorable —& we are as stupid as needs be, but you will cheer us up spite of the *Potatoe disease* &c &c

I forget if I have before thanked you for your last kind letter which brought so good an account for [of?] y<sup>r</sup> dear Brother—of course you will bring the latest news of Miss Rogers & dear Miss Lamb—to whom when you make your farewell call give our best remembrances—& wishing you a good journey & our happy meeting believe me very aff<sup>ly</sup>

Yours M. W.

*Endorsed* : 9 Dec<sup>r</sup> 45 [sh<sup>d</sup> be 8<sup>th</sup>] M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsw.

1845  
No. 127a.

419. M. W. to H. C. R.

[9<sup>th</sup> Dec. 45]

My dear Friend

I forwarded you a troublesome note yesterday—& our plaguy Post Mistress has detained our letter today too late for me to reply to yours by return of Post I can only say that come when you will we shall rejoice to see you—& *why* you mean to antedate our pleasure I have no business to enquire—& as we do not see the Times cannot guess—but I must premise that we are not to have your visit curtailed. So let us know *how soon* we are to expect you. I am only sorry that William will miss much of your company—for his holidays do not commence till towards the middle of January I fear. We have M<sup>r</sup> Carter till about the 20<sup>th</sup> of the present Month—when their tug of business begins at the Stamp Office.

I shall be very much obliged by your bringing us a supply of stationary [*sic*]. You selected so well before that I can only request to have, if you cannot *conveniently* bring more, at least, a duplicate of that same parcel—for which by the bye we are still indebted to you.

The parcel I yesterday begged the *Candleman* to call for at Moxon's (via my note to to [*sic*] you) is to contain a copy of Southey's P.W. double column & 4 copies of Oliver Newman, & is for Miss Fenwick—I suppose it would be too large a one for you to be troubled with—so I will not ask you to bring it. I

DECEMBER 1845

suppose the Box by Canal may arrive in time for the books being disposed of as Xmas presents, for such is, I believe their destination.

Faithfully dear friend

Yours

Dec<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>

M Wordsworth

Along with the Candles, if not too late might I ask you to order  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz lbs of *Windsor* (or other) soap—I think you were curious in this article—I mean it for bed-rooms. *Scold* me if I am taking a liberty, but dont think me presuming & be silent.

*Endorsed*: 9<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 45. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.

<sup>1845</sup>  
No. 127b.

420. H. C. R. to M. W.

11<sup>th</sup> Dec: 1845

p. 3, line 5. . . . It is sad when ones dull jokes are not understood—but it is quite wonderful to me that you should not know that the *Times* has confidently stated and the *Standard* as confidently denied that Parham<sup>t</sup> is to be summoned the middle of Jan<sup>y</sup> And the repeal of the Corn Laws<sup>1</sup> recommended from the Throne !!! . . .

<sup>1845</sup>  
No. 129 a. b.

421. H. C. R. to T. R.

13<sup>th</sup> Dec 1845

p. 2, line 15. . . . On *Tuesday* I received the new edition of Wordsw<sup>s</sup> poems in One Vol: double columns—A handsome Vol: which makes a beautiful present—The poet has given a copy to Lady Rolfe—‘from her affectionate friend’—She is as pleased as any child with a toy—no childish pleasure She is justly proud of the present as I should have been— . . .

p. 4, line 12. . . . This same day I called on Mary Lamb—A painful call.—She is not old<sup>2</sup>—only 80—and in addition to

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Peel carried his proposals for the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846.

<sup>2</sup> She was born in 1764—T. R. in 1770. H. C. R. is probably joking about getting old—a frequent habit of his in later life. It is possible that he thought Mary Lamb nearer in age to his brother than she actually was, since Charles Lamb was born in 1775, the same year as himself.

her other infirmities, her articulation is become so indistinct that I do not understand her, and that displeases her—What a relief is death from such infirmities ! She and Miss Rogers are among the friends the Wordsworths most love . . .

1845  
Nos. 130b. 131a

422. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Mount  
20<sup>th</sup> Dec: 1845 p.m.

p. 2, line 10. . . . At 9 I resumed my journey (from Kendal)—And was placed by the Whitehaven mail at the foot of Mr Wordsworths lane—There was waiting for me the poet himself And my old friend James the '*child of fortune*' whose naiveté I hope you have not forgotten—As soon as the cordial salutations of Mr & Mrs Wordsworth were over And I had refreshed myself I accompanied them on a walk to Ambleside where we called on a few of my acquaintance Especially on Miss Fenwick the friend of Mr & Mrs Wordsworth—On Mr Carr the deaf ex-Surgeon my intelligent acquaintance And on Benson Harrison—the magistrate in whose family lately lived *Faber* the recent apostate to Popery . . . W: respects F's poetic abilities He is a superior man ; but ratiocination is not his forte as you may suppose—We came home to a 5 O'Clock dinner ; After which the poet & his wife beat me & Dumbee at a couple of rubbers of Whist—We also fell in with Harr: Marriet: [*sic*] and Mrs Davy And so ended our day's gossiping . . .

p. 6, line 20. . . . [Dec. 21] Breakfast is over—And I have taken heart & ventured to say in this church going family that I shall stay at home this morning in order to finish this letter to you and take it to the post to return to dine at one. . . .

p. 8, line 11. . . . Here I find Sir Rob: [Peel] is in no favour—But the land is less an object of affectionate & passionate interest here than the Church—And the interests of the Church are for the moment veiled over by those of a lower character.

I finish this letter alone or I should be sure to have respectful greetings to communicate I have just been telling the *Leigh jar*

story of Henry—And also of his imputing a belief in Ghosts to the poet—Mr Wordsw: supposes that he must have read *Laodamia* but yet that is unlikely Nor could he possibly have felt so very complex & refined a tale—was it Peter Bell ? . . .

1845  
Nos. 132b. 133b.

423. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Mount Ambleside

25<sup>th</sup> Dec: 45

p. 1, line 14. . . . I have already spoken of all my acquaintance here And as my time is spent in a succession of visits & intercourse with the same individuals, were I here long I should be at a loss to give any variety to my history—For I can but ring the changes in recounting similar occurrences—You have heard me say that there are here some five or six very superior women whose presence would amply make up for the entire want of male society—And they are singularly contrasted with each other—Now it happens that I am on excellent terms with all And am a sort of copula or point of Union where estrangement might have been apprehend<sup>d</sup> The element lately introduced has been *Harriet Martineau* And her zealous advocacy of Mesmerism has very seriously threatned her social position here but fortunately notwithstanding this, in addition to her reputed U-ism, she has gained the cordial good will of the Wordsworths—We had a dinner party here on Monday which went off excellently.—W's pious friend *Miss Fenwick* is become as well as *M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold* a convert to Mesmerism to a great degree—On the other hand Mr Fletcher the zealous whig & religious liberal is scarcely tolerant of Mesmerism. So that it is become a prohibited subject between her & H. M. . . .

p. 5, line 6. . . . Here in *this* house I hear but little of the politics of the day—W: professes to be a sort of political *poco curante* And would be more earnest in protecting the church than the land. . . .

1846  
Nos. 1 a b.

424. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount.  
2<sup>nd</sup> Jan 1846

*p. 3, line 12.* . . . On Wed. H M. dined here to meet Moxon who has been on a weeks visit And leaves us to day—She was very communicative on Mesmerism And having no tact whatever or ability to perceive who believes & who disbelieves in her stories—Or caring nothing about the *Sympathy* or the *Dispathy* of her hearers, she went on by the hour without intermission—Mr<sup>s</sup> W. when she was gone said in a tone of vexation ‘According to Miss M: these Mesmerisers can work miracles just as great as Christ & the Apostles. . . .

*p. 6, line 10.* . . . H: M: as well as H. C. R. is a sort of Peelite but the Ws are utterly against him however you know that my love & admiration of the poet was never carried over to the politician—He is a protectionist but much more zealously of the Church than of the Land. . . .

1846  
Nos 2a b

425. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount  
Ambleside  
8<sup>th</sup> Jan. 46

*p. 6, line 8.* . . . There is living here a decrepid old Gent an ex-M.D. Dr Briggs once a practitioner at Kendal—And in the days of his strength rather a violent Rad: therefore a sort of crony of Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher . . . You will suppose that the Doctor & the poet are no great allies—Indeed I never heard him mentioned here—However as I had called once Mr W. called wth me yesterday—And was very much conciliated towards him ; finding that the Doctor tho’ a whig is not a Gallican, that he never loved Sir F: Burdett never was a worshipper of Henry Brougham ; disapproved of the whig-apologies for Buonaparte in the days of his glory . . .

1846  
No. 3a.

426. *H. C. R to M. W.*

Jan 16<sup>th</sup> 1846

*p. 1, line 18.* . . . I found time . . . to go to Moxon's in the Evening And I deposited with him *the book* which had been under my special care during my journey—He said he would lose no time in forwarding it to the Lord Chamberlain—I fully expect from you an account of its reception which I expect will be *gracious* in rather more than the court sense of that term . . .

*p. 2, line 18.* . . . I saw *M<sup>rs</sup> & Miss Hoare*—I told them the sad story of the death of your grandchild<sup>1</sup>—They sympathise with you both in your sorrow & in the consolations which the boys peculiar character supplies—I underwent a close cross examination concerning all your doings & sufferings, And especially about the Quillinans. . . .

1846  
No 3b

427. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

20<sup>th</sup> Jan: 1846 ./—

*p. 2, line 16.* . . . Moxon expects that you will have an early notification of the gracious reception of the Volume And if out of the common I hope to know precisely what it is . . .

1846  
No 4a.

428. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Febr<sup>y</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> [18]46

My dear Friend

You kindly desired me to tell you of our news from Rome—John arrived safely & found his Children well—tho' as he says looking miserably, his wife greatly shattered, but, in some respects better than when he left her. We have been and are in sad distress. My Brother Dr W— is dying—The last letter said that it was not thought he could survive another 24 hours, our Nephew John Mr Fell thinks, may be taken off at any moment, he is sinking so rapidly, We have other causes of great distress with which you need not be trouble[d] So that my poor Wife's frame is sadly shaken. My dear Sister continues much the same—

<sup>1</sup> John Wordsworth's youngest son Edward, who had died at Rome.



FEBRUARY 1846

I have heard nothing from the Queen, which I only care about for her own sake, concluding that she must have been anxious about and occupied by the state of public affairs, or that She cares little about Literature—

Dear Miss Fenwick was the other night along with Jemima Quillman overturned in one of Donaldsons carriages, they were dragged about 2 yards and then lifted out of the Window—Miss F a good deal shaken throughout the frame, the effects of which she feels more now than she did at first. But we all hope that no permanent mischief has ensued. The accident took place a few yards from Mrs Arnolds door. In a few days I hope we shall be able to write again—but at present we are in a sad state of anxiety,

ever your affectionate Friend

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

[P.S in Mrs W's handwriting]. Dr friend do not let Miss F. accident get abroad—else she will be inundated by letters of enquiry—

*Address [Mrs W's writing]:* H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 30 Russel Sq<sup>re</sup>, London.

*Post Marks :* Ambleside Fe 2 1846. CH. 3 Fe 3 1846.

*Endorsed :* 2<sup>a</sup> Feb: 46. Wordsworth. Autograph.

1846  
No 4b.

429. *Extract (copied by H. C. R.) from a  
letter of H. Martineau*

8<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1846

The Ws are in affliction just now—His only brother died a few days ago And a nephew here is dyeing And they have had accounts from their sick daughter in law in Italy—But as y<sup>o</sup> can well conceive he can lose himself completely in any interest\* subject of thought, so as to forget his griefs His mind is always completely full of the thing that is in it And there he was on Wednesday his face all gloom & tears at two O'Clock from the tidings of his brother's death reced an hour before And lo! at three he was all animation discussing the rationale of my extraordinary discourses (in the Mesmeric state)—his mind so wholly occupied that he was quite happy for the

time He is very interest<sup>s</sup> merely as an old poet without any W—ism to those who have seen him oftener than once or twice—His mind must always have been essentially liberal, but now it is more obviously & charmingly so than I understand it used to appear—The mildness of age has succeeded to what used to be thought a rather harsh particularity of opinion & manners. His conversation can never be anticipated Sometimes he flows on in the utmost grandeur, that even y<sup>o</sup> can imagine, leav<sup>s</sup> a strong impression of inspiration At other times we blush & are annoyed at the extremity of bad taste with wch he pertinaciously dwells on the most vexatious & vulgar trifles—The first mood is all informed & actuated by knowl<sup>e</sup> of man; the other, a strange & ludicrous proof of his want of knowl<sup>e</sup> of men. I, deaf, can hardly conceive how he with eyes & ears & a heart which leads him to converse with the poor in his incessant walks can be so unaware of their social state. I dare say y<sup>o</sup> need not be told how sensual vice abounds in rural districts. Here, it is flagrant beyond any thing I ever co<sup>d</sup> have looked for & here while every justice of the peace is filled with disgust & every clergyman with almost despair at the drunkenness quarrells & extreme licentiousness with women—here is dear good old W. for ever talk<sup>s</sup> of rural innocence & deprecate<sup>s</sup> any intercourse with towns lest the purity of his neighbours sho<sup>d</sup> be corrupted. He little knows what elevation self denial & refinem<sup>t</sup> accrue in towns from the superior cultiv<sup>n</sup> of the people . . . † [See end of extract. The dagger & insertion are H. C. R.'s.]

. . . You know Ws worldly affairs are most comfortable in his old age. His wife is perfectly charm<sup>s</sup> & the very angel he sho<sup>d</sup> have to tend him. his life is a most serene & happy one on the whole & while all goes on methodically he is happy & cheery & courteous & benevolent; so that one co<sup>d</sup> almost worship him. But to secure this everybody must be punctual, the fire must be bright & all go orderly as his angel takes care that every thing shall as far as depends on her—he goes every day to Miss Fenwick (he always needs some such daily object) she is the worthiest possible, gives her a smacking kiss, & sits down before her fire to open his mind—Think what she could tell

if she survives him—He does me the honour (to my amazement & *his* honour) to be fond of me : but I see less of them than I shall do when I get to the Knoll—I do not ask him to come so far as my lodgings & so only meet him in company or when I call at the Mount & then only *hear* him when he talks expressly to me—So I miss a good deal—I feel a growing love & tenderness for him but cannot yet thoroughly connect—compact incorporate him with his works. Cannot yet feel him to be so great as they—But I shall ere long if we live & he talks of coming to my cottage—I have not 1/2 done but I must stop for this Time’—† The virtues of the people here are also of a sort differ<sup>t</sup> we think from what he supposes. The people are very industrious thrifty prudent & so well off as to be liberal in their dealings. They pride themselves on doing their work capitally : & in this point of honour they are exemplary.

1846  
No 8

430. H. C. R. to M. W.

24<sup>th</sup> Feb: 46.

p. 3, *line* 6. . . Miss H: M: has been writing a letter to Miss Barrett which I was permitted to see And it was quite delightful She sees everything *couleur de rose* And finds you all so amiable & so wise that she ought to suppose you are all converts to her peculiarities Or that they are of no importance—But the fact is that she is in good health & is happy And her buoyant spirit is communicated to whatever she writes on . . .

1846  
No 23a

431. H. C. R. to M. W.

May 5<sup>th</sup> 1846

p. 4, *line* 8. . . I had an amusing breakfast at Rogers's last Saturday—Of a party of six we had *one* Sonnetteer of the name of *Strong*—known in no other character I believe—Not against *him* but ag<sup>t</sup> the art of Sonnet making R: was absolutely vituperative—Strong was too much interested to take part in the fight—but Empson<sup>1</sup> (the Edinb. Reviewer) stoutly vindicated Shakesp: Wordsw: & Milton. . . .

<sup>1</sup> William Empson (1791–1852), married Jeffrey's daughter, and succeeded to the editorship of the *Edinburgh* in 1847. He was a friend of H. C. R. and there are various references in the *Diary* to their intercourse.

MAY 1846

1846  
Nos. 25 a.b.

432. W. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount  
Wednesday  
May [20] 46

My dear Friend,

Our debt to you would have been discharged much earlier, if we had been able to tell you anything that would have been likely to interest you ; but in our course of life one day is just a repetition of its predecessor. Persons we see few except our old Neighbours, and new books none. Yesterday indeed furnished an exception. We had an influx of two parties ; one a clergyman by name Stewart and his wife, Friends of Mrs Harrison of Hurdom, [?,] who accompanied them ; and the other Professor Forbes,<sup>1</sup> and three Ladies one his Wife. The Professor is a very active Man, known for his diligent researches in Geology especially among the Alps ; he has been much delighted with his residence in this Country, especially at Conistone where the Copper mines interested him much. He is a modest man of what I reckon sound opinions, but he seems to be taking too much out of himself by habits of over exertion, in mind and body. We talked a good deal about David Hume, and a recent Publication referring to him a sort of addition to his life, with some Letters ; but by the Professor's account there is not much in the Book—Mr Stewart is on his way to Paisley there to settle as a minister of the Episcopal Church, a church which has at least one apostolic characteristic, namely, that it is very poor—

We have Archbishop Whateley staying with Mrs Arnold ; They called on us yesterday. His Grace is rather too fond of talking ; but is nevertheless not a little entertaining by means of his various information, and his habits of minute observation. He amuses himself also & his hearer, with theories as fanciful as Swift's in his Gullivers travels. He scarcely touched

<sup>1</sup> Edward Forbes, 1815-54 is probably the person intended, though his brother David, 1828-76, was also a distinguished geologist. Edward was, however, appointed professor at King's Coll., London, in 1842 (and in 1854 at Edinburgh) while David does not appear from the *D.N.B.*, to have had this title.

upon the state of Ireland, except with reference to O'connel, whom he branded as a hypocritical Patriot, and a selfish Agitator—Good Miss Martineau is as busy & active and healthy as ever—Her mesmeric and magnetic speculations engage her I believe as much as, or more than ever; the fever seems to have had an access from the presence of Dr Gregory of Edinburgh, who was lately a visitor of her's, and who, I understand, is in Edinburgh thought to be travelling and not slowly towards a state of mind not well adapted for filling a professorial chair with credit to himself, or benefit to his audience—But to matters of more importance: I am indignant with our Ministers especially Sir James Graham who told us the other day in his place in parliament, that we are, and of course ought to be, more and more a manufacturing people—in other words the white negroes of all the world—If those opinions mean anything it is this, that with the British Agriculture should henceforth be considered as holding a subordinate place to manufacture & commerce, and the one be encouraged by government at the expense of the other if necessary. My own opinions on this matter were given to the world more than thirty years ago, and I have since found no reason for changing them, and therefore I cannot but hold in detestation this doctrine of our present Governors—Southey and I were of one mind on this subject and in his writings he has frequently expressed himself with genuine feelings upon it.

The Carrs as you know are in London, your other Friends are all well, and enjoying this most beautiful season. The other day James drove Mrs W— Miss Quillinan and myself down Windermere side, and home by Hawkshead, and the beautiful Vale, my old School-day haunts which I make a point of seeing every year—but how changed! In my time we had more than a 100 Boys playing and roaming about the Vale; now not one was to be seen, the School being utterly deserted.—

Miss Fenwick is still near Taunton—Bagboro', which she means to leave at the beginning of next month for Havre, where she is to meet her Brother and his Family who reside at Rennes as I believe you know. She will return from Havre (but this perhaps I have told you before) to the Taylors on the

bank of the Thames, winter at Bath and not visit Westmorland till next summer. The last letter we had from the Quillinans, was dated Cadiz; they had been at Seville with which they were much pleased. There they fell in with the reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg and his Duchess—He had heard of Drawings which Dora was making of the objects she met with in that neighbourhood, and though somewhat to her discomfort got a sight of them, and appears to have been gratified by her performance. Our Friends will make a point of seeing Granada, & thence will coast it to Marseilles. God grant that our dear Daughters health may not suffer from that excitement to which she will be subject, and the fatigue which she will put herself upon encountering. We long for their safe return. Mr<sup>s</sup> John Wordsworth was to leave Rome at beginning of this month. Her Mother is with her and they purpose returning by land, though, she writes, she stands in awe of the journey.—When you see Sergeant Talfourd pray remember me to him; and the like to Mr Rogers and other Friends—particularly Mr Kenyon. And let us hear from you as often as you feel inclined to write.

With good wishes for yourself and your Brother, in which my Wife unites, believe me, my dear Friend, ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

I send no message to Moxon as I hear from him every now and then . . . [W's dots: no omission.]

[Mr<sup>s</sup> W] As soon as I can tell you any good news of our Travellers I will write to you, if you will receive a letter from me after my long delinquency. M. W.

1864-1867  
Nos 92a b.

433. *H. Martineau to H. C. R.*

The Knoll

Ambleside May 21<sup>st</sup> [1846]

*p. 7, line 19.* . . . The Wordsworths are quite well;—and he very amiable except (*entre nous*) when the Archb<sup>p</sup> of Dublin is present,—whom he despises. It is a pity they sh<sup>d</sup> ever meet. Their minds have no point of contact. Wordsworth's is not

MAY 1846

always accessible, either, & Whateley's apparently never so. How *bewitching* Wordsworth is *when* he is so! And he very often—usually—appears happy & gay.—Whateley is excessively merry,—very clever in his mirth,—& quite simple, but he does not now, & never did, interest me much, except in print. . . .

1846  
Nos 28a. b

434. H. C. R. to M. W.

2<sup>d</sup> June 1846

p. 1, *line* 6. . . I rejoice at the prospect before you of a joyful meeting with Mrs Quillinan And her husband—That she can bear such travelling as she has done without suffering, is a proof of strength & health such as you had no right whatever to expect—And you are warranted in looking forward to a continuance of that health & that strength in repose— . . .

p. 8, *line* 8. . . I had a very delightful letter from H: M: the other day. It was quite refreshing to read her rapturous description of her beautiful residence—She seems so framed (happy creature) that she can entertain only agreeable feelings) Have you seen her house in its furnished state? If you have you can I believe stand my friend And render me a service—I have heard that her relations & friends have been prompt with little presents to adorn her house & gardens Now I am desirous to do something of the sort And beg you will kindly condescend to be an accomplice And play the spy for me. It is not the worst sort of conspiracy. And persons quite or nearly as good as yourself have done the like for me before now So pray make her a visit—And she is so charmingly open upon all occasions that you are sure to find out what in the form of Engraving or ornamental furniture of house or garden wo<sup>d</sup> be acceptable—And that ascertained if there is any thing you could also procure the favor would be double—Turn this over in your mind—It is on this account chiefly that I have answered your letter by return of post— . . .

*P: S: If possible to be kept private*

POST-SCRIPT as they say in the Downing Street dispatches *secret & confidential* My dear friend—Ladies they say generally

keep the real object of their letters for the Postscript I follow their example now—I wish I could have managed to obtain what I want thro' any agency but your's—but I know not how—at least none so good—Besides the ice has been already broken by dear Miss Fenwick. But for what she said to me from you I could not have written to *you* now—And I somehow wish that you could contrive to do for me what I want without your husbands knowing anything about it—

My mention of Miss Fenwick puts you at once in possession of my wishes—For it was she who suggested to me that instead of doing what I had done on former occasions (tho' never to the extent of my own wishes or notions of propriety) I should purchase something for the Cottage now fitting up for Mrs Quillinan Now my dear friend—pray take this on yourself for me—You will relieve me from a weight To make a present that is unsuitable or unacceptable is worse than making none

Now in the present case I wish to do more than is usually done—By which I mean that I wish the present to be not only handsome such as a Gentleman & Lady can acknowledge without blushing ; but also to be actually & substantially *useful*—Now *entre nous*. In the present case I find a greater difficulty on acco<sup>t</sup> of the *sensitiveness* of Mr Qu: who is keenly alive to the situation in which he is—Now you alone can know what is at the same time *handsome & useful*—And it is the second quality especially that you can judge of So that on that acco<sup>t</sup> alone I apply to you instead of any one else—I leave all to you except the value. That I cannot trust you with—My request therefore is that you lay out for me a sum in the purchase of some one or more arles—fixing only the *Minimum* at £20—I will remit the money [when] I know its precise amount—When I know what you have got, I will send a letter to be given to Mrs Qu: on her arrival at *Ambleside*.

NB: The diffcē bet this little offering to Mrs Qu: And that to H: M: The latter I mean to be *only* handsome And therefore I meant the Value to be not much about [*sic*] half the other—



JUNE 1846

1846  
No. 31a.

435. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

80 Russ: Square

11<sup>th</sup> June 46

My dear friend

You can have no idea how grateful I feel for the letter just received.

I shall be quite satisfied And be much obliged by your troubling yourself to procure the Side board provided that you take care that it be really handsome—appropriately handsome of course—Only think nothing about my limitation of value—I shall probably write to Miss M: to day—

As to the *other commission*—I am quite satisfied, Since you yield on the main point, with the delay which will only enable you to do what is to be done, better : I knew very well that you would not like the commission But there was no help for it—I really have not magnanimity enough to decline giving my friends a comparatively little trouble in order to save myself a trouble infinitely greater—Too many do not scruple doing the very reverse imposing a heavy burthen to be relieved from a small one—

Therefore I consider this matter off my hands—Only do the thing handsomely, for me as you would for yourself—We now understand each other thoroughly I am sure—I mean to send you a Sum on Account thro' Mr Carr—

I have been in great anxiety for some time about my brother—He has rallied marvellously of late—His health may detain me in the South—Otherwise I shall be very much inclined to take a trip to the North . . .

1846  
No. 32 b.

436. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

June 16, 1846

p. 1, line 3. . . . I have entrusted the Miss Dowlings<sup>1</sup> with a small, very small packet It is merely a remittance on account of my first commission—For having forced on you against your will such or similar commissions it would be scandalous not to anticipate the outlay—The party are to reach Ambleside this Evening—You or the poet will probably be calling . . . and you may then take charge of the packet—

<sup>1</sup> See note p. 630.

Connected with it is a present—(Cost 12<sup>d</sup>) which will be a trial of your wits to guess its use—Vide Lambs letter to me on my present of a coal scoop in the published letters. . . .

p. 1, line 21. . . . I called lately on Mr<sup>s</sup> H: N: C: She is engaged on a work about her father. And put into my hands a paper which I have copied on the other side. If you could send it me back with a filling up of the names or even of the works from whence the passages are taken—it would be a Service to Mr<sup>s</sup> C: And a kindness to me— . . .

p. 8, line 1. . . . References to the Authors of the following passages in Coleridges Biographia Literaria are wished for.

<sup>1</sup> And rejoice

In the plain presence of his dignity—145

The happiest, gayest attitude of things—127

A tune

Harsh & dissonant mood for their complaint—186

This has her body, that her mind

Which has the better bargain ? <sup>2</sup>—277

—Who lives that's not

depraved or depraves ? Who dies that bears

Not one spurn to the grave—of their friends' gift ? <sup>3</sup>—297

Their visnomies seemd like a goodly banner

Spread in defiance of all enemies.<sup>4</sup> Spenser—217.

<sup>1</sup> For the first three quotations, see the next letter

<sup>2</sup> 'This is the only one which I expected to find—I thought it would be in Congreve—but I do not find it there—Talfourd says it is in Suckling but it is not there—The quotation is incorrect. The first line is . 'I take her body, you her mind'. C. reasoning turned the personal or dramatic into the abstract.' [H. C. R.] Altered from the last lines of a song in Congreve's *Poems on Several Occassons*, *Tell me no more I am deceived*. The quotation should run :

'I take her body, you her mind,  
Who has the better bargain ?'

<sup>3</sup> *Tim. of Athens*, I. ii, 147. The lines are wrongly divided by H. C. R. They run :

'Who lives that's not depraved or depraves ?  
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves  
Of their friend's gift ?'

<sup>4</sup> Misquoted from *Amoretti*, V.

'And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner  
Spreds in defiance of all enemies.'

JUNE 1846

1846  
No. 35.

437. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal 22<sup>nd</sup> June 1846

My dear Friend

M<sup>rs</sup> W—and I were absent three days during last week and since our return all our time has been occupied by our Son John his Wife, their four Boys, and by Strangers ; a more than sufficient excuse for your last letter not having received an earlier answer. I regret also to say that in this confusion it has been mislaid, and we have diligently sought for it in vain, this morning.

Yesterday we called upon Mr Carr and received from Miss Eliza Dowling<sup>1</sup> your little packet—They were all well, and grateful for your attentions to them. M<sup>rs</sup> W— says you shall hear from her as soon [as] your Commission is concluded, at present she is over head & ears in business of all kinds—

The Queries of M<sup>rs</sup> N— Coleridge I could but answer very imperfectly even if I had your letter before me. If M<sup>rs</sup> C— had been a reader of Milton she would have known that 'harsh and of dissonant mood from his Complaint is from a chorus—in the Samson Agonistes—beginning 'Many are the sayings of the Wise', & if of Akenside, she would not have been ignorant, that 'The gayest happiest attitude of things' is the concluding line of the first Paragraph of the Pleasures of Imagination

There are two Poems, perhaps more, in the English Language bearing the Title of the 'Excursion', one by David Mallet, and another by William Wordsworth ; in the latter, is to be found within 60 lines or so of the beginning the line & wou[I]d  
rejoice

In the plain presence of his dignity'.—

The Quillinans are now with Miss Fenwick at Ride, Isle of Wight ; and expect to be with M<sup>rs</sup> Hoare Hampstead Heath to morrow or next day, and we hope they will be at Rydal at the end of this Week or the beginning of next : Miss Fenwick was much shocked with the first appearance of poor Q— but

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carr's sister-in-law. See p. 713, l. 11.

JUNE 1846

he is mending every day.—Dora is well and strong for her, but not stouter in appearance—

We hope it will be in your power to go & see them, but they are of course very anxious to be at home, as soon as possible.

I need not tell you that this hot weather puts us all in to Falstaffs state ; but it will pass away in due time

We are glad to hear so favorable an account of your Brother.  
faithfully and

affectionately yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Endorsed: 22<sup>a</sup> June 1846. Wordsworth. Wordsworth 22<sup>a</sup>  
June 46. Autograph.*

<sup>1846</sup>  
*Nos. 37a b.*

*438. H. C. R. to T. R.*

June 27<sup>th</sup> 1846

*p. 7, line 13. . . . On Monday I am to see Mr & Mrs Quillinan at Mrs Hoares at Hampstead on their return from Portugal—They are on their way to Rydal—where Ws grandchildren & I believe Mrs John Wordsworth is—The family are overwhelmed with domestic matters—And I have received at the same time three applications for letters of introduction to the poet which embarrass me W: Quayle for his nephew Charles Jones—And two others whom I am not so willing to introduce as I am Charles— . . .*

<sup>1846</sup>  
*No. 40a.*

*439. Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.*

June 27<sup>th</sup> 1846

*p. 2, line 3. . . . Yesterday I saw Dora, who called here and I went with her to dine at Mrs Hoare's at Hampstead. Mr Quillinan is pulled down by his illness, but he seems well, and quite his old self in spirits and all else. I dare say he will soon gather up again all he has lost. Dora looks like a rose. The improvement in her is marvellous. I have not seen her look so well since her teenish girlhood. . . .*

JUNE 1846

*p. 8, line 14.* . . . Dora has good reports of her Father, which I am the more thankful for, as I had received a poor one of him from the North—that he was a ‘good deal changed.’ . . .

1846  
No. 46.

440. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holm, Ambleside

July 30. 1846.

My dear Sir,

You will, I fear, be disappointed at seeing my hand instead of Mrs Wordsworth's in acknowledgment of your letter of the 27<sup>th</sup> to her. John & his three boys, & William & a friend of his are at Rydal, & what with looking after the children & entertaining her Son's guest, receiving visitors, that swarm at this season, in spite of the wet, & visiting her poor Nephew John &c &c. she is more than fully occupied just now, & as you wished a speedy answer she requested me to write for her.—She desired me to say that on the business-part of your letter she will make a communication to you as early as possible but that she is not enabled to do so, just yet.

I do not think that the Mr Jones<sup>1</sup> you mention has been at Rydal.—I can give you no account of your friend Miss H. M. from personal knowledge, not having seen her since my return, for I have not yet ventured out much, Dora and my daughters met her the other night at our evening party at Rydal Mount. She seems to be thought a very pleasant person by every body that falls in with her. Her neighbours the boys & girls of Mr Combs's Chapel no doubt think her especially agreeable for she gave them a bun-&-tea festivity the other day.—I have heard also of her pedestrianism through the country with a knapsack on her back, and with a German Lady for her companion—the same whom you may have heard of as residing at Bowness, & being a great hooker of fish & shooter of singing-birds.—Mrs Arnold & her family are gone to Allonby on the Cumberland coast for some weeks. Mr Herbert Hill & his wife & children, & I believe the Southys, are coming soon from Keswick where they are all now assembled to occupy Fox How for 2 or 3 weeks,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. ante, No. 438

JULY 1846

M<sup>rs</sup> A. having kindly offered her house.—Sir Thomas & Lady Pasley are also gone to the sea, somewhere on the eastern coast.—Your friend M<sup>r</sup> Carr is very well, & talks with much animation of the pleasure he had in seeing you in London, & of your great kindness, in going to see him & chat with him 'even in town'.

M<sup>rs</sup> & Miss Fletcher & M<sup>rs</sup> Davy are as usual, & that is to say that they are all that can be good & neighbourly. M<sup>r</sup> Angus Fletcher is with his Mother, & so are M<sup>rs</sup> & Miss Taylor & one or two ladies besides.—Captain & M<sup>rs</sup> Lutwydge & their niece Miss Taylor are in full force; so are the Roughsedges, & the Harrisons of Green Bank; & I believe I have now named all your *particular* friends in this pluvial Eden of our's.—Dora is quite well, & I am convalescent. My daughters too quite well. We had a dream that you were coming to Westmoreland this summer—that w<sup>d</sup> have been so much gain & pleasure to us all & something to thank you for—at Christmas we claim you as a right—Poor John of Keswick's state of health is such that he may go off any day or linger for months. M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth are not likely to go far from home & from him,—M<sup>r</sup> W. will perhaps go over Kirkstone to Lowther for a few days, but not farther, so long as their nephew is as he is now.—M<sup>r</sup> W has still a great wish to take a run to the Pyrenees with M<sup>rs</sup> W.—But you will hear more of this if the project should be feasible.

I am ashamed to have written you such a dull letter but John's three boys, Henry, Willy & John, who have come in for some hours on their way to school, are pulling me & everything else about and I am obliged to attend more to these brats than to your Worship.

Dora's 'dear love' to you—those are her words.

Always Yours faithfully  
Edward Quillnan.

This 'Loughrigg Holm' is the name, the old name I am told, of the Cottage which M<sup>r</sup> Carter has enlarged & in which we at present reside. It is a very nice little place.—

M<sup>rs</sup> W. thanks you much for your good account of your Brother.—I hope, we all hope, that paragraph in the papers

JULY 1846

about Mr R's Bank Notes is not true. It goes quite against one's heart to think that so generous & high-minded a man as Rogers should in his old age have a trouble or a thought of a trouble about banknotes.—

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 80 Russell Square, *London*.

*Post Mark* : Ambleside Jy 30 1846. M C. 31 July 31 1846.

*Endorsed* : 30 July 1846. *Quillinan*.

1846  
No. 51a.

441. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holm  
Ambleside. Aug<sup>t</sup> 17 [1846].

My dear Sir—

I think you will get from Mrs W. by this post the account of your unselfish self-pocket-picking—that is if the Ambleside Carpenter keep his word & send his charge for certain bookshelves which have been put up in this house at your expence. He has been applied to over & over again for the bill, but to-day Mrs W. left word at his house that he shouldn't be paid at all if he did not send his bill in time for to-morrow's post.—She has got the charge for Miss Martineau's Sideboard which is ten guineas. . . .

*p. 2, line 1.* . . . All your friends here are well or nearly so.—This evening I drove Mr & Mrs Wordsworth & Dora to Lowwood Inn to call on your friends the Austens. They were unluckily on the Lake & we missed them. So we went & made another call at Pool Wyke, at the head of Windermere on the Hawkshead road on Mr & Mrs Milman. Then we went back to the Mount, & had our first game at Whist, in preparation for you at Xmas.— . . .

*p. 2, line 21.* . . . This is not a letter, but only an acknowledgement of your note, & a God bless you from us all—

Yours very truly  
E. Quillinan

*p. 3* . . . I saw Mr Carr yesterday for an hour—He is never weary of talking of your kindness & goodnature, & his thorough enjoyment of your kind visits to a deaf invalid—He has got one of

AUGUST 1846

Miss Martineau's lackered trumpets & hears with it much better than he did with his old trumpet.—William is at Brighton, on a visit to his betrothed, a Miss Graham, whom he is to marry next February, with the approbation of all parties concerned.—*Endorsed : Quillinan, Aug<sup>t</sup> 1846.*

<sup>1846</sup>  
No. 51b 52a.

442. H. C. R. to T. R.

22<sup>d</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> 1846.

p. 1, line 16. . . . I have had a letter from Cha: Jones—He has left the letter I gave him at Wordsworths whom he has neither seen nor cared to see I suspected it was so : His mother & Uncle told him he *ought* to want to see the poet And he consented to let me be asked for a letter—This is often the case, but I do not like to be asked for such a letter—In most cases—A letter to any other poet or author who, writing books, is talked abo<sup>t</sup> would be just as good.—W: very properly takes no notice of any application for an Autograph which as usual begins—' *In order to complete my collection* ' &c— . . .

<sup>1846</sup>  
No. 54.

443. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme.—

Aug<sup>t</sup> 30. 1846.

Dear Mr Robinson—

I have only time this Monday morning before the postman calls for the letters to thank you, & thank you much for your very *very* nice letter.—

Your 'Young man' in some fashion patched up the hole in his manners by calling here the other day just as I was going to dinner, it being past five o'clock, at Mr Roughsedge's, so that I could only talk to him for a minute & then direct him as to his way to Rydal Mount which still seemed terra incognita to him & as great a puzzle as the North West Passage. I believe he did make it out and see the Show & get safe home again.

Your friends the Austens<sup>1</sup> have already been at the Mount, are *much* liked there for their *own* sakes as well as for your

<sup>1</sup> B. Austen was a solicitor, uncle of Layard, the traveller.



AUGUST 1846

sake, & you may be sure that no friend of yours is ever an intruder there who comes in the right spirit to see the Man for what he has done.—You are over-scrupulous about your introductions. Your wish expressed is a better passport than any plenipotentiary's signature & seal.—Miss Martineau is, I believe, gone. I met her the other day as I was driving to Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletchers & she said that she was going I think the next day having lett her house to some one—*whom* I know not, but I hear that he is a Lecturer on Peace ; what sort of novelty that may be I have not learnt, but we want just now a Lecturer on Potatoes more than any other kind of philosopher.

I shall write again shortly. Miss M. Mr<sup>s</sup> W. says (with all good greetings from her & Mr W & Miss Southey (Kate) & us all) that Miss M. has gone away before the arrival of her dilatory sofa.—You will understand—Your acc<sup>t</sup> of your brother, of yourself, & of your *touring*<sup>1</sup> are truly cheerful & inspiring. Mr W. has the rheumatism still in his back.—I think he will shortly go southward but nothing is fixed.

*Dora quite well !!!!*

I gain strength slowly, slowly.

Ever yours truly  
E. Quillinan

Endorsed : 30 Aug<sup>t</sup> 46. Quillinan.

*Miscellaneous Bundle 2*  
IV. Y.

444. D. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holm  
Sept 21<sup>st</sup> [1846]

My dear Mr Robinson,

My song to you is ever the same—one of thanks—now it is for two most excellent & useful book cases—one the smarter w<sup>h</sup> is placed in the drawing room & the other more common but not less useful w<sup>h</sup> is in Mr Quillinan's little study & it would be hard to say which of us is the more proud of our present or the more frequently, silently thanks you for your friendly consideration of our comfort & pleasure. But you are a false

<sup>1</sup> H C R. made a tour in Switzerland and North Italy during the autumn of 1846.

SEPTEMBER 1846

man for you more than half promised to come north this summer & now I hear you are about to cross the channel & go to Germany & may be further—well well—but you must come at Xmas to see our book cases & accept our viva voce thanks—and you must not scold me for run[n]ing off with my own property from Rydal Mount that I might crown my gift with the Giver's Bust—I should much like to have ours of my Father for a companion to yours—but Mr Henry Taylor has so long given it house room whilst we were without a home (& I know he likes the bust) that now that we have a home for it I do not fancy asking him for it back again. Miss Fenwick is still, as probably you know, at Mortlake. . . .

[Incomplete]

1846  
No. 66b.

445. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount  
16 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1849  
[endorsed 1846.]

My dear Friend

Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth being much engaged in attendance upon one of our Servants who is unwell, and otherwise occupied, I sit down to thank you in her name and my own for your Letter, which we much wished for.—Great part of the ground which you have been over is known to her, and all of it except the passage from Spluge to Chiavenna is known to me. In my twentieth year I went from Spluge with my Friend Jones down that branch of the Rhine and turned up the other to Dissentis and so over to Ursevon.

We are glad to hear so good an account of your Brothers health and sincerely wish that it may continue. Mr Clarkson died full of years and rich in good works. We have read with interest the unfinished Paper (so discredibly published) which he was writing upon Slavery in America. The truths it contains cannot but prove galling to Numbers in America.—We rely confidently upon your usual Christmas Visit. Perhaps you may have learned from Miss Fenwick that we think of going to see her in Bath, during the month of Feb<sup>r</sup>y—Your account

of her looks rejoiced us much.—Except Mr Roughsedge now recovering from Gout, your Friends here are all well. Mr & Miss Fletcher are staying with Mrs Davy. We intend to call upon them this morning. Mrs Arnold is and looks very well,—Mr Carr as usual, so is my poor Sister—I say nothing about public affairs, which appear to be as mute & quiet as any sincere Quaker-politician could wish.

The Quillinans are well<sup>1</sup>—Mr Q. busy in drawing up an account of a Portuguese poet, by name Gil Vicente who flourished about 100 years before our Milton. I should not have ventured upon so dull a Letter as this were it not for a trust that any thing will be acceptable from this House, ever faithfully yours

W. W.

*Endorsed: 16 Nov: 1846 Wordsworth.*

<sup>1846</sup>  
Nos. 68a. b.

446. H. C. R. to T. R.

27 Nov: 46

p. 6, line 7. . . . She [Miss Fenwick] is going into a house of her own at Bath in February And has invited me to join Wordsw: there. This invitation I shall probably accept What an incongruous set of acquaintance I shall have there !—The poet Wordsworth. His adversary W. S. Lander also a man of genius —perverted—The widow of your old friend T. Isaac—Our Irish Cousin by marriage whose name I cannot now recollect And the radical able Surgeon Mr Spender—It would not be easy to imagine five persons differing more widely one from the other— . . .

<sup>1846</sup>  
Nos. 70a. b

447. H. C. R. to M. W.

Bury St Edmunds

19 Decr 1846./—

p. 7, line 2. . . . William was in joyous spirits, as was natural, And seemed yet to be consistent & steady in his views & plans— You must have great joy in the prospect of his settlement. I shall not see his lady this year, but that is of no moment—

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the date of letter must be 1846, not 1849, since Dora died in 1847.

Besides I always think that women are seen to more advantage when sobered down by a year or two's experience of a married life than when they appear in the embarrassing bridal state.

Dear Miss Fenwick has very kindly invited me to join you on your visit to her in February—She was to let me know *when*—I gave her notice not to repeat the invitation unless she wished me to accept it, as I should be very likely to do so— . . .

1847  
Nos. 3b 4a.

448. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount  
Jan 17<sup>th</sup> 1847.

p. 6, line 15. . . . Wordsworth who on the 5<sup>th</sup> of March <sup>1</sup> attains his 77<sup>th</sup> year is always serene & uncomplaining; but I think he is somewhat less animated than he was. This is also true of Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth. Perhaps it is the most graceful form in wch old age can manifest itself. . . .

p. 8, line 5. . . . Here in this house—There is nothing but pure piety generous philanthropy. The best proofs my hosts give of their liberality is their tolerance of me—I conceal nothing but I abstain from strong language—The restraint I feel is sometimes unpleasant And now & then I break out. Telling an anecdote the other day of my signing myself at a German inn which required to know my Religion—*Muggletonian* Mr<sup>s</sup> W. said You might have signed it *Muddletonian*—The dear good woman fancies nothing to be *clear* but the 39 Art<sup>es</sup>—or rather the liturgy—God bless her. . . .

1847  
Nos. 7b. 8a.

449. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Liverpool 5<sup>th</sup> Feb 47

p. 7, line 18. . . . The fact is that during my late visit I had much less than I used to have of conversation with him [Wordsworth]—He spoke very little to any one And said on one occasion when it was remarked that he was silent—‘Yes, the Silence of old age’. It was not that his judgement or sense was in any respect impaired, but his activity—He was quite happy

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake. Wordsworth's birthday was on 7 April, 1770.

quite cordial quite amiable ; but not so animated or energetic as he used to be.

He allowed me uncontradicted to state heresies which would not have been tolerated a few years ago—This is the full extent of what I consider as the inroad of age— . . .

1847  
Nos. 13a. b.

450. H. C. R. to T. R.

March 9<sup>th</sup> 1847

p. 5, line 1. . . . Yesterday I had news of the arrival in town of Wordsworth, that is at Mr<sup>s</sup> Hoares at Hampstead—I am invited to dine with them tomorrow but am unluckily engaged by Baron *de Goldsmid*<sup>1</sup> I meant to go yesterday evening, but was prevented by an accident This I was vexed at because I wanted to be able to tell you with certainty that Wordsworth will not go to Playford—I have a strong impression that he will not, but that is not enough. . . .

1847  
Nos. 15a. b.

451. H. C. R. to T. R.

20<sup>th</sup> March 1847

p. 2, line 6. . . . Next day I called on *W. Savage Landor* And had a cordial reception from the *wilful man of genius*. His mind is as strong as ever And his laugh deserves to be echoed eternally in Wordsworths verse as Joanna's will be. . . .

p. 3, line 20. . . . We dined with a young Attorney *Henry Palmer* a dashing clever fellow who takes the lead in all public matters—He knew me at Christies at Hackney more than 30 years ago, when I used to repeat Wordsworths poetry by the hour together—I infected him And he became himself a lover & admirer—It is singular that the U—s are generally among the religious poet's warmest partizans— . . .

<sup>1</sup> Lyon Goldsmid, the first Jewish baronet, was a friend of H. C. R., who met him on the Council of University College in 1838. He was a Portuguese baron.

<sup>1847</sup>  
Nos. 16a. b.

452. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

[March 26/27 1847]

p. 1, line 16. . . . You ask also which of Wordsworth's poems refers to W. S. Landor—Answer—No one—Landor's reproach of W. is that he did *not* acknowledge where he ought his obligations to him Landor—It is a long story which I could amuse a party for a quarter of an hour in narrating, but it would fill too large a space of this paper were it written down. And probably my pen would drop in the writing And your eyes in the reading— . . .

<sup>1847</sup>  
No. 17a.

453. *F. W. Robertson to H. C. R.*

My dear Sir

[March 28<sup>th</sup> 1847]

Can you kindly assist me in the following plan? I have been giving a series of lectures here on Poetry—& the Poet—which have excited some attention. In the course of them my admiration of Mr Wordsworth has met with opposition in some, & inoculated others with a transient enthusiasm. I am thinking of following this up by a lecture on Wordsworth's poetry & the revolution he has made in the public mind. But I feel it a very delicate task in which there is much chance of failure—partly because his views must ever be to a great extent esoteric, & difficult to interpret to the public mind, appealing so little as they do to that extemporaneous feeling of which the orator can make use, & being more fitted for meditation: & partly because I doubt whether I have fully mastered his noble views, & therefore dread much to misrepresent him. Now could you direct me to any sources of information on this point—any writer, or set of writers who combinedly, could suggest ideas, or throw light upon the subject—pamphlets, reviews etc? Or could you suggest besides any key-remarks & hints of your own? All I know of W. is derived from my own study of his works. Ten years ago, when quite a boy, he did me much good in forming my mind—& his reception in the Oxford theatre was like a personal triumph to me—only I did not like its noisiness. Clapping & applause seemed a degradation. So I am to a certain extent qualified by feeling to

MARCH 1847

speak about him—but I do not like to rely on my own resources.

I have some books of yours for which I hope to find soon a good opportunity of return.

Ever sincerely yours

Frederick W. Robertson

8 Oriel Terrace. Cheltenham

March 28, 1847

*Endorsed: Robertson Mar: 47. The great preacher.*

1848  
 Nos. 17c. d. 454. *Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.*

My dear Mr Robinson

[March 28<sup>th</sup> 1847]

As you have taken such kind interest in my becoming acquainted with an old friend and believer in (I like that term better than *admirer of*) my Father you will like to know that he came hither as proposed and found our *whole* party at home. I was truly glad to see him and to hear what he had to say to me about my Father, & hope to see both him and Miss Hughes again in London. He promises to point out to me seven or eight articles contributed by my Father to the *Courier* in 1814-15. This is very fortunate, in more ways than one—it is a point with me not only to recover all my Father's writings, but also to make it more & more clearly appear that he was not *the idle man* that he has been represented by enemies, & other persons who, for some cause or other, partly misunderstood him. Dr Brabant<sup>1</sup> seems to have a true love of genius—even in our short interview I was able to see that, & I thought his countenance kindly & pleasing. Miss Hughes has placed in my hands the Dawson lectures on C. & W. The latter I have read; they seem to me quite in the right as far as they go; but they view Mr W's productions morally & philosophically rather than peculiarly in their poetical aspect. The lecturer is of the Carlyle school,—which is partly the product

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R. made his acquaintance at Devizes in 1847. Dr. Brabant is described in the *Diary* as 'a retired physician . . . with whom I have become acquainted, in four hours, more intimately than with any other man in so short a time. He is about sixty-six years of age—a slight man, with a scholar-like, gentlemanly appearance and talks well. . . . At fifty-six years of age he retired from his profession . . . After that he went to Germany, having by Coleridge, been induced to study German theology. He seems to have known Coleridge well. . . .'

of the times, partly produced by the individual—*genius* I think—spite of the great Poet's verdict to the contrary, of the man Carlyle himself. One great characteristic of that genius is *humour*, & Mr W never in his life appreciated any genius in which that is a large element. Hence his disregard for Jane Austen's novels, which my Father & Uncle so admired. I shall have great pleasure in talking with you about our dear old venerated friend and entering more *into him* and his present state than I can now. Upon the whole I find him better in mind than I expected to do, & in body he is as vigorous as almost any man at 77. Dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth is a wonderful person of her years—so active and so independent. Her face is aged since I saw her last & her voice is fainter than it used to be, though it was always low.

I am grieved about our excellent Miss Fenwick's health. I fear it is altogether worse than it was two years ago—on Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday she was very unwell: she has revived a little since then, but the circulation seems to be impeded & the stomach enfeebled. Her family circle is well worth knowing, they seem so good and amiable and simple & refined. I have been pleased to see something of John Hookham Frere's nephew & heir, who married a niece of Miss Fenwick's: an odd but amusing & estimable young man. His sister Emma is a lovely & elegant young woman. Louisa Fenwick I am charmed with & quite regret that her Aunt cannot have such a sweet & good girl always by her side.

Dora's book<sup>1</sup> is just on the point of making its appearance, & will I daresay be very agreeable reading. I hope it may answer in point of money, as Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth insists so that the only motive for publishing the tour was pecuniary gain. I don't think, by the by, that books should be published any more than matches made, wholly & solely for money's sake, at least, as a common practice; but Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth has all her life wished her daughter to be above both marriage & authorship, & finds it hard to submit to these vulgarities on her behalf in this stage of her life career. Dora deserves success & happiness, humanly speaking, in every stage of it: I admire and love her for *her own* sake, and consider it a great proof of

<sup>1</sup> Her journal of the Portuguese tour.



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sterling merit in her, that she shines with light of her own & is more than a mere portion of the parental radiance.

But here am I taking up your time, or about to do so, & covering two note sheets to one good friend when I have still a crowd of congratulatory notes & letters to answer. My boy<sup>1</sup> has lately attained some marked successes at Eton. The Newcastle scholarship is the first honour to be gained there : the *Newcastle Medal* the second : this second honour he has gained, & as he is younger than many of the competitors (16 last October, & boys remain at Eton often till 18—sometimes half a year or a year—even longer) he may do still more another year ; but on this I do not set my heart. He has also ‘obtained the Prize Essay’, his Tutor tells me, ‘in a very distinguished manner.’ I have had letters from Eton Masters speaking of him on other points than scholarship, which have pleased me much ; they speak of him as guileless & pure & simple-hearted, with a warm fresh love of classic lore, which makes his boyish talk interesting to some of his kind-hearted elders. Mr Wordsworth desires me to say, that he is very much obliged to you for the letter he received from you this morning. I shall be glad to hear how you speed with your undertaking. Mrs W. reads so faintly that I could not catch the contents of your letter this morning distinctly. The *Biographia* will be out I suppose in a few days, I have sent away the last proof.

I suffer a good deal from nervous uneasiness, and sinking sensations, but am better rather than worse for coming here

Yours very faithfully

Sara Coleridge.

Bath March 27<sup>th</sup>

It is quite a happiness to me to be with my dear old friends here. The remembrance of their affectionate behaviour to me will remain with me as a lasting possession. I am glad also for my Edith to know them.

*Endorsed : Mar: 47. Mrs Coleridge.*

<sup>1</sup> Herbert Coleridge, afterwards a distinguished Icelandic scholar. He died in 1861 when he was ‘preparing for the New English Dictionary projected by the Philological Society.’ *Memor and Letters of Sara Coleridge.*

APRIL 1847

<sup>1847</sup>  
No. 18a.

455. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

Hampstead

Ap 2<sup>d</sup>/47 Saturday forenoon

My dear Friend—

I am very sorry we have seen so little of you—This afternoon we go to the Cloisters Westminster—At 10 on Monday morning your Medalist Friend comes again to me, so that, if it should suit to call at that time, you would be sure to find me at home—and Mr<sup>s</sup> W— also

Ever faithfully yours

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq, 30 Russel Sq.

*Post Marks* : Hampstead Heath. 3 A<sup>m</sup> 3 Ap 24 1847.

*Endorsed* : 1847. Wordsworth. Autograph.

<sup>1847</sup>  
No. 23b.

456. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

April 30. 1847

My dear Mr Robinson—

To you and three or four other friends I write, & to no one else, on an afflicting subject. You have been so kind a friend to Dora, & are so much esteemed by her, and by myself, that I know she would wish this melancholy attention paid to you, if she knew, which she does not yet, that her life is nearly at an end.—A cold caught on a rash journey to Carlisle before Christmas, on a visit of sisterly service to William, has never been shaken off, and has finally attacked her lungs. She is sinking rapidly—I need say no more. Do not trouble yourself to answer. Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth and I know that you will feel for us.—

I told Dora just now cheerfully, 'I have not written to Mr Robinson for a long time, I think I shall write today'—'Do, do' she answered '& give him my love'—

Yours most sincerely

Edward Quillinan

*Endorsed* : 30 April 1847. Quillinan, On Mr<sup>s</sup> Qu:

APRIL 1847

*Miscellaneous Bundle 2*  
IV. 10.

457. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

[April 1847]

[The 2<sup>d</sup> sheet of a letter of which the first is missing]

p. 6, line 8. . . . Wordsworth & M<sup>rs</sup> W. are here but under circumstances which render their visit but imperfectly agreeable. The accounts of M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan's health are so doubtful that I should not wonder if I find them gone when I call at M<sup>rs</sup> Hoare's tomorrow, (I dining with Edwin Field<sup>1</sup>—) In consequence, they have given up all thought of going to Playford—And M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson assigns good reasons for not coming up here—I have therefore seen but little of W: And his spirits have been fluctuating according to the day's news from the North. . . .

1847  
Nos. 24a. b.

458. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

May 1<sup>st</sup> 1847

p. 5, line 14. . . . Monday—I attended Wordsworth while he sat to have his face modelled for a medallion in bas relief, by the Son of Wyon the dye-sinker. Probably a medal too will be struck.—While with him, he was called out of the room And I did not see him afterwards. He was called out, for a letter came from Rydal And in the evening they went away. M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan is in a very alarming state—Indeed I believe the common friends have very little hope—I had a letter to that effect from Lady Rolfe a few days ago. . . .

1847  
No. 25b.

459. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson

Rydal M<sup>t</sup> May 19 1847

The sight of your handwriting was welcome to us all.—I have more than once wished that I had not given you so broad a hint *not* to write ; for it is in this distress that *her* old

<sup>1</sup> 'E[dwin] F[ield] has nothing very remarkable in his outer man, but is the cleverest man of business I know—It is he who by his skill & energy really effected the passing of the Dissenters Chapel Act and made the Attorney General put an end to the proceedings against Dr. Williams Trustees And he is *the* active man in the University Hall business—He also has enabled me to carry out the Flaxman Gallery—.' *H. C. R. to T. R.* Nov. 10, 1849.

MAY 1847

friends are dearer than ever to us all, and you know *your* place with *her* & with us all.

She is calm and happy, suffers little or no bodily pain, her mind is clear and cheerful, her affections are as much alive as ever, she does not forget a friend, she is prepared to die & willing to live, resigned to departure at any hour, yet hoping, & I think believing with good reason, that she may live many days perhaps several weeks. But it is a treacherous complaint, & she may be snatched away from us in a moment.

I cannot write more. She sends you, *specially* sends you, her love. Mr & Mrs W's most kind regards—but I need not tell you all that.

Believe me  
faithfully Yours  
Edward Quillinan

*Endorsed* : 19 May 1847. (Quillinan) his wife.

1847  
No. 266.

460. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Rydal Mt. May 24. 47

Dear Mr Robinson—

Your touching letter caused her many tears, but such tears, she said, as relieved & soothed her. After I had read it to her she desired that I would preserve it when she was gone; but in the mean time she keeps it by her, having placed it in a watch-pocket that is pinned at the head of her bed. She bade me be sure to give you her best love & thanks for it.—

There are many changes—sometimes she appears so exhausted that we fear the hour is come. She rallies, & then calls herself strong again. For the last three weeks she has had little or no pain. At this moment (Sunday morning  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 A.M.) she is in her best way, having past a quiet comfortable night.—

So poor Miss Lamb is released! This can be no sorrow.—

Mr & Mrs Wordsworth's grateful regards.

Ever your's  
E. Quillinan

*Addressed* : H. C. Robinson Esqr.

*Endorsed* : 24 May 47. Quillinan, my letter.

MAY 1847

1847  
No. 28a.

461. *Mrs. Arnold to H. C. R.*

Fox How. June 1<sup>st</sup> 1847

My dear Sir

Ever since the last few and hurried lines which I sent to you, I have felt that it would be only an act of common friendliness to write to you rather more fully of the state of things at the Mount than I was then able to do. You may naturally think that being so near to them both in friendship & in actual neighbourhood as we are in this valley—that either from myself or the Fletchers, or from Mr<sup>s</sup> Davy, you might hear many particulars that would interest you—but our dear friends are anxious to keep all around them as quiet, and as free from excitement as possible—and I therefore feel it the truest kindness and compliance with their wishes, neither to go or send, but to satisfy myself with such opportunities as I can find of enquiring, as to the daily progress of the fatal malady. Dear Mr Wordsworth comes forth occasionally to see his old friends, & yesterday morning when I saw him slowly & sadly approaching by our Birch tree, I hastened to meet him, & found that he would prefer, walking with me around our own garden boundary to entering the House, & encountering a larger party—So we wandered about here—and then I accompanied him to Rydal—and he walked back again with me through the great field as you can so well picture to yourself. This quiet intercourse gave me an opportunity of seeing how entirely our dear friends are prepared to bow with submission to God's will. No one can tell better than yourself how much they will feel it, for you have had full opportunities of seeing how completely Dora was the joy and sunshine of their lives, but she is herself by her own composure and cheerful submission & willingness to relinquish all earthly hopes & possessions—teaching them to bear the greatest sorrow which could have befallen them. Her father described her as gradually sinking, & said that they felt she might at any time or at any hour be taken from them—but I shall always feel with you that these lingering weeks have been most mercifully ordered for them, & are full of present comfort & of consoling memories for the future.

MAY 1847

I hope this will find you well and able not only to bear but to enjoy this early summer heat—and I would extend this hope not only to yourself but to some, who are I know very dear to you—

Believe me ever faithfully yours

Mary Arnold.

If I have not mentioned Mr Quillinan it is not that I am not sensible to the place he rightly holds, in claiming sympathy—but I never see him. He shrinks as much as dear Mrs Wordsworth from seeing anyone

*Endorsed*: 1<sup>st</sup> June 1847. Mrs Arnold of Wordsworth

1847  
No. 28b.

462. H. C. R. to M. W.

30 Russell Square Lond:

4<sup>th</sup> June 47./

My dear friend

If this note reaches Rydal on an auspicious moment, when a relaxation of suffering enables you to cast a cheerful look on what is passing, it may serve to diffuse a smile even in the abode of so much sadness—

On Tuesday last I called at Miss Rogers's to make enquiries when I found before her door her carriage in which her Servants were prepar<sup>d</sup> a bed &c—I retired to some distance And saw her carried like a child to her carriage And when she drove up to the place where I stood, she returned my salutation with a languid smile—Her appearance was altogether less ghastly than I expected—What I witnessed was what no one ventured to hope for a few weeks ago—and such is our happy constitution that alleviations of pain assume the character of positive enjoyment And consolations become felicities—May you my dear friend, under your present heavy trial receive every comfort that that trial allows of.—I beg my affectionate remembrances to all around you, Especially to her for whom you are all mourning & suffering—

As ever, her's & yours

H. C. Robinson.

Mrs Wordsworth

On Friday last I attended to its last abode the body of dear Mary Lamb—She had survived every faculty that could render

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life endurable—And could awaken only the most painful recollections of herself & her delightful brother Charles—But we have been told in language not to be forgotten that we grieve when the shade only passes away !

May you all have every support in all your severe trials ! !—

*Endorsed* : June 47. H. C. R. to Mrs Wordsworth.

<sup>1847</sup>  
*Nos. 29c. d.*

## 463. H. C. R. to T. R.

June 11<sup>th</sup> 1847.

*p. 1, line 6.* . . . I was Executor to Wordsworth—Now this would have been a higher honour than to be the dedicatee of a poem—. Yet I approved of what he had done when he told me he had made a change—[on the score of H. C. R.'s age] . . .

<sup>1847</sup>  
*Nos. 30a. b.*

## 464. H. C. R. to T. R.

June 18. 1847

*p. 7, line 7.* . . . . I have spent more time than usual in reading at the Athen: And the book that is now interesting me is Mrs Coleridge's new edition of her fathers *Biographia Literaria*—It has many additions And is well worth reading by all the admirers of Coleridge & Wordsworth—Whoever admires one admires both—The criticism on Wordsworths poetical stile is elaborate & by no means unqualifiedly in favour of the poet—but it is in the main just Coler: & Wordsw ought never to have been coupled in a class as Lake-poets.—They are great poets of a very distinct & even opposite character Southey as a poet was far below them both. Lamb had more genius than Southey And as a prose writer was even superior to the two great poets ; for he wrote three stiles Or rather as I heard Dr Aiken say—he excelled equally in the pathetic, the humourous & the argumentative—Of that knot of great men, only Wordsworth lingers—And he will not write any more—But there is an unpublished poem of great value<sup>1</sup> By the bye Mrs Quillnan also lingers—According to her husbands letters to me, she should have died weeks ago—But that disease is so uncertain in its symptoms !— . . .

<sup>1</sup> *The Prelude*, published in 1850, after his death.

JUNE 1847

1847  
No. 30c.

465. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

23<sup>rd</sup> June 1847

p. 1, line 22. . . . She [Mrs. Aldred Twining, Dr. Arnold's second daughter, upon whom he had called in town] told me but a sad tale of Rydal And fears that the procrastinated illness of M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan will wear out her admird parents And that they will not be able to sustain the shock. . . .

1847  
No. 31c.

466. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

June 25. 1847

p. 4, line 20. . . . Wordsworth admires the *Physical Theory*<sup>1</sup>—but he said 'It would read better in verse . . . I very much admire it. . . .

Nos. 32a. b.

467. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

3<sup>rd</sup> July 1847

p. 3, line 9. . . . He [Mr. John Walter] is very closely & most kindly nursed by M<sup>rs</sup> Walter—I shall consider it good news when I hear of his departure—As I shall, of dear M<sup>rs</sup> Quillinan—How she lingers ! I fear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth will be worn out by her like attendance on her daughter . . .

1847  
No. 33a.

468. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

Friday—July 9. 1847

My dear Sir—

At One o'clock A. M. this morning, my precious Dora, your true friend, breathed her last.

M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth's best regards.—

Always Your's sincerely

Edward Quillinan

H. C. Robinson Esq.

Endorsed : 9<sup>th</sup> July 47. Quillinan, M<sup>rs</sup> Qu<sup>s</sup> death. Autograph.

<sup>1</sup> *The Physical Theory of another Life* (1836) by Isaac Taylor (jun<sup>r</sup>) of Ongar. He wrote many other theological and controversial works, including *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* (1830). He also contributed one or two poems to his sisters' well-known volume, *Original Poems*.



AUGUST 1847

1847  
No. 37a.

469. *Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

Aug<sup>t</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 1847

My dear Mr Robinson

I know that a few lines from Rydal Mount will be acceptable to you & ever since I have been here I have been intending to write them—our dear Friends finding such efforts too painful just yet—I trust the time will come when they may be able to resume their usual habits and fill each day with the little duties which belong to it—now it is enough for them to bear the burthen which it has pleased the Almighty to lay upon them and to seek those consolations which can come alone from Him. Should we meet again My dear Mr Robinson, I will speak to you of the blessed death of beloved Dora—but now—I will only say a few words of her afflicted Parents—in health so far they have suffered less than one might have expected—dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth looks more aged & feeble—but she is still able to move about with her accustomed activity—& she has fallen into her usual rest—which is more than might be looked for after her long watching upon her child.—Mr Wordsworth says he never was better in his life in his mind there seems no room now for the fancies he used to have in regard to his health—and he has forgotten he ever had any—his poor Sister now is his chief employment—attending on her both indoors & out of doors—in these sad offices he seems to find relief from a heavy burthen—both he and M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth are aware how truly they have your sympathy and request me to say so with their affectionate regards—requesting you to accept the same from myself, believe me

My dear Mr Robinson

Very kindly & truly yours

Isabella Fenwick

This is a poor unsatisfactory letter from a house which might have afforded one of such deep interest—but I am little able to write now myself . . [no omission here].

*Endorsed :* Aug<sup>t</sup> 47. Miss Fenwick. The chief female friend of Mr & M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth. Some years before his death—An admirable person. She was from Durham.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gordon Wordsworth corrects to Northumberland.

SEPTEMBER 1847

1847  
No. 37b.

470. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Truro.

Sept 9/10. 1847

*p. 3, line 5.* . . . just as I was setting off I received a letter<sup>1</sup> from Mrs W[ordsworth] herself written in her usual style And saying that I was on no account to omit my usual visit, except that in order to take charge of a grandchild they would beg me to go before Christmas considerably—This settled, what before was uncertain, for I had seen Mr Quillinan for a few minutes who had given me a poor account of Mrs W. Both her [he ?] and Miss F: say she has become very infirm and looks very old—Wordsworth bears up with firmness, but has paroxysms of great suffering— . . .

1847  
Nos. 40b c.

471. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Oct 1<sup>st</sup> 1847

*p. 3, last line.* . . . I called on the Schuncks<sup>2</sup> on [my] way to Mortlake where Miss Fenwick is on a visit to Henry Taylor, author of Philip Van Artefeld—Now it happened that my friends were just going to Kew Gardens—so I accompanied them to the gate & then walked the rest of the way back—Miss Fenwick is an admirable person—Her warm religious zeal has not checked her benevolence towards the un-religious—She is very confidential towards me in matters even of delicacy as well as importance—She is the most warm of friends towards Wordsworth. . . .

1847  
No 52a.

472. *M<sup>rs</sup> Montagu to H. C. R.*

Dec 10<sup>th</sup> 1847.

*p. 3, line 13.* . . . Of the sorrow that has fallen upon Mr & Mrs Wordsworth I can scarcely bear to think, it is an affliction that has trembled at the heart of every one who knows them—I knew only the beautiful Child,—I never knew, except by

<sup>1</sup> This is not among his papers.

<sup>2</sup> The Schuncks were old friends of H C R who ultimately settled in Manchester. But he first made their acquaintance in 'what was the free city of Frankfort' in 1800-1.

report, the highly gifted and excellent woman—I have met with very few faultless people in my journey through life, but Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth always seemed to me faultless—And her daughter was worthy of her.— . . .

1847  
Nos. 52b. c.

473. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount  
Dec 23<sup>rd</sup> 1847

*p. 5, line 6. . . . 24<sup>th</sup> a. m.* What I anticipated I have found confirmed. Both Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth have received a blow, the effects of which I fear they will never be able to counteract—Neither of them has yet ventured to pronounce the name of their beloved daughter—And very few & slight have been the allusions to their loss—Who feels the most intensely—who shall say?—But at least Mr<sup>s</sup> W. is able to mix more with her friends And discharge as she has been accustomed the ordinary functions of her domestic life

Mr W. keeps very much alone And whichever room I may happen to be in, he goes into the other—All the ordinary occupations in which his daughter took a part are become painful to him—I brought as usual a pack of cards and proposed a hand of Whist to Mr<sup>s</sup> W: in his absence, but even she rejected it with a shudder—I have been able to draw him out of the house but for a short time—And when I this morning proposed a call on old Mr<sup>s</sup> Cookson at Grasmere, this produced a flood of tears—This renders it difficult on my part to avoid giving pain—Neither of them go anywhere. And very few of their friends even call. . . .

*p. 7, line 12. . . .* How sensitive are the *priesthood* !—for such are the *clergy* more & more every day ! We see that in this foolish affair of Dr Hampdens appointment<sup>1</sup>—You ask what W:

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hampden was offered the see of Hereford by Lord John Russell in 1847. The appointment was bitterly and unsuccessfully opposed by the Tory and High Church parties on the ground of Hampden's supposed unorthodoxy. In his Bampton Lectures, Hampden had maintained that the authority of the Scriptures was of greater weight than the authority of the Church, and this statement had already caused his appointment as Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford (1836) to be attacked.

Dr. Hampden was bishop for twenty years and proved by the conduct of his office the wisdom of the appointment.

says on this & the other contentious subject of the day—The Jew bill<sup>1</sup>—on both you will expect that the tendencies of his mind are not in the same direction as ours—But he is on both points very moderate Indeed by nature he is a liberal, tho' accidents have cast him among the adversaries. . . .

1847  
No. 53.

474. *H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick*

Rydal Mount  
24<sup>th</sup> Dec 47—

My dear Madam

You would probably interpret my continued silence into an intimation that I found our friends here in too sad a state to be written about—This would be an erroneous inference I have found them quite as well as I expected. In bodily health Mrs W. has nothing to complain of And Mr W. suffers only from a slight cold, which is rather an excuse than a reason for not going out—Mrs W is able to go about her ordinary concerns—And seems therefore to be more recovered from the shock—Mr W does nothing & seems indisposed to every thing he used to do.

I brought down cards as usual And asked Mrs W: whether I might propose a game—She replied Oh no ! with a shudder—Mr W. sits generally alone And whichever room I may be in, he goes into the other—He speaks little And I have not seen him take up newspaper or book—

This morning I proposed a walk to Grasmere, to call on Mrs Cookson. This produced a flood of tears The only active expression of his suffering that I have yet witnessed—One of the consequences of this sad state of his mind is that he has never once ventured to go into Mr Q's house—And I am sorry indeed to perceive that this is resented by Mr Q: as if it were an insult to his wife's memory—I do not mean that he *openly* resents it, for he comes to the Mount frequently—dined with me here

<sup>1</sup> The Jewish Disabilities Bill was first introduced in 1830, when it was rejected. It was reintroduced and passed by the reformed House of Commons in 1833, but rejected by the Lords in the same year, and many times subsequently, until it finally became law in 1859. Sir Francis Goldamid took his seat as member for Reading in the following year.

DECEMBER 1847

on my arrival And is invited to dine here tomorrow, tho' I have been *considerately* invited to Mr<sup>s</sup> Davys—' Anniversaries being most melancholy under such circumstances '

But Q: expresses himself so strongly that I fear the foundation is laid for a lasting estrangement which might widen and lead to an entire alienation

As you communicated to me your intention with regard to certain deposits I felt it my duty to inform you of this fact—Not that I meant presumptuously to indicate an opinion or suggestion, beyond the extent of a pause only in making an irrevocable disposition of the papers—It would be even impertinent to suggest to *you* more than the important bearing which the possession of these papers has on the sentiment of the holder towards the author—And that in the most general way—Perhaps I ought to apologise for having said so much—

It is my present intention to leave this place on this day fortnight—

I have been greatly delighted with Mr<sup>r</sup> Taylors new poems—Mr<sup>s</sup> W. also has been pleased with them And generally they give satisfaction here.

Miss Martineau is hard at work—Her book<sup>1</sup> is to consist of three Vols: 8vo !—All that is descriptive will I dare say give pleasure But I fear she will go out of her depth if she venture on ancient times—

I should not forget to say that our friends here are anxious to know of the present state of your health.

I am With the sincerest regard

Miss Fenwick

&c &c &c.

H. C. Robinson

1847  
No. 56.

475. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Mount  
31 Dec 1847

p. 7, line 1. . . . I have said that there has been no change here—I might however have said, that there has been a sensible improvement in the spirits of my friend—I have been able to

<sup>1</sup> *Eastern Life, Present and Past*, 1848.

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make him walk out—He declines all visits : but does not wish to confine me And therefore I have dined out several times—I have seen repeatedly Harriet Martineau who exhibits enviable strength of will—She rises at six, walks out by moon light, bathes & has finished breakf<sup>t</sup> at  $\frac{1}{2}$  p 7 And then works at her book till 2—!!! Is not this a great victory over ease & indolence ? . . .

<sup>1848</sup>  
Nos. 2b. c.

476. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount  
7<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1848.

p. 7, line 9. . . . Of my friends here I have nothing new to say—The poet I grieve to say does not rally. I hear that when alone he does but sigh and sob tho' I have drawn him out to make calls when he appears cheerful—Mr<sup>s</sup> W. is much more mistress of herself but her grief has been intense—. . .

<sup>1848</sup>  
No. 3b.

477. *H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick*

Manchester  
Jan 10<sup>th</sup> [18]48.

My dear Madam

I left Rydal on Saturday, And on Wednesday I hope to be once more in my bachelors cell in 30 Russell Square—I will not however wait till I reach home before I write to you because I have no doubt you will be anxious to hear my report of the condition of our excellent friends. It is but a sad one And yet not worse than you will be prepared to hear—Of Mr<sup>s</sup> W it is decidedly better than I expected to be able to make. She is able to talk with composure of her loss : And tho' her countenance bears marks of suffering & age combined ; yet she seems to discharge the business of the day with her ordinary activity—Not so with Mr<sup>s</sup> W: I was able latterly to make him walk out every day when the weather was favorable, and even make calls : but Mr<sup>s</sup> W. tells me that after such walks he would retire to his room sit alone & cry incessantly—I witnessed several such bursts of grief occasioned by the merest accidents,

such as my proposing to call with him on Mr Arnold—He was unable to take leave of me for sobbing when I came away—During my three weeks stay, it was very seldom that I could engage him in any conversation. The only subject which seemed for a moment to withdraw his mind from the painful subject was the election of Dr Hampden His predilections were all against the Doctor & bishop-elect and in favor of the Dean but the admirable pamphlet of Archdeacon Hare quite satisfied him that the original accusation of the Doctor was mingled with malignity & injustice And he shared the sentiment so universally expressed concerning the conduct of the bishop of Oxford—

I was made very uncomfortable after I had sent off my last letter to you by doubts whether I had not written obtrusively in the suggestions which I had made—

Having learned from yourself in confidence what you thought of doing, it was certainly my duty to impart to you a fact which might influence your intention, but I ought to have stated the fact nakedly And left your self to draw the inference, if any one were to be drawn—I felt ashamed of myself for this want of delicacy, And I hope that this acknowledgem<sup>[t]</sup> will incline you to overlook it—It is quite a relief to me now, to inform you of what passed between Mr — [Quillinan] & myself just before I left Rydal—He renewed the subject by saying—‘ I respected you much more for disagreeing with me And desiring me not to say again what I had said, as you did not like to hear it, than if you had assented to what I said ’—I answered that I hoped what he said was but a transient impression as I was sure he did— [Wordsworth] great injustice in taking offence at what was an uncontrollable sentiment—He then confessed that he believed *then* that —s refusal to go into his house was the effect of real feeling & pure grief, which he had doubted before —And the tone & tenor of all he said was such, that I should not have been led by it to notice the subject to you—I should be unjust to him if I did not add expressly that he did not at any time give any the remotest hint that he had any impression like that which you & I have freely tho’ reluctantly communicated to each other concerning what ought to be the conduct of

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—[Wordsworth] towards him I must also add that there was an evident anxiety on the part of both Mr & Mrs—that I should omit no attention to—[Q.] But more than enough on this painful subject—It will give me great pleasure to hear that your health has improved And that you will kindly construe what I have now & formerly written—Most respectfully

Your

Miss Fenwick

&c &c &c H. C. Robinson

The last accounts of Mrs Hoare were very favorable. There was a fair prospect of her ultimately recovering from the very alarming illness.

1848  
Nos. 4a. b.

478. H. C. R. to T. R.

[Jan 14–15. 1848]

p. 5, line 15. . . . I left Rydal Mount on Saturday. Poor Wordsworth took leave of me in silence weeping.—Your apprehension is too correct There has been no great improvement yet But he has a strong nature in body as well as mind And he may yet rally. . . .

1848  
No. 4c.

479. H. C. R. to M. W.

Jan 15<sup>th</sup>. 1848

p. 2, line 10. . . . It will give me pleasure to learn that your Son William & his wife have been able to communicate some cheerfulness to your sad abode.—It quite vexed me I came away without any leave taken of you, And from Mr Wordsworth one of tears, not words—Let us hope that the strong nature which providence blessed him with both in his body & mind will enable him manfully to endure an affliction imposed upon him by a power he equally loves & venerates.

But how impudent in me to moralise to him—Don't read this out. . . .



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1848  
No. 6a.

480. *Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.*

Kelston Knoll, Bath

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1848

My dear Mr Robinson

I was very thankful for both your letters tho' they were not of a nature to cheer me on my dear Friends account—they are too far advanced to recover from such a blow as that from which they are suffering—yet they will gather comfort I trust as they approach nearer to that time when neither losses can be feared or felt.—

Be assured dear Mr Robinson I took in good part your suggestion on those papers which were promised to dear Dora & which are still in my hands—tho' I consider them due to her husband—and had it not been for the illness which confined me at Mortlake when you were going to Rydal they would have been in his possession now—I cannot change their destination—but must leave it to Mr Q— to do what he will with them—at the same time I feel perfectly confident that that Dr C Wordsworth who I understand is to be the Biographer & Literary Ex<sup>or</sup> will have all the information that they can give him from Mr Q— I grieve much at what you tell me of the want of understanding between him & the W— family—peoples little faults have more power to separate them from their kindred & friends than their higher qualities have to unite them.— Mr Q— but for that *touchiness* which we lament in him—might have been the most *helpful* friend & the greatest comfort both to Mr & Mrs W— could have had.—I do grieve for all this and grieve the more because I can do nothing for them myself—

I have been settled here the last Month—and most thankful I am to be able to say I am nearly recovered from the severe illness I had at Mortlake—we have had a delightful winter here more Sunshine than I ever remember—this has cheered me in my long confinement to the house—let me again thank you for your kindness in writing and also for your suggestion tho I could not act upon it—And believe [me] dear Mr Robinson

Very sincerely yours

I Fenwick

*Endorsed : 17 Jan: 48. Miss Fenwick.*

JANUARY 1848

1848  
No. 9c.

481. H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick

80 Russell Square. London

24 Jan: 1848.

My dear Madam

Your letter was quite a relief to me. I was assured of your being in a state of health better than I could have ventured to anticipate And I found also that you had kindly—construed & received both my letters, about one of which I had felt some anxiety.

When you say in the present tense ‘I *cannot* change their destination’ I hope you are aware that if at this moment the papers were in my possession And it was left to me to determine among which of the *four*—(I need not enumerate them—) I should select their future possessor—I should certainly have fixed on the individual whom you have selected, tho’ for a special And all sufficient reason—I believe of the four he would be the fittest to discharge the duty which I learn from you is to be cast upon another—which requires critical taste And a wider acquaintance with the history of the poets works And the treatment they have met from the critical part of the world, than he the appointed editor possesses or cares to possess.

I have not heard from Rydal since my departure And therefore I cannot qualify in any degree the sad account I was constrained to give— . . .

p. 4, line 5. . . . I must tell you an anecdote of *James* or rather repeat a *word* of his which will match with any instance of words of condolence—

I was lamenting to *James*, his Masters inability to submit to the will of providence—‘Ah! Sir And so I took the liberty of saying to Master—He merely said—“Oh she was such a bright creature—And then I said “*But Sir don’t you think she is brighter now than she ever was*, And then Master burst into a flood of tears—Those were not tears of unmixed grief—

And now my dear Madam, in the anxious hope that your health may continue in its improved state And that you may be consoled by hearing of the somewhat better state of

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our common friends, tho' like you I think that is not to be expected—Allow me to subscribe myself

With the sincerest esteem

&c &c faithfully yours

H. C. Robinson

Miss Fenwick.

. . . .

1848  
No. 10c.

482. *W. Wyon, R. A. to H. C. R.*

Her Majesty's Mint

Jan<sup>y</sup> 28 1848.

My dear Sir

I have been looking for you at the Athenæum for the last fortnight & as I have not been so fortunate as to meet with you. I think it probable that you may be out of town. I therefore trouble you with this note to say that my Son has finished a small Medal of your distinguished friend Mr Wordsworth. & which he is most anxious to submit to you before it is seen by any one else not only from the circumstance of your having kindly introduced him to the great Man but he would also be glad to have your sanction of the performance.

I may be permitted to express the pleasure it has afforded to me to find that he has preserved the likeness of the Poet & the execution is such that I think will do him no discredit at any future time, but I ought not perhaps to say too much as you will naturally make some drawback for the feelings of a Father—

Pray let me know when my Son may call upon you with the Medal

& ever believe me to be

Your obliged

William Wyon.

H Crabb Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>, &c &c &c.

*Endorsed: 1848 Jan. Wyon R. A. Autograph.*

1847  
Nos. 5b. 6a.

483. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

Feb 1<sup>st</sup> 1847 [1848.]

p. 2, line 1. . . . Mr Wordsworth & I walk about together a good deal now, & he seems to seek & to take pleasure in my company. He talks constantly of my beloved Wife, & this suits my feelings, though it is so sad a theme. He comes to this house too occasionally. This is a great step gained, for I could not endure his absenting himself altogether, though I have learnt to respect the feeling that kept him away, or at least to think charitably of it.—Mrs Wordsworth too comes frequently : & this is very gratifying to me.

(Mr W. talked to me yesterday of printing, (for friends only) those poems that he wrote to or on his daughter, as, *her* part of the Triad, the verses on the parrot & the wren &c &c & he asked me to contribute some of mine, which I shall do, if I can find any that seem at all worthy of the subject.

I have recommended that an engraving should be taken of the Daguerrotype portrait to accompany the verses, & Mr W. appeared to catch at the notion.—This is private ; between ourselves.) . . .

p. 4, line 22. . . . You first gave me that most touching anecdote of James Dixon and his venerable master. Thank you for it. It was confirmed to me yesterday by Mrs Wordsworth.—

She bids me tell you that she is sure you understand why you do not hear from them. Writing is painful—& of you and your heart they are sure, silent or not.— . . .

Excuse this *daft* letter. I ought not to write daft letters to you, who invariably write interesting letters. But believe me always

Yours gratefully and truly  
Edward Quillinan

Mrs Wordsworth asks whether you by chance took away Those Sonnets on the Pyramids—one little Volume—I am going to write in a day or two to Mrs Henry N. Coleridge, &

## FEBRUARY 1848

I shall mention to her (& to no one else for the present) our intention to print the verses to & on Dora. So if you see her you can, if you choose, talk it over with *her*. At all events give her my love, & tell her I will write to her.

Miss Fenwick of course I shall mention our intention to. I consider her as a part of me (far the best part, perhaps the only good one) and of that Grave.

*Endorsed :* 1 Feb 48  
Quillinan

<sup>1848</sup>  
No. 11b.

484. *H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick*

80 Russell Square  
8<sup>d</sup> Feb. 48

*p. 1, line 1.* . . . I received yesterday a letter from Rydal that leaves an impression so much more comfortable than those did which I have lately sent you, that I felt it quite a duty to give you the benefit of it. . . .

<sup>1848</sup>  
No. 12a.

485. *Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.*

Kelston Knoll  
Feby 5<sup>th</sup> 1848

Many, many thanks My dear Mr Robinson for giving me the comfort which I have received from the letter I now return to you—I have had none so satisfactory from the neighbourhood from which it comes—and now I feel as if I might hope our Venerable friend may yet come out of the cloud which oppressed his spirit and again look lovingly & admiringly on the people and things that are around him and also I may add more hopefully to things unseen—to approach more near to James's simple faith—

Mr Q's letter is in an excellent spirit—for in fact he has something to forgive—and I trust for the future they will be a comfort to each other—there is no one that could be so helpful to both Mr & Mrs W. as Mr Q *might* be and I trust *will*

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be—I am going in a day or two to write to him to ask whether I shall trust the papers I have for him to the post?—I would rather on any *direct* application for the sight of them from Dr C W— say that I had given them to Mr Q— who I doubt not will be willing to allow Dr W— the sight of them if he should wish it.—I had a letter from dear Mrs W— a day or two since she speaks of Mr W— walks with Q. . . .

. . . Thanking you again my dear Mr Robinson for your kindness in sending me Mr Q's letter—

Believe me always

to be very sincerely

Yours

Isabella Fenwick.

*Endorsed:* 5 Feb 48 Miss Fenwick

1848  
No. 166.

486. *H. C. R. to M. W.*

March 7<sup>th</sup> 1848

*p. 2, line 11.* . . . I recollect once hearing Mr W. say, half in joke, half in earnest—'I have no respect whatever for Whigs, but I have a great deal of the Chartist in me'. To be sure he has. His earlier poems are full of that intense love of the people, as such, which becomes Chartism when the attempt is formally made to make their interests the especial object of legislation as of deeper importance than the positive rights hitherto accorded to the privileged orders. . . .

1848  
No. 21c.

487. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

April 15<sup>th</sup> 1848

My dear Sir,

I transmit your note to Mr & Mrs Wordsworth at Carlisle as I know they are always cheered by the sight of your handwriting—They went to Carlisle *first*, a week ago, for a fortnight. They go to Brigham for another fortnight & I shall probably join them there. . . .

[P.S.] Miss W. is as usual.—

JUNE 1848

1848  
Nos. 29b. c.

488. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
June 6<sup>th</sup> 1848

My dear Sir

A note from you, though short, weighs on my conscience ; for it was received two or three weeks ago & implied a wish for news of your friends here.—All are as well as, & some perhaps better than, might have been expected. Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth for instance has so many interests remaining to her in her husband, her two sons & her grandchildren, that she exerts herself to be useful & cheerful to them and the exertion brings its reward. I think Mr W. is less disposed or less able to bear up when alone or only with his wife ; therefore some company seems requisite to support his spirits. They have Kate Southey with them now ; and a very nice companion she is for them.—Her brother Cuthbert is preparing a Life of his Father the principal & of course the best part of which will be what R. S. tells of himself in his letters to various persons down to the close of his time, and in an *Autobiography* to his 14 or 15<sup>th</sup> year, but unluckily not pursued farther than his first year at Westminster, before he knew Wynne & others with whom he was afterwards intimate. This M.S., in his own writing (consisting of copies of letters to Mr May) I have read & found very interesting—I think I told you that I was at Brigham for 8 or 9 days with Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> W at John's. I now & then make a short excursion with them, that is a day's drive (& back) to some friend, as to Coniston a day or two ago ; and Mr W. & I sometimes creep about together on foot. I cannot say that I as yet find any pleasure in society, though when I happen to be in any, I am not without the power, I hope, of avoiding such a shew of indifference as might be offensive to the self love of others & too much obtrusive of my own—for, after all, what is this love of loneliness & brooding over one terrible consciousness but a proof how much too much I loved myself in her who loved me better than all the world put together. . . .

p. 4, line 18. . . . My dau<sup>rs</sup> are very well & very happy, &

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send you kind regards.—I work a little at Camoens but get on slowly & much against the grain.

Miss Martineau's intellectual activity shames all idlers. Besides her contributions to I know not how many publications of the day, she is composing a new Report on *these Lakes* and a *History of the Thirty Years' Peace* (The 33 years I suppose from 1815), & she finds time for much social service in various ways and gives evening lectures once or twice a week on political & household economy &c &c to the labouring classes. I am told by those that have heard them that they are very good. I hope she leaves out the religious part of instruction, such as there is too much of in her *Eastern Travels* book; for what good can such discussions do? they may unsettle, but they neither soothe nor satisfy.—No one can admire some parts of those 3 vols more than I do. She has certainly an observant eye, and a descriptive power of pen.—As much of her political economy as I can comprehend I do not much like; but I confess that the Harriet Martineau is, all book-writings apart, in herself & her own goodnatured good hearted way, an agreeable neighbour, *much* to be liked—& if I cannot make a Goddess of her and worship at the temple of Minerva she can very well spare so unworthy a votary.—We hope your brother & niece send you good accounts of themselves—

Yours always faithfully  
Edward Quillinan

by the bye, she told me she had heard from you, & meant to write to you soon.

<sup>1848</sup>  
Nos. 30a. b. c.

489. M. W. to H. C. R.

7<sup>th</sup> June 1848

My dear Friend

I should be very unworthy of your persevering kindness in writing to me, were I not roused to thank you *myself* for the comforting news I received from you yesterday of our dear friend's good looks & cheerfulness—Sara Coleridge had given but an unsatisfactory report of her, in a letter which Kate



Southey (who is now with us) had from her cousin the other day—so that your's was most welcome—more especially as we are always in fear while Miss F. is in, or near, London where she is doing & seeing *too much*—& excitement always tells upon her bodily health. I hope, as she is to visit Lady Rolfe that you will have a quiet chat with her having been disappointed by such an influx of visitors at Mortlake.

Poor dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Davys sojourn in London has robbed her of her previous good looks & store of health, tho' I am very thankful to say that she feels herself gaining strength in her quiet home—altho' the unlooked-for prolongation of her Husband's absence makes her anxious—She had expected his return about this time, but he, from some cause, delays the quitting his Post till Sep<sup>r</sup> & she cannot but dread his remaining the 2 next months in that climate from which he suffered last year. I have just *seen* Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher & Lady Richardson *once*—not *the family* at all—but I hear that the Old Lady much enjoys having the young ones about her, when it pleases her to *call for them*—Lady R made a judicious arrangement, so that they might not be an *annoyance* to her Mother, by placing the Children, with their Governess in the next cottage to Lancrigg : and the alternate visits between Mother & Daughter go on as heretofore.

Dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold has been enjoying the presence of her little Sailor Boy for the last 10 days—but a sad separation I fear will take place today—the little *important* fellow is expecting to be recalled to join his Ship at Sheerness,—& the rest are arranging matters to pass a couple of months at the sea-side—where I believe they expect poor Mr<sup>s</sup> A Twining to join them. The Quillinans are at home, & well—The Roughsedges absent with their daughter at Ormskirk. The Cooksons as usual, except that Mary after a very long absence, has returned home much changed in appearance—having lost her beauty—first I suppose from too much racketting & latterly from anxious attendance upon her friend with whom, in the neighbourhood of Manchester she was staying, & whose health is now in a very dangerous state—& poor Mary's looks are just now anything but hopeful.

JUNE 1848

This is all I can tell you of our neighbour-friends.

For ourselves, were you here I think you would be comforted ; tho' my husband still shrinks from turning his steps towards Loughrigg which *was* such a happy walk to us all—or to go beyond the Cookson's house in our *own* Vale of Grasmere. Yet you would be pleased to find us *at home* more as we used to be—but this is a trying time to us—& I must not dwell upon it. However do give a favorable report of us to dear Mr<sup>n</sup> Clarkson. How well I should like once more to see her. Thank you for the mention of other friends—but you do not speak of the Miss Westons, of whom I always like to hear. What a *prodigy* Mr Rogers is ! I do not see why he should not once more visit the Lakes, I can scarcely say how much good his presence might not do to his old friend, tell him this with my love. Moxon is under an engagement to come down, at least he spoke of this some time ago—but it is long since we have heard from him.

You will grieve to hear, tho' it will not surprize you, that our dear-daughter-in Law, Fanny is in a very weak state, & without any apparent cause—change of air, which was recommended to her, has failed & she is now, accompanied by her Father, gone for medical advice to Edinborough—& probably she may, when her husband is at liberty to go with her, be inclined to consult her former Dr Sir James Clerk, we cannot but feel sad at the prospect of our Son—whose peculiar sensitive mind has been so often tried—& now, save on the score of health, seemed to be blessed by a wife suited in all respects to him so admirably.

This, dear friend, is a less chearing detail than I should have wished to send you—but such as it is you will take in good part—of our family at Brigham all is going on as well as can be looked for, where the Wife & Mother is so far away in search of health The trial of another winter is to be made. From Pisa Isabella and her Brother have removed for the summer to Lucca. The report of her health is somewhat better, but that her return to England, as we had expected this season, would impede her recovery they say.

I have not seen Mr Q since I rec<sup>d</sup> your letter, but as you suggest, he shall reply to the *political* portion of it. From me

JUNE 1848

you must be content with *Personalities*—& I fear I have tired you—What are your plans of travel this season? Shall we get a glimpse of you?—But I must not leave Miss H. M. unmentioned. She is the briskest & most active Person in the vale—has had her fellow-traveller Mr Ewart with her, a fine looking interesting man—who called with her here on Sunday, walked in the Garden—& after our return from Chapel, sate with us a  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour.—She going about the hills & vales to prepare some acc<sup>t</sup> of the Country for Mr Knight—a *Martineau* guide in addition to so many upon Mr<sup>s</sup> Nicholsons Counter. She describes admirably. I have read, & *skipped* nearly thro' her three volumes, with much pleasure, but more dis[satis]-faction I grieve to say—but *this between* ourselves. God bless you dear f<sup>d</sup>. ever aff<sup>ly</sup> yours

M. Wordsworth

*Endorsed* : June 7<sup>th</sup> Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth

1848  
Nov. 31b. c.

490. *H. Martineau to H. C. R.*

Ambleside  
June 8<sup>th</sup> [1848]

My dear friend

I was well pleased to see your hand writing again, & much amused by your confession about Emerson. He is a man so *sui generis* that I don't wonder at his not being apprehended till he is seen. His influence is of a curious sort. There is a *vague nobleness* & thorough sweetness about him w<sup>h</sup> move people to their very depths, without their being able to explain why. The logicians have an incessant triumph over him; but their triumph is of no avail. He conquers minds, as well as hearts, wherever he goes; &, without convincing any body's reason of any one thing, exalts their reason, & makes their minds worth more than they ever were before.—I, for one, feel it no small blessing to behold & converse with a man,—in such a time as ours,—who is imperturbably noble & serene, & humane to the uttermost degree, without the slightest bustle or meddling. I never read a page of his books, or talk with him for half an hour, without finding myself raised to my highest

point. How beautiful that same *Irony* of his is!—so usually impersonal, & always useful & inoffensive! Thank you for his programme. It makes one's mouth water; but I like to think what so many of you are enjoying.

The Wordsworths are very well indeed. I need not tell *you* that the account in the papers of Mr W's imbecility is utter nonsense. I dare say Mr Quillinan has told you that the abominable statement was made by a trumpery intruder who went one day when Mr W. was in one of his silent moods. I saw him twice last Sunday, when he was very cheerful & amiable. Both were pleased to see my friend Mr Ewart, after reading of his doings in the Desert in my book. Mr E. (who left me this morn<sup>g</sup>) went to the Mount with me on Sunday; & we found Mr W. bringing up from the Church three stranger ladies, to see his garden. How delighted *they* must have been! & I was pleased. It is the best way of his (unconsciously) putting a stop to the reports of his imbecility, which, according to Mr Quillinan, have spread very widely.—Mr<sup>s</sup> W. seemed comfortable; & I was glad to see that the amiable Miss Southey is staying with them. I told them I was going to write to you; & they begged to be very kindly remembered.

I am glad my book interests you. Its fate, thus far, is very curious. All the reviews but two have been very flattering, without affording any real satisfaction. Not one of them has even referred to the *structure* of the book; & all cautiously treated it as a book of travels. One of the adverse reviews (in 'the Rambler', evidently a catholic period<sup>1</sup>) delights me by taunting me with my ignor<sup>ce</sup> in not knowing before I went that the old Egypt<sup>as</sup> *had* all the Ideas I ascribe to them; those same Christian doctrines being appointed to them by a prior revelation to Noah or Adam. My adversaries are quite welcome to assert any thing about Noah & Adam, if they leave me my Egypt<sup>a</sup> ground.—

Well: I have yet heard nothing *but* praise & sympathy. I am aware that very many persons—and some who agree with me throughout—forbid the book in their families; & that it is the policy of the orthodox to stifle it by silence: but I have heard already quite enough of its effects,—in cheering &

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enlightening the minds of the free, to make me amply satisfied that my labour is not lost—& that I may rest in the hope that no little good is done by my discharge of my own mind.—You will not, I think, charge me with boasting,—nor put it in the power of others to do so : but you were here, & knew about the book before it was half finished ; & if you were here now, & c<sup>d</sup> see half the letters of thanks & blessings & sympathy that I have had, you w<sup>d</sup> not wonder that I feel very happy about my book. ENTRE NOUS, I believe the sale is yet small : but I suppose there is little doubt that the circulation will in time be large. This is usually the case with a forbidden book : & the class likely to be most interested about it have as yet scarcely heard of it but as a book of travels. One name given to it will strike you :—it is called ‘ Ithuriel’s Spear ’.—The passage about Brute Worship seems to strike people as much as any ; & I am glad of this,—we have always talked such illiberal nonsense about that matter.

I have, as you hear, plenty to do : but not in any vast hurry. I am now writing the Lake N<sup>o</sup> for Knight’s ‘ The Land we live in ’. And I have engaged to finish his Hist<sup>y</sup> of Eng<sup>d</sup> since the Peace,—the publication of w<sup>a</sup> is to extend over 26 months from next October. I hope to learn much by doing this, & expect to enjoy not a little writing of the gains we have made in freedom through peace & its attendant influences.—I try not to trouble about these continental affairs & I am, at all events, thankful for the breaking up of the old hollownnesses.

I hope you are quite well. We all are, except dear M<sup>rs</sup> Davy, who does not improve much in health. I don’t expect she will,—with a summer of worry before her, from D<sup>r</sup> Davy’s delay in returning. He does not come home till Sep<sup>r</sup>—giving himself the danger of the hot months—quite needlessly,—and after having suffered so fearfully from them last year.

I am, my dear friend, most truly yours

H. Martineau

*Endorsed* : H. Mart<sup>n</sup> 1848

JUNE 1848

1848  
Nos. 32a. b.

491. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

9/10 June 1848.

p. 8, line 12. . . . On Saturday I had a very agreeable adventure—I took an Omnibus to Mortlake on the Richmond road where I joined the family of Henry Taylor—some dined & others took tea—I went to see Miss Fenwick—Wordsworth's most intimate friend—A lady universally beloved for the rare union of the warmest religion with perfect liberality—She has been always especially kind & confidential with me—H Taylor is the author of Philip van Artefelde a very respectable poet—He is one of Southey's executors A clerk in the Foreign Office—His wife a daughter of L<sup>d</sup> Mounteagle—Soon after I arrived there came Baron & Lady Rolfe great friends of all the party. We had a delightful evening—. . . .

1848  
Nos. 37b. 38a. b.

492. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
Sunday Even<sup>g</sup>. July 28. 1848.

My dear Sir,

I have just brought your note of yesterday home with me from Rydal Mount that I might thank you for it, for M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth who received it this morning, and who begs me to tell you, with kindest regards from herself & her husband, that she hopes to be able to make amends soon by a long letter for the fault of holding two of your's, though short ones, as yet unanswered. But you understand all about that and you know moreover that no one's letters are more valued than your's are at Rydal Mount.—At this time of year, leisure hours, & indeed all hours of the day, are *there* necessarily divided among strangers who coming from a distance with introductions must be received, or strangers who happen to be visitors of 'friends who live within an easy walk'—and I think such perpetual interruptions, which would drive some men mad, are rarely disagreeable to M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth; and in my opinion all these callers do him good, by taking him out of himself—though they leave his Wife but little time for the indulgence of a more

quiet intercourse with such friends as you some 800 miles off.—You are not to infer from what I have said that there is any unusual bustle of pilgrims to the Poet's house this year, as compared with former years, except the last ; but as hardly any one was admitted, and few sought to be admitted, last year, and as a good many of the strangers now in the lake-country do find their way up to him, he and M<sup>rs</sup> W. have perhaps in reality just now more demands upon their energies than they ever had formerly when they were some years younger & the world was brighter, <sup>1</sup> and they had a daughter.<sup>1</sup>—This evening however they have none with them but persons who are in some sort of their own family. I just now left them at tea with 'quite a family party'—M<sup>r</sup> Monkhouse, my two girls Jemima & Rotha, two of John Wordsworth's boys Johnny & Charley, M<sup>r</sup> Herbert Hill & one of his little boys, and M<sup>r</sup> Hartley Coleridge.—

M<sup>r</sup> W. will be glad to see Serj<sup>t</sup> Talfourd's new publication of M<sup>r</sup> Charles Lamb's letters & will no doubt duly acknowledge the dedication, of which you speak so handsomely that I am sure it will give great pleasure to the dedicatee, who is by no means insensible to such attentions. . . .

p. 5, line 22. . . . If M<sup>r</sup> Robertson makes his appearance I will take care of your wish, and he will no doubt be welcome both at Rydal M<sup>t</sup> & to Miss Martineau ; who by the bye is coming here on Tuesday Evening, by my daughters' invitation to a tea drink ; and yesterday evening Jemima got a note from Miss M. saying that she should like to bring M<sup>rs</sup> Reid <sup>2</sup> with her, a Lady who had formerly met me at Miss Roger's. This is your friend,

<sup>1</sup> These words are scratched out, whether by Quillinan or another I am uncertain.

<sup>2</sup> An obituary notice, among H. C. R.'s papers, says of Mrs. Reid, who died on 30 March, 1866, that 'The history of her life is summed up in the history of her large-hearted benevolence. Endowed by nature with an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, she devoted the energies of her mind and the resources of her fortune with an unswerving persistency of purpose to objects which involved in her belief the redemption and ennoblement of her fellow-creatures. . . . She early threw herself with characteristic ardour into the great question of Negro Emancipation . . . and took up with not less zeal that of elevating the standard of female education. She was one of the first, if not the first, to conceive the idea of a Ladies' College ; and the Institution in Bedford Square [i. e. Bedford College], of which she was really the foundress, owes no small share of the success which has attended it to her ever-wakeful interest and fostering care.'

no doubt, & she will be doubly welcome after what you say of her. . . .

*p. 7, line 18.* . . . I have been ill a good deal for many weeks ; with successions of fever, cold, & all kinds of nervousness, & I have therefore kept myself & my ailments much at home. I am better, but not strong.—But I must not complain, when I see Mr Monkhouse, almost totally blind, yet the most chearful of men. He has been at York at the Agric<sup>1</sup> Meeting, where one of his bull-calves got the £20 prize of which he is laudably proud—& he has for the last week or ten days been a most welcome guest at Rydal.

John W. came from Brigham at the beginning of last week & went away yesterday—so, as I told you, they have had & still have a housefull. . . .

*p. 9. P.S.* . . . I have not abandoned Camoens's 'Lusiad'. That is my self-imposed labour, which I do not expect to finish.—We were very much gratified to hear the other day from Miss Fenwick that she was in better health this summer than the last.—Her friend Sir James Stephen (late of the Col. Office) whom you probably know, is or has been here, for he called on Mr W. yesterday ; but I believe he is gone away again.—

It is Johnny Wordsworth's birthday today & to-morrow is Charley's, & the Poet's two Grand-children have invited all the children in the country & some adults to celebrate the two birthdays to-morrow evening. James Dixon has prepared a balloon which is to be sent up ; & I know not what besides is to astonish the Country. Poor Rydal ! & happy children.

<sup>1848</sup>  
Nos. 38c. 39a.

493. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

July 27. 1848

*p. 2, line 4.* . . . Among some new books that I have been looking at there [Rydal Mount] this morning (a Moxon parcel) I observed C. Lamb's Letters, & Blake's Poems—& as I was glancing over them for an hour or two, it seemed to me that both publications had the fault of *too much*. In Lamb's *too much* (for some may be well enough) of childish fun, or rather that strain at fun which is the trivial imitation of child's fun ;—



JULY 1848

And *some* of Blake's verses, illustrated in the book you possess, want in this publication the poetry of the painting to support them. They seemed to sound very like nonsense-verses, as we read them aloud. *Some* of them, I say; for others have a real charm in their wildness & oddness. Do not suppose I undervalue the man. I have on the contrary a sort of tenderness for him that makes me disposed perhaps to over-estimate the value of many of his verses. He & that good old wife of his, as described by Allan Cunningham, are two very interesting persons in my mind. . . .

1848  
No. 43b.

494. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
Saturday Aug 12. 1848

My dear Sir,

I acknowledge your letter directly to let you know that Mr & Mrs W. went away a week ago on a visit to Mrs Pollard, Halsteads near Penrith (Mrs Marshall's sister) and perhaps to Mrs Crackenthorpe's. They will probably be absent a fortnight longer or more; but this is uncertain. I shall send them this nice little note of your's by this post. How can you say I wrote slightly of Blake? He is one of my pet spoilt children of genius—Your book made him so, & Allan Cunningham's life of him. He is more than ever safe in my goodwill *now*—I understand him & his Wife better now than ever.—I only objected to some trivial verses; well in your illustrated book, but somewhat weak for unadorned publication.—You must not take me too literally either as to my remarks on Sergt Talfourd's Lamb. I like many parts of it much. The Arnolds, pleased with Redcar, continue there till next month. All your friends that are here shall hear of you, for we like to talk of our Xmas holly.

Miss W. was in a deplorable way for a day or two after her brother's departure; for he, you know, *spoils* her, poor thing—but the daily report now is always that she is 'doing very nicely'. My girls are just gone up to see her. They too are quite well & send you kind regards. . . .

AUGUST 1848

*p. 8, line 1 . . .* Yesterday as I happened to be on the Terrace at Rydal Mount, no less than 50, or 60 (I counted 48 & then left off) Cheap-trainers invaded the poet's premises at once. They walked about all over the terraces & garden, without leave asked, but did no harm ; & I was rather pleased at so many humble men & women & lasses having minds high enough to feel interest in Wordsworth. I retreated into the house ; but one young lady rang the bell, asked for me, & begged me to give her an autograph of Mr W.—I had none. ' Where could she get one ? ' I did not know.—Her pretty face looked as sad as if she had lost a lover.—Young Mr Wyon called two or three days since at Rydal Mt & left his card there

Mrs Reid has been there with Miss Martineau & seen Mr & Mrs W. I will tell her where you are if she is still here.—Excuse great haste for I am very busy working at Camoens, & though I do little the day seems too short. There are so many visitors

Yours ever most truly

E. Q

When you see Mrs Clarkson tell her, if you like, that I remember well that week when she went more than once to sit by the bedside of the dead mother of my children. (It was a fancy of her's which touched me greatly)—Please to give my kind respects to your brother.

*Endorsed* : 12 Aug<sup>t</sup> Quillinan

1848  
No. 53b.c.

495. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Carlisle Oct 2<sup>nd</sup> 1848

My dear Sir,

Yesterday I received a letter from Mrs Wordsworth enclosing your's to her of the 27<sup>th</sup> Sep<sup>br</sup>. The following extract from her's will explain to you why I am the respondent instead of herself.

' Is it unreasonable in me to ask you to answer the enclosed  
' at your leisure ? I really am not in a mood to write aught  
' worth *his* reading, much less to reply to so long & interesting  
' a letter. I have only to offer my thanks for the report from  
' Bury and any part of its contents that you are not equally

' a sharer in with myself.—And, about letters, ask him, please, if he would like the mass which we possess of his returned to him. They are generally most interesting, & must be of use to him in his present laborious work.<sup>1</sup> And pray say to him I hope Serj<sup>t</sup> Talfourd has restored to him—for me—those of poor Lamb's which I entrusted to him. I cannot say I quite liked to see those to this family in print, which are in the new vols—though there seemed to be nothing particular to object to, as I carelessly read them. But the principle of publishing private letters I cannot like—(Poor dear John has just left for his melancholy home, which I trust you & Mima will help to cheer next week)' The meaning of the latter sentence between brackets is that poor John wishes me & my daughter Jemima, who are here on a visit to William & his wife to stop a few days at Brigham on our way home.—W. W. Jun<sup>r</sup> & his Wife & Jemima & I came to Carlisle together from Rydal on Saturday sennight— . . .

p. 4, line 7. . . . By the bye I think Mr Wordsworth has long since found out his mistake if he ever really thought that Unitarians could not relish his poetry. He knows very well that among his most discriminating & most distinguished admirers are many Unitarians—whether they are so 'as such' is another question—

There is in the last July number of Blackwood a little paper of mine 'Laurels & Laureates'.—I wrote it for my beloved Dora before we went to Portugal & she was pleased with it; but I threw it aside when we were preparing for our voyage & never thought of it more till I chanced to find it among some other papers last June I read it to Mr & Mrs Wordsworth & Kate Southey and as it amused them I sent it, by their advice, after a very slight revisal, to the Magazine.— . . .

p. 5, line 24. . . . I saw Miss Martineau's house at Tynemouth, & went into it, for it is a lodging-house. I was attracted to it by remembering that she there wrote her 'Life in a Sick Room' with much of which I was not only pleased but touched. . . .

p. 6, line 12. . . . What you say to Mrs W. respecting the decease

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R. was busy compiling his *Reminiscences*.

of Mrs J. W. is just in the spirit in which I would have written to her if [I] had more than alluded to it. I cannot think that it will weigh heavily on Mr & Mrs W, under all the circumstances, for I am convinced that 'one great grief makes every other less'—but it may for awhile add to their anxiety about John's position. . . .

1848  
No. 70a.

496. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Courteen Hall near Northampton

Monday—Nov. 18. 1848—

My dear Sir

Your letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> was duly received three days ago at Rydal On Friday night W. W. Jun<sup>r</sup> & I slept at Rydal M<sup>t</sup> & left Mr & Mrs W. well. . . . I came on to visit a friend here . . . Mr & Mrs Wordsworth go next week to Brigham. . . . All your friends, Arnolds, Fletchers Davys &c &c (and the Martineau of course) look to seeing you at Xmas as usual. . . . Mr Roughsedge too . . . looks to your coming as the most desirable thing possible, for, you are his fourth hand—at whist. . . . though I may say I have much leisure here & nothing to do, I cannot say that I have leisure to do anything, except walk, talk, ride, drive, &c &c with my friends. . . .

[P.S.] Strange to say, I already long to be at home again, though the friends I am with are old & valued & kind friends. It always seems to me as if I *ought* to be nowhere but within hail of Grasmere.

*Endorsed* : Nov 48 Quillinan

1848  
No. 73a.

497. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

Nov 21. 1848

p. 1, line 12. . . . I have heard a piece of news w<sup>h</sup> you must have heard I think namely that Mrs John Wordsworth is dead in Italy—mine came without note or comment but the party mentiond that Mr & Mrs Wordsworth were going to this Sons for a month. I forget how long it is since we heard this—We thought this would be a relief to the Seniors & even to J W. himself eventually—. . .

1848  
Nos. 83a. b.

498. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Rydal Mount  
Ambleside  
Dec: 28<sup>th</sup> —48

p. 2, line 24. . . . I was at Ambleside soon after nine the next morning And rejoiced to find my friends far more cheerful than a year ago—In the two days I have spent already here I have had more conversation with the poet than during the whole of my last visit—And at this moment that I am writing he is very copiously discoursing on the Irish Character as he found it on a visit there—with a neighbouring Clergyman who has stepped in—I found them all deeply excited by the supposed danger of *Hartley Coleridge* who was thought to be dyeing of diarrhoea—And we walked to Grasmere to inquire about him . . .

p. 4, line 15. . . . I feel little disposed to join in conversation as all the party now assembled are of a very different habit of thought & sentiment to myself—All this house is animated by high church & tory feelings—And tho' I force them to tolerate my heresies by a half grave & half serious assertion yet the perpetual effort to preserve my independence it becomes after a time wearisome And I find it a relief to join with Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher or Miss Martineau &c. . . .

1849  
Nos. 1a. b.

499. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

[Jan 4/5. 1849]  
Ambleside

p. 1, line 10. . . . The only incident of the week which distinguishes this period from the uniformity of this quiet place is the continued illness & imminent danger of *Hartley Coleridge*—In spite of his infirmity (a habit of drunkenness which has been such as to take from him the power of exerting his otherwise great talents advantageously) he is the object of general sympathy And has had the professional aid gratuitously of two M Ds & two Surgeons And alone by means of

their great care & assiduity kept alive But one of them only entertains any hope of his final recovery relying on a naturally strong constitution. During the last week his brother *Derwent* has been here in close attendance. And every day has brought its peculiar excitement Now of hope; now of despair—It is curious to remark what little relation the degree of sympathy so generally expressed bears to the worth of the object. Unless a change were to take place in the habits of Hartley, a more worthless life cannot be imagined than his—He is more than 50 years of age And yet his incurable vice has reduced him to the state of living on the charity of his relations who pay for his board weekly in a cottage.—And who cause his clothes to be bought for him—he cannot be trusted with the Money—

He has printed a volume of poems some of which are thought to exhibit proofs of a portion of his father's talent And he managed to produce a thick Vol of the 'Worthies of Yorkshire & Lancashire' A Volume of desultory gossiping biography. . . .

*p. 5, line 15.* . . . Derwent is a man of very inferior natural capacity to Hartley, but then he turns his faculties to account—One may apply to these brothers a rather famous epigram by Schiller on Jean Pauls and his Adversaries—

Could you but husband your wealth as they their poverty's husband  
Then you would richly deserve all admiration and love.

Sarah Coleridge the daughter has as much industry as Derwent & as much genius as Hartley— . . .

1849  
No. 4.

500. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*<sup>1</sup>

Loughrigg Holme  
Jan<sup>r</sup> 12. 1849  
Friday

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson,

You were unluckily gone before I returned to Rydal Mount after Hartley Coleridge's funeral—It was a bitter day. I hope you got home without accident or inconvenience. I dined at the Mount, and your cheering presence was much missed by

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following letters are mutilated and scored throughout with alterations &c. in the hand of Dr. Sadler.

your host & hostess, as well as by myself. Derwent Coleridge goes to Keswick tomorrow: thence to York & Rugby, not returning this way.

But I write to you now merely to thank you for having given me a great & unexpected pleasure by leaving with me 'The Bothie of Toper-na Fuorsich' which Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold too had recommended me to read. I was very unwilling to commence, for I detest English Hexameters from Surrey's to Southey's; and Mr Clough's spondaic lines are to my ear detestable too, that is to begin with. Yet I am really charmed with his poem. There is a great deal of mere prose in it, and the worse, to my taste, for being prose upon stilts—but, take it for all in all, there is more freshness of heart and soul and sense in it than it has been my chance to find & feel in any poem of recent date—perhaps I ought to say than in any recent poem of which the Author is not yet much known; for I have no mind to depreciate Alfred Tennyson, nor any other man who has fairly won his laurel.

Mr Wordsworth today came to me through snow and sleet, and sate for an hour in his most cheerful mood. Some talk about his Grand-children led him back to his own boyhood, and he related several particulars which it would have done you good to listen to, for some of them were new to me, & probably would have been so to you. He talked too a good deal about the Coleridges, especially *the* S.T.C.—If I had been inclined to Boswellise, this would have been one of my days for it. He was particularly interesting. But though often tempted, with so much opportunity for so many years, I have always kept to my rule of not writing down conversations, even of the wisest.—I shall be sending you a long letter a month or two hence perhaps, but what could I say to you today about friends whom you left yesterday, except that they all regret the shortness of your visit.—I hope all the Flaxmans will soon be lodged to your mind.<sup>1</sup> You should tell your Brother to make

<sup>1</sup> The Flaxman Gallery at University of London, University College was founded by the sculptor's sister-in-law, Maria Denman, with the co-operation of H. C. R., who was largely instrumental in helping her to complete her design. He contributed generously himself and collected from other people, priding himself on the foundation of the gallery as one of the few

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a bequest of the marble bust of yourself<sup>1</sup> to the London University, to be placed in the same room with them as a record that it was you who were mainly instrumental in securing them for the said University, or in getting them worthily installed there. The bust is excellent as a likeness and more than respectable as a work of Art though it is not by a Flaxman.— You will no doubt soon see M<sup>rs</sup> & Miss Hoare and M<sup>rs</sup> H. N. Coleridge. Pray give my best regards.

Yours very sincerely  
Edward Quillinan

I hope Serj<sup>t</sup> Talfourd was satisfied that Mr Wordsworth had not (could not) intentionally have neglected a timely acknowledgment of the Charles Lamb & the dedication.

*Addressed* : Henry Crabb Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 30 Russell Square.  
*Endorsed* : 12<sup>th</sup> Jan: 49. *Quillinan* on Clough &c.

1849  
Nos. 2a b. 3.

501. H. C. R. to T. R.

Athenæum  
12<sup>th</sup> Jan [18]49, P.M.

My dear Thomas

I took leave of the poet & M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth yesterday morning at 12 when he attended the funeral of Hartley Coleridge—I sat during the performance of the ceremony with dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth And had more than two hours quiet chat with her—I barely caught a glimpse of him on his return—It rained while the solemn service was read And I shall be glad to know that the attendance did him no harm—I had observed before that his spirits were not as I feared they would be affected by the occurrence. And I left Rydal with the comfortable assurance that his grief is now softened down to an endurable sadness—He can master his sorrows in society And discourse on his favourite topics with his former energy : but M<sup>rs</sup> W: tells me that when he is alone paroxysms of weeping & sighing are not infrequent—

valuable achievements of the 'wasted life' he was always deploring. Miss Denman's letters on the subject occupy a large space in his correspondence.

<sup>1</sup> A bust of H. C. R. is placed in the Flaxman Gallery as Quillinan suggests.



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I however left him with the agreeable conviction that his health physically is perfect And that his sensibilities are reduced to an endurable mitigated effect on his body—But it is not to be expected or desired that he should rouse himself to any literary exertions— . . .

*p. 4, line 1. . .* You express a wish that I should bring with me hereafter, the Vol: that may be published of Hartley Coleridges remains—Tho' I knew him & therefore *might* feel some curiosity about his writings, I doubt whether I should ever do more than cast a hasty glance over such a Volume And I am very sure it would not contain anything to interest you—Poor Hartley ruined his intellects by a life of intense sottishness—Men like Porson have been addicted to the same vice, but it never in them took away the power of exercising great powers of intellect—But it did in Hartley The best that can be said of him is that he was a kind hearted man—Nobodys enemy but his own—He had considerable powers of conversation—The farmers & even gentry of the neighbourhood delighted in supplying him with drink—he made fun for them!!! A lady who was hardly aware of his condition suffered him to leave her house drunk, a few weeks before his death—he came to his lodgings with his clothes wet & dirty—And he was five hours in the open air on a wet wintry night—he took to his bed from which he never rose—A few years ago I probably saved him from a similar death, by taking him home from Mr Wordsworths when I had to lift him up from the ground three times & drag him on in a state of insensibility!!! . . .

502. *H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick*

*Miscellaneous Bundle 2*  
*IV vii. a b.*

30 Russell Square  
Jan 15<sup>th</sup> 1848.

[sh<sup>d</sup> be 1849]

My dear Madam—

The account I have to give of our friends is so much better than that of last year that I should certainly have sent it, tho' I had not received a friendly intimation of your wish to hear

from me. I found Mr Wordsworth more calm & composed than I expected—Whatever his feelings may be, the outward expression of them he can repress—I heard no sighs, no moaning—And he never refused to join in any conversation on the topics of the day. I feared that the visit to the Churchyard last Tuesday with Mr Coleridge to fix on the spot where Hartley might be interred would upset him, but, on the contrary, I returned with him alone, And he talked on a literary subject on our return with perfect self-possession and full of the subject. But his mind is not as active as it was—and Mr<sup>s</sup> W<sup>1</sup>s[says] he has not composed a line during the year and scarcely *written* one. I can therefore account for the report concerning the supposed loss of his faculties<sup>1</sup> [which] was a gross exaggera[tion]<sup>1</sup> if not a malicious misrepresentation of his actual condition

It was only in the Evening that there was any sensible difference between what he now is, and what he was when we together played a rubber with them—Cards have never been introduced yet. But if I live to make another Christmas visit, I trust I shall not again forget to make my annual contribution for the amusement of the coming year.

The most agreeable circumstance is that he goes occasionally to Mr Quillinan's And that they stand in a friendly relation towards each other—Every unpleasant impression on the mind of Mr Qu: is quite removed—

Dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth is what she always was—I see no change in her, but that the wrinkles of her careworn countenance are somewhat deeper

Poor Miss W: I thought sunk still deeper in insensibility—By the bye, Mr<sup>s</sup> W: says that almost the only enjoyment Mr W. seems to feel is in his attendance on her—and that her death would be to him a sad calamity !!!

I cannot help reproaching myself for my inability to conceive this state of mind distinctly.—

I thought our friend James a shade younger and more amiable than ever He had an opportunity of rendering himself

<sup>1</sup> Surface of paper rubbed away by something which has fallen on and stained as well as defaced it.

very useful, by his attendance on poor Hartley during all my stay there—You have perhaps not been informed that the immediate cause of Hartley's last fatal illness was a dinner in the house of a lady (Mr<sup>s</sup> Brenchly or something like it) at the head of Windermere lake—She was not sufficiently aware of his infirmity or actual condition and allowed him to go home alone—Five hours after he left her he arrived at his cottage, with his clothes very wet & dirty—He caught a cold, & took to his bed from whence he never rose—Mr Derwent Coleridge fancies that he has found among Hartley's papers materials for a Vol: of prose and a second Vol: of verse—But Derwent apparently fosters a diseased impression of the extent of Hartley's poetical & philosophising powers. But this, I am told, is a family weakness. He spent a great part of his time with us at the Mount and served to dissipate the sadness which seemed as it were ready to seize on the inmates.

The great advantage which D: had over his brother and, to a degree, over his father also, was that whatever his faculties were, he had full power over them.

There is a well known Epigram by Schiller in the literary character of Jean Paul :

' Could you husband your riches as they do their poverty,  
Then you would indeed deserve all our admiration '.

Quillinan was as usual—Quietly poring over his laborious work his Version of Camoens Epic, from which he never can gain emolument or fame. . . .

p. 7, line 10. . . . Miss Martineau makes herself more an object of envy by the success of her domestic arrangements than of her varied literary undertakings—She has built a cottage near her house, placed in it a Norfolk dairy-maid—And has her poultry yard her piggery & her cow shed. And Mr<sup>s</sup> W declares she is a model in her household economy—Making her servants happy and setting an example of activity to her neighbours—She is at the same time busy writing the Continuation of Knights Pictorial Hist. of England which brings in a handsome income and has just brought out a small Vol: entitled *Household Education* which has proved successful,

& probably with good reason, as that is a subject she understands. She is really a meritorious person on many points. . . .

p. 8, line 18. . . . Poor Hartleys death threw a sadness over the society for a time—There was a kindness in his nature which made men willing to overlook his infirmities.

To go back to our dear friends in the Mount—Their life is but a sad one after all—tho' their sorrow is abated & become endurable—I believe it would do Mr Wordsworth a great Service were you . . . [end of page, rest missing].

1849  
Nos. 16a. b. 17a. b.

503. M. W. to H. C. R.

[24 Feb. 1849.]

My dear Friend

What you speak of in your very interesting letter, as being the '*lowest object*' upon which you treat, i. e, *yourself*, is the one which impels me to take up my lazy pen at once. But before I tell you *Why* I must state that, you prefaced the subject in a way (referring to *Willy* as being best able to appreciate the *importance* of a change in your domicile &c) that made me *at first* ask myself Is he going to commit Matrimony ??? On 2<sup>nd</sup> thoughts however I remembered the opportunity W<sup>m</sup> had of seeing & *feeling* how comfortably you were established with your present Attendants.

But waiving badinage. We enter so anxiously into the matter of your unsettling that Dr & M<sup>rs</sup> Davy (who have just been with us) coming in while we were considering the subject, we could not forbear *speaking* of it—At once the Dr suggested, which his wife heartily responded to,—a Person who would be the very man for you—(a 2<sup>d</sup> James I should say tho' I hope with a better memory) if he should be at liberty—which is doubtful—but the Dr thinks, as you might make the enquiry without much trouble, it would be worth while. The Person in question, & whom he can thoroughly recommend for his faithfulness & trust-worthiness, from a Years experience, when they were together in Constantinople—where he found him competent *he thinks* to be your Attendant in health or in *sickness* should you require such an one. M<sup>rs</sup> Davy says, when she parted with her

Husband on that occasion, she committed him to the care of this Attendant with perfect confidence.—He had been a sergeant in the Army, & left on acc<sup>t</sup> of a hurt in his hand—He is married to a nice sort of person who had lived in a Gentleman's family. Now, the question comes, is this Man at liberty? which is doubtful—but as the Dr says it is worth your while to enquire. He was about to take a house in the precincts of the London University, with an intention to accommodate Students—but if, as is possible, this scheme was not accomplished, the Dr thinks still, he might there be heard of. It would be a mutual accommodation if Mr *John Bowen* & his wife were to become your Servants—I neglected to enquire if it was when Dr D was *last in Town* that this arrangement was pending, otherwise I think he scarcely would have mentioned the matter. It will, believe me be a real comfort to us when you are suited with a personal Servant, upon whom you and your friends can depend.

Now dear friend to the other interesting points in your letter—& first I must thank you for your acc<sup>t</sup> of Layard—It is a subject in which we have been deeply interested since Mr<sup>s</sup> Austin introduced us to the knowledge of her Nephew; & my Husband has talked & thought more about him than I can well make you understand, since he has been brought before the public—Often & of<sup>t</sup> has he exclaimed 'that fine fellow should have some public honor conferred upon him'—we read the review of his book with avidity, & longed to see his book—& are not without hope, that *in time* we may be able to borrow it, as Dr Davy tells us that it has been ordered by the *Baroness*.—I do not know if you have heard of such a Person—or seen her Italian Villa at Bowness. So I may tell you that she is one of our Cumberland ladies of fortune who chose, for a title I suppose to bestow herself (I hope not her money) for they are parted upon a German - - Observe this is not the *Polish* Count of Keswick notoriety—The publication I understand is a ten guinea concern—so that this is our only chance of getting a peep at it—at least in this neighbourhood.

'A prating Barrister' as Judge Coleridge expressed himself in a letter to my husband, disappointed us of the pleasure

of seeing him at Rydal—which we much regretted on many accounts, especially as a personal interview would have afforded a better opportunity for my husband to impress upon him the desirableness that he, the Judge, should if he had the power to check any rodomontade which may be prepared for publication upon the subject of poor frail Hartley. By note Mr W. said what Delicacy would allow him to do writing to one of *the Name*. I say, 'the least said is soonest mended'—& I do wish poor dear indefatigable Sara would let her Father's character rest. Surely that great spirit has left sufficient to gratify the craving for literary fame in any one, without that dear Creature worrying her brain in her endeavours to increase, or justify it—which with all her pains she will never accomplish. I cannot imagine any one to have sent the paragraph you allude to to the Atheneum.—except D. himself—& he did speak to me of his impressions on the day of the funeral in a strain that might have produced this folly—Quillinan at once fixed it upon D.<sup>1</sup>

A report of dear Mrs Clarkson is always what I look for in your letters, & I rejoice to find that dear friend still retains her animated powers to converse upon the treasured subject. But we cannot but grieve to see her former steady hand so much shaken. Our tenderest love to her when you write or see her.

And now to speak of ourselves, & the 'goings-on in the Valley'. Of our *personal selves* I may reply to your question in the words of an old Dalesman 'We're varra well o' ourselves, but its no' but' rhevmatis'—The fact is, it will be a fortnight tomorrow since, after attending our Chapel twice—the rainy weather having caused it to be unusually damp—my husband was suddenly seized by lumbago—not of the worst kind, but sufficient to have deprived him, (without *much pain*) of being able to move, hence he has been almost confined to the house—& I am only thankful that this has not been attended with worse consequences—I hope it is now going off, &, if we could have a little more warm sunshine, in a few days the inconvenience will pass away. He is now walking upon the Terrace

<sup>1</sup> Derwent ?

with my Sister Hutchinson who is with us from Mathon—I too have been a little plagued with the rheumatism—but this is no novelty—& of little consequence. Our dear Sister is in her usual way, no change of weather makes any change in her.

Of your friends in the *Valley*—to remember them all I must begin to speak of good M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher—who is left at one extreme point—to the care of her Son Angus, & a Miss Crake (I know not if she was here before you left us) a *Border* friend I believe. Lady Richardson, with her Children who were at Lancrigg, & expecting to winter with her Mother, having found it necessary to join her Husband's eldest daughter at Haslem, whither *she* had been previously sent to be under medical & surgical skill. The dear old Lady is well & visiting her friends & dispensing hospitality as usual. M<sup>rs</sup> H. & I dined at Lancrygg one day—where by accident we found Miss M. to whom it was a treat to my sister to have seen.—She was in her unfailing good spirits, talking of her Farm her building schemes &c &c - -

Lady F. & M<sup>rs</sup> L. we have scarcely seen or heard of since you saw them—but I believe they are well as M<sup>rs</sup> L. always is when stone & mortar occupy her thoughts—her Companion is ever happy.

The Cooksons,—some of whom we see almost daily—dear Hannah is now with her B<sup>r</sup> on Highbury Terrace, & Mary returned home—The only change in that establish<sup>t</sup>—The Flemings are at Bath—M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold & her daughters all well, cheered occasionally—frequently I may say, by interesting details from her absent Sons. And your report of her daughter, the widowed Mary agrees with her own. Dr & M<sup>rs</sup> Davy being restored to each other, seem as happy as a new married Pair & *her* health is perfectly reestablished—Poor M<sup>rs</sup> Roughsedge does not look so well as we should like to see her—& her weakness confines her to her *solitary* home, for her husband, when his Gout permits him to move, see-saws to & fro like a weaver's shuttle, between Bentham & Fox Ghyll—M<sup>r</sup> Carr & his Ladies are in statu quo—the Lutwidges are in Bath—and now I think I have traversed the Valley & mentioned all I can tell you of your old friends Q. you hear from himself, And the thought

FEBRUARY 1849

of Bath reminds me that you will be glad to hear that our Beloved Miss F. is much better than she herself ever expected to be after the severe attacks of cold which followed so quickly upon each other in the Autumn. She is now alone at Kelston Knoll. Her brother, & niece (who is a comfort to her) being in Bath but often with her during the absence of Mrs & Miss Tudor.

You do not speak of your own health—nor particularly of that of your *Brother's* so that I trust all is well with you. And that you may both continue to be so, & that you may not be annoyed with this, I fear wearisome, letter, is my sincere wish—with our united affectionate remembrances to all friends who enquire for us—retaining a double portion to yourself, ever believe me to be your sincere & obliged friend

M. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mt

Feb 24<sup>th</sup>

Excuse all blots & blunders for I am become an awkward blind body—Even as you can say a careless one

P.S Mrs Arnold says that H.M. had made some speech or observations *on the funeral* which tho' not from Miss M. herself had appeared in print—so they may be what you mention from the Athenæum

*Endorsed* : 24<sup>th</sup> Feb 49. Mrs Wordsworth.

<sup>1849</sup>  
Nos. 19b. 20a.

504. H. C. R. to T. R.

March 6<sup>th</sup> 1849.

p. 7, line 16. . . . And now for my expected visit to *Bath & Bristol*—I have received an invitation from Miss *Fennick*—And I have proposed to go thither on Tuesday—The *Wordsworths* have already arrived And will stay a considerable time—I mean to remain but a few days there Indeed I could not stay much longer, as my apartment will be wanted for Mrs Coleridge . . .



1849  
Nov. 29a. b.

505. M. W. to H. C. R.

28 March Rydal.

My dear Friend

Before attending to the number of calls from my pen, I must write a line to you to say that on our return home *last evening* we found among other things a Copy of *Nineveh*,<sup>1</sup> presented to my Husband by that kind Lady M<sup>rs</sup> Austin in the name of her Nephew.—This she modestly tells us she is *encouraged* to do, from the manner in which you mentioned to her our wish to see the Book. Thanks for this great attention must be given by my Husband himself—but I must lose no time in making known to you that we have received this valuable gift, to prevent your forwarding the copy you had kindly *provided* for us—& for which nevertheless, we are at the same time as grateful to you as if we had received it Tired and cold stri[c]ken as I was in coming over Kirkstone on such a bitter day in our open carriage I could not refrain from beginning to read the book, & got thro' the preceding pages & the first Chapter with much interest—reading aloud to my husband—who was more oppressed than myself *with cold*—after my Sister had taken *hers* to bed :—&, after more pressing duties are gone thro' we shall all return to the book with impatience today.

We left Willie & his Wife on Monday morn<sup>g</sup>—she remarkably well—he poor fellow, neither quite well in health or spirits. He is more cast down by the prospects before him than a less anxious temper would be—but truly his case is a hard one—& I think he feels the '*indignity*', as he calls it, with which the higher powers are treating their faithful Sv<sup>t</sup> than the loss of income which if the change is to take place must entirely alter his arrangements—The notion of the Office to be placed under the supervision of the 'Ganger' galls him. Without any official notice the head Office has already *advertised* in the newspapers some part of what has been the Stamp-distributors duty to be removed to the Excise department.—After 20 years devotion to the Service—& that the prime of his life W<sup>m</sup> feels

<sup>1</sup> Layard's book.

MARCH 1849

this to be unjust—If no remunerating plan lurks behind of which he has no hope. But why should I write this to you—merely because I feel you are interested in what concerns him

And now I must not begin with any other subject—or I shall be belated.

We have found our dear Sister as well as usual—but have not seen the Qs nor any one else since our arrival.

God bless you my dear friend, believe me with kindest remembrances & regards for all ever Your obliged & affec.

M. Wordsworth

We passed Monday night with some relatives at *Penrith*—& had an opportunity of renewing our notices, [?] & haunts of the days of our Youth.

*Endorsed : 28 March 49. Mrs Wordsworth.*

<sup>1849</sup>  
Nos. 40a b.

506. H. C. R. to T. R.

[June 8/9. 1849.]

p. 7, line 9. . . . On Tuesday I took a drive to *Lee Priory* a house which has acquired notoriety from being the *date* from whence Sir Egerton Brydges issued numerous publications of literary antiquity & taste—But he was a fop in literature And in life he mismanaged his affairs so as to dye in embarrassed circumstances with a large hereditary estate and in possession of income from a rich wife, whose children & his own he all but ruined by acts of dishonesty. Quillinan Wordsworths Son in law married Sir Egertons daughter And his two daughters will live in poverty until their lunatic Uncle dies when a large estate will be divided among three families.—This *Lee Priory* is a house of pretension—A sort of shabby genteel in Architecture A magnificent Gothic window is built against a blank wall for shew And a large apartment filled with bad copies of Italian paintings which are preserved in the mansion as heir-looms memorials of bad taste or ignorance in fine art. . . .

JUNE 1849

<sup>1849</sup>  
Nos. 41b. 42a.

507. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

[16 June 1849]

p. 8, line 8. . . . My present intention is to go on the 21<sup>st</sup> to Great Malvern with Moxon & spend a few days with Wordsworth who is in the neighbourhood. - - -

<sup>1848</sup>  
No. 44a  
<sup>1849</sup>  
Nos. 42b. 43b.<sup>1</sup>

508. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

My dear Robinson,

Loughrigg Holme June xx 1849.

Your most welcome, amiable and delightful letter shall not remain one post unacknowledged. First, stout for Lee, a place I love & hate, I will call up Horace Walpole to answer your objection to the *sham window*. 'The house of Lee has been, by the skill & art of Mr Wyatt, so admirably improved in the disposition, that the apartments are all rendered commodious ; among them is a most beautiful library finished in the most perfect style of Gothic taste. The three fronts of the house convey an idea of a small convent, *never attempted to be demolished, but partly modernized*, and adapted to the habitation of a gentleman's family. The scene around presents correspondent images ; gently rising ground—ancient spreading trees, & the adjoining rivulet seem to form a site selected by monks much at their ease, with a view rather to cheerful retirement than to austere meditation ; while at the same time no distant prospects tantalized them with views of opulence and busy society. The content of an independent English Gentleman succeeded naturally to similar enjoyments ; & Mr Wyatt's judgment has preserved that coalescence of ideas ; and realized an union, which Mr Barrett's good taste *preferred to ostentation*. In the house is a small but curious collection of pictures '

(*Lord Orford, for Hasted's Hist. of Kent.*)

Again in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, 1786, vol 4 p. 94, when

<sup>1</sup> This letter is in three sheets which have been separated in the Crabb Robinson papers, as shown by these reference numbers.

speaking of Gibbs's attempts at Gothic architecture at All Souls' Oxford he says :

'Should the University be disposed to add decorations in the genuine style of the Colleges, they possess an Architect who is capable of *thinking* in the spirit of the founders. Mr Wyatt, at Mr Barrett's of Lee, near Canterbury, has, with a disciple's fidelity to the models of his master, superadded the invention of a genius. The little library has all the air of an abbot's study, except that it discovers more taste'—

Mr Barrett always called his place *Lee House*—he would not hear of its being called *Priory*, but the unsuitable designation prevailed *after his death*.

Before the late Col. Barrett died, his creditors or Sir E.B.'s for whose debts or part of them, somehow or other, he had unhappily made himself responsible, put in an execution & sold out all the *appropriate* furniture, & the attornies who presided did not scruple to strip the place of many of its heirlooms. I fear Sir E.B. had previously sold some of the books mixing his own among them! Many valuable tomes are abroad, bought at a sale of Sir E.B.'s spare books from his mansion at Denton, and the *Barrett Arms* in them, & those tomes in Mr Barrett's Catalogues, but not on his shelves since that Denton Sale in London!—

Among the furniture seized by the creditors of Sir E.B. or Col. B., were a dozen *ebony* chairs of the most rare carving. An agent from Windsor Castle was sent down to purchase them & did purchase them for the King, but afterwards said that they were not quite perfect because *one* was a little unlike the other eleven—that is, did not *quite precisely* match. I mention this to show that the style of furniture was very different from the vulgar upholstery you saw.—So much for all that, & too much. . . .

*p. 6, line 20.* . . . If you have read, will you honestly tell me what you think of Mathew Arnold's Poems? I like some of them much, in spite of their pedantries & affectations—but I do not think they are sufficiently intelligible for general reading. You & I can see, through all that affectation of mystification & all that uneasy labour to be quaint & brilliant,

& to show that *we* have measured the Greek choral metres etc, that *the man's a man for a' that*. Yet I doubt whether he is tall enough to reach the golden bough he aims at. But he may grow, if he is not stunted by injudicious flattery. To tell you the truth much as I do like the Arnolds, & more than like some of them, Jane & her Mother for example, I never suspected there was any *poetry* in the family till I read M. A's. . . .

p. 8, line 13. . . . I sent Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth the other day a Sonnet on Cromwell, which your friends and everybody's friends in these days of democracy (I had almost written demonocracy) Carlisle and Macaulay provoked me to write.—I will again transcribe it, & when I have done so I will tell you why.

'Cromwell our Chief of men,'—thy surest praise  
Is this, that He, a greater far than thou,  
Graved such a mark upon thine iron brow,  
O 'fallen on evil tongues and evil days'  
And blind already in the horrent blaze  
Thy torch enkindled, He who could endow  
Thy blood-red star with seraph light, and vow  
Upon an idol shrine his sacred bays!—  
Though none denies thee grandeur in thy crime  
That shook the realm as with a thunder-shock,  
Though Milton's Organ to the triumph chime,  
That trunkless visage haunts thee from the block;—  
Nor unrebuked will evil fame rejoice  
While honour in the island hath a voice.

Now, to say nothing of the sentiments expressed or the taste, or modesty if you will, of lamenting & resenting the divine Milton's fierce republicanism & defence of regicide—there are faults in the workmanship of this Sonnet of which I hope some of its readers will not be so aware as I am—but in the third line—

Graved *such a mark* is a platitude that I want to get rid of. I had at first written it Engraved such *honour on* thine iron brow but I wanted the word honour afterwards.—I want one word of three syllables instead of *such a mark* but *encomium*, *eulogium* are too Latin & *distinction* too prosy—or two disyllables might do.

JUNE 1849

Graved *something something* on &c

I wish my venerable father-in-law would tinker it right for me ; but he won't, and asking the author of the political & ecclesiastical Sonnets to do such a thing may be almost as presumptuous as scolding Milton for his politics. (Yet if the right words happened to hit Mr Wordsworth he could not help helping me to them. So I hope some of you will provoke him to it.—That's all—

I have many other things to say to you, and to Miss Fenwick & to you all but my time is up. Give my kind regards to Mr Moxon. My daughters also send you kind words

Always Your's truly  
Edward Quillinan

. . . .

1849  
No. 44a.

509. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Thursday

[endorsed June 21. 1849]

p. 2, line 11. . . . I had written so far when the post brought me a treasure, a letter from dearest Miss Fenwick. It will not be long before I thank her for it.

John W. arrived yesterday at Rydal & expects his boys from Sedberg tomorrow.—He dines here today, meeting Dr Cookson, Mr Fletcher Fleming & Dr Davy who takes Mrs F. Fleming's share of our leg of mutton, because Mrs F. F. is expecting an Aunt today—but will come in the evening to us.—Rotha turns baby again & dines in the nursery to make room for John.—I have not seen Miss Martineau for a good while, but the hundred of cabbage plants she gave me for the cow & pigs are flourishing in our kitchen garden.—Archbp Whateley is at Foxhow.—A note from Mr Carter to Sarah today says that he found William Junr. & his wife quite well.—I am *much* pleased with Miss Fenwick's favourable opinion of L<sup>v</sup> Wallis book.

Y<sup>rs</sup> ever  
E. Q.

1849  
No. 46a.510. *H. C. R. to T. R.*27<sup>th</sup> June 1849

p. 2, line 14. . . . On Thursday I went with Moxon to *Malvern*. There were Mr & Mrs Wordsworth with Mrs W's nephew who is the clergyman at West Malvern. . . .

p. 8, line 9. . . . Wordsworth was in good *health*, but the *strength* of his mind has declined—There is no want of intelligence, but of vigour—No delusions but little power—happy but not active Is not this a comfortable old age? He is four months younger than you—he is able to walk still & on Sunday crossed the Malvern Hill *twice* without suffering any inconvenience— . . .

1849  
Nos. 47 48.511. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*Loughrigg Holme—July 9<sup>th</sup> 1849.

My dear Robinson

First, you will want to know about the Rydalites.—On Saturday Sennight Mr & Mrs Wordsworth quitted Mathon leaving Mr Thomas Hutchinson (Sen<sup>r</sup>) quite as well as usual. On that Saturday Evening Mr & Mrs W. got safe home, little or not [at] all fatigued by the journey. On Sunday Mr T. Hutchinson went *twice* to Church at Mathon, & in the morning received the Sacrament from the hands of his Son George. He slept well that night till two o'clock on Monday Morning; he then awoke complaining of 'a queer pain' in the breast (perhaps heart). At three this good dear man had ceased to breathe! At ten, that same Monday night, Thomas Hutchinson Jun<sup>r</sup> arrived at Rydal Mount with the news. What a shock for those old people—Mrs Wordsworth's favourite brother! I had been dining that day at your name-sake's Captain Robinson's R. N. from whose table I went to an evening party at Dr Davy's, where I met Mrs Gaskell (Mary Barton), Mrs Fletcher, & some other pleasant persons. I was later home than usual. Between eleven & twelve, just as I was going to bed, a knock at my study window and James's voice enquiring if I was up alarmed me. I let him in & he told me the sad news. He also said that he had been up to Green Bank to let

Mr & Mrs Benson Harrison know that Mr and Mrs W. could not attend Dora H's wedding the next day—a great disappointment to all the assembled party of Bollands & Harrisons &c, for Mr W. was to have given away the Bride. The next morning however Mr W. kindly considered that going to *Church* with the Bride and going to the breakfast afterwards were two different things—so he did go and give her away, and a wild wet stormy day it was. . . . Mr & Mrs Wordsworth are wonderfully well, and *he* is even cheerful, or seems so, to his neighbours & other visitors. I believe it is true 'that one great grief makes every other less'. . . . All your friends . . . are as usual. So is poor old Aunty, your very old friend.— . . .

p. 8, *line* 4. . . . How glad Mr & Mrs W. & Miss Fenwick, and the Hutchinsons must have been to see you come among them ! —[at Malvern] and he is [*sic*] who is gone would not have been the least cheered of the party.— . . .

p. 8, *line* 15. . . . For a *third* time I tell you, Ancient Mariner, old man of the glittering eye and dull memory, (for a letter from me to you without some impertinence would not be my letter) that I *do* know Mrs Clarkson. Whether she knows me is another thing. I cannot flatter myself that she does. For a week she & her husband were at Rydal Mount when I was at the Ivy Cot with my Children's Mother *dead* in the house ; I have seen Mrs Clarkson at Rydal Mount ; I have seen her in my own house sitting at the bedside of that dead wife & mother ; and if I had the gift of the pencil I could draw Mrs Clarkson, as she then was, with an accuracy that you w<sup>d</sup> admit. Some persons cannot be forgotten, especially under such peculiar circumstances.—

I do not agree with you altogether about the sham window at Lee—it gives to the passing traveller from Littlebourne Hill the notion intended. The Library & some other parts of the building give the same idea to the visiter within. Yet I abhor *shams* as much as Mr Carlile [*sic*] does—that is moral, or immoral shams (but there is no mischief in this at Lee)—we only differ in what *he* calls shams.—I grant that Horace Walpole was a consummate coxcomb ; but he might be, and I think he was, a fair judge of art for all that.—His taste in literature was



JULY 1849

detestable: but what say you to the poetical taste of *Newton* and *Locke*?—But enough of this—Mr, I beg his pardon, Sir *J Stephen* has done himself honour by his atonement to *Clarkson*, & I do not value it the less for its having afforded you, *Clarkson's* faithful friend & champion, so great a pleasure.—

I do not object to *O* in the *Cromwell Sonnet* as disturbing the address to *Cromwell*, for *he* (*Milton*) follows in the same sentence. I think the *O* more dramatic, that is more spirited, otherwise I would perhaps have substituted *Then*.—Your other suggestions are well worthy of consideration, & I am much obliged to you for them.—Two other sonnets of mine have appeared in the *Morning Post* of Thursday the 5th Inst on *The Gauls at Rome A. D. 1849*. . . .

p. 5, line 10. . . . The first thing Mrs W. said to me when she came home was 'Quillinan, those are two fine sonnets on Rome'—therefore I infer that *the* Great Poet endured them. You, I suppose, will not suspect me of vanity in telling you this.—It is possible that you may have seen them, & may be of a very different opinion from that expressed by Mrs Wordsworth. And I will not beg the question—With kind respects to your brother, & kind words for yourself from every body, Miss Martineau included, (for she has just passed and I have told her I am writing to you)

Yours most truly

E. Quillinan

P.S. Mrs Gaskell (the writer of *Mary Barton*) is a *charming* person—She is coming to us (to tea) with her two daughters & a friend on Wednesday.—

Addressed: H. C. Robinson Esq.

Endorsed: 9th July 49. Quillinan.

1858<sup>1</sup>  
Nos. 45a, 46a.

512. M. W. to H. C. R.

My dear friend

July 22<sup>nd</sup> [1848]<sup>1</sup> Rydal M<sup>t</sup>

Strong expressions are apt to alarm, or I should say that the report of your accident SHOCKED us *all* very much, especially

<sup>1</sup> On 27 June 1848, H. C. R. slipped and strained his leg (*Unpublished Diary*)—the accident to which M. W. refers. The letter is misplaced because, until this fact was discovered, the date was surmised to be 1849.

as you say your plan of life must be changed, 'You will not be able to continue your habit of taking long walks'—we fear, tho' this *does* not yet tell upon your general health—its effect will in time do so—& this does not make us exult with you in what you call 'The best part of the story' the getting forward with your reminiscences—these I well know will be not only very entertaining & valuable—but I would rather that the work were left to other hands, than done at the expense of your being cut off from your pleasant ramblings, which have been such a gratification to yourself—& the source whence you have drawn such a pleasant portion of the mass from which the selections are to be made.

Your mention of this, your occupation, suggests to me that your letters in our possession might be of use, in which case, if you will say so, they shall be sent to you by any safe conveyance that may present itself—or, as you say, your plans for the summer are 'open to any rational proposal' why not come & fetch them, or select such as you thought proper during a friendly visit to us. I do not mean to interfere with the annual one which is our due.

Poor dear Mrs C. What a change from her steady hand—I return you the document that shows her heart & her interests are as lively & faithful as heretofore.

We have good chearful Mr Monkhouse with us, John left us this morning after a Clergyman's week's visit—his two younger sons have had a long holiday with us, & are still here & Mr Hill & one of his youngsters came to us this morn<sup>g</sup> on their way to Warwick from Keswick—they will depart on Monday. Mr H. brings a good report of Cuth's<sup>1</sup> progress with his Father's Biography (Letters) a volume of which he expects to send to Press almost immediately.

I am sorry for your acc<sup>t</sup> of poor Miss Weston[s] inability, from lameness, to profit by the improvement of her health. I hope I may say that the health of William's precious wife is, for the present at least, more hopeful—They are now paying visits to friends of her's in Cheshire—& we hope to see them in the course of a fortnight. Mrs Davy thinks herself better—as

<sup>1</sup> Cuthbert Southey.

JULY 1848

for Mrs Fletcher she is off, unattended but by her two Granddaughters (Davys) gadding about in Yorkshire—Lady Richardson occupied at Lancrigg with her Family of Children—suffering from a Gum boil just at this time but happy in her Charge. The Cooksons all well. The Arnolds at Redcar a bathing place on the Yorkshire Coast, n<sup>r</sup> Gisbro where Mrs A. Twining had already joined her, when you wrote to me the message I was to deliver to her Mother—‘ that you had seen her daughter ’ who begins to smile again. This we were all glad to hear.

Mr Q. I am happy to tell you is better—& that my dear Husband, our Sister & myself are all perfectly well *in health*, & join most cordially in the hope that you may be out in your prophesy when you say you must no more indulge in long walks.

God bless you  
affly yours  
M. Wordsworth.

1849  
No. 51.

513. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
17<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> 1849

My dear Robinson—

I was glad to hear from you from London, and we are all rejoiced that you could report so favourably of those you had left at Bury, that is that your anxieties respecting your friends there were somewhat diminished, though it is evident that they are by no means all removed. Every body, even yourself, one of the least unhappy men I have known, is haunted by some fear. It is, I suppose, good for us all that it should be so. You are, as I have told you, sure of sincere sympathy here.—I believe I can tell you nothing that you do not know about Mrs Hutchinson. Her daughters are gone to the seaside, & she remained at Mathon, when I heard of her last, with her son George who seemed in a better frame of mind, so that she was cheered.—Mr & Mrs Wordsworth are *very* well. They were both here just now; and Mr & Mrs William Johnston, who have been on a visit to me since Tuesday & go away tomorrow, are going to dine with them presently, at 2 o'clock. On Wednesday Mr & Mrs Wordsworth were out almost all day making a round of

calls on their neighbours, in the phaeton, which I was glad to see, for they have seldom been *driven* out lately, though they walk every day a little in some direction or other Mr & Mrs & Miss Merewether have been staying with them for a fortnight They went away on Wednesday to look at Lanark & Loch Lomond before their return to Whitwick. During their stay I dined at Rydal Mount several times, and always found Mr & Mrs W. in good spirits. They sustain themselves well; Mr W. almost as well as his Wife, now. Yesterday was Mrs W's *birthday & Dora's*. Nothing was said about it, though they & I well knew that the day was not forgotten. Mr and Mrs W. Johnston were with them part of the day. John W. also arrived with his daughter Jane. They return to Brigham to-morrow. The week before the Merewethers<sup>1</sup> came, Mr & Mrs W. went on a visit to Mr & Mrs Joshua Stanger at Keswick for a few days. They of course saw Miss Southey who was pretty well.—The Arnolds are not returned from Filey. Mrs Fletcher is gone back to Lancrigg; her daughter & grandchild Mrs and Miss Taylor are with her.—I saw Miss Martineau yesterday. She has been ill, but, she says, not very. She looked as well as usual. Her energies are amazing; and her manners, or rather her manner, so pleasing, & so friendly, that if I disliked some portions of her writings ten times more than I do I could not help liking *her*. She told us the other evening when Jemima & I were at her house to meet Mrs Wedgewood (dau<sup>r</sup> of Sir James Macintosh) that Dr Davy had *cut* her for her observations on his brother Sir Humph's character, or rather his personal bearing in her book (30 years peace). This is *entre nous*. I am sorry for it; for Davy, with all his nervous weakness of manner &c, is a very friendly neighbour & I believe a good & honorable man.—You see, I am writing in a hurry, having but little time for anything but lionizing my guests who are paying me much too short a visit, so that we are obliged to be more active than I could wish to be.

But I have told you all the little I could of what you most

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Merewether, Dean of Hereford, was one of the opponents of Hampden's appointment as bishop, and went so far as to memorialize the queen against it, though he afterwards withdrew his opposition. See note, *ante*, p. 654 and cf H. C. R.'s letter to T. R., Dec. 31, 1847 (quoted by Sadler.)

AUGUST 1849

wanted to know for Mr<sup>s</sup> Clarkson ; the condition of Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> W.—One of these days I will try whether I cannot make the Cock crow more intelligibly, perhaps I should say more intelligently, for you.

My daughters send you very kind regards—I wish every portrait-bust were as good a likeness as your's. It is recognised by every body who has seen you. Last Sunday Dr & Mr<sup>s</sup> Ferguson called here on their way to Scotland. The first words Dr F. uttered on his entering our sitting room were 'Ah, there is Crabb, I see'—Mr W. Johnston also knew it directly. I don't know whether you know *him*, but he must have met you. A *very* clever, very agreeable & gentlemanlike Man he is, and a good Tory besides. Believe me

Yours most sincerely

Edward Quillinan

I was pleased to hear that your American friend had turned up again, though not a bishop.—I saw a cottage girl in Northamptonshire last winter who lay just in the state that he described Cynthia Taggart in Rhode Island.—

*Endorsed* : Aug<sup>t</sup> 1849. Quillinan.

<sup>1849</sup>  
*Nos. 57b. 58a.*

514. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Sept 15<sup>th</sup> 1849

*p. 5, line 19.* . . . I once said to Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold—I think your husband was the very best of Christians & the very worst of Churchmen. She smiled and said There are many who think so—And Wordsworth once said to me very emphatically I love Dr Arnold—he was a *good* man, & an admirable school-master, but he would make a desperate bad bishop—! ' . . .

*Miscellaneous Bundle 2*

IV.  
<sup>1849</sup>  
*No 43a.*

515. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Oct 14. 1849

*p. 3, line 5.* . . . Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> W. (with whom I & my dau<sup>rs</sup> have dined & passed the day) were very glad to hear, & so was I, y<sup>r</sup> favorable report of your brother & his family. That Froude

anecdote is very rich indeed. He has been here this summer. He was lodged, as I was informed for I did not see him, at a farm-house at or near Skilwith Bridge.—Mr<sup>s</sup> Gaskill, the author of *Mary Barton*, was also for some weeks in that neighbourhood, & I got Mr W. to meet her & her husband (a Unitarian Minister at Manchester) She is a very pleasing interesting person.—(Miss Wordsworth is as usual. We have seen a good deal of her to day.) . . .

p. 5,<sup>1</sup> line 7. . . . To return for a moment to the Sonnetteer—All good Sonnetteers (Wordsworth included) own the difficulty of that form of verse. I, who do not pretend to be a good one, will not apologize for the inferiority of mine by pleading the difficulty of the measure. I do not think them worth the plea, & the difficulty is of my own choice—But do you sit down, friend Crabb, & try your hand at a Sonnet. That is the punishment I should like to inflict on you for y<sup>r</sup> sauciness. But we will talk over the Art & mystery of Sonnetteering at Christmas, the best season for cracking hard nuts.—You are expected here, *due* here, as usual, as a matter of course. Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth has two or three times, & today again, charged me to remind you of this.—As to me, I always sing the same song (for I too have my constancy) ‘no Crabb no Christmas’. But you *will* come—about the 18<sup>th</sup> of December—that is settled.—Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold, since her return from the seaside, has had several visitors. Among them was your acquaintance Chevalier Bunsen<sup>2</sup> with his wife, two dau<sup>rs</sup> & a Son, for three or four days. I did not see him.—Poor Johnny Harrison (whose name was *John Wordsworth Faber*, poor child!) was seized with his last convulsion on Monday Morning the 8<sup>th</sup> inst. Mr Wordsworth and I attended his funeral at Grasmere on Friday. He is buried close to Hartley Coleridge. Who would not wish to be fit to die, at any moment, as that *sinless* Johnny?—Faber used to call him one of God’s blessings to that house of Green Bank, & he was right. He kept their

<sup>1</sup> The two sheets of the letter have been separated in the Crabb Robinson papers as shown by the reference numbers.

<sup>2</sup> Christian Karl Josias, Baron von Bunsen (1791–1860) the diplomatist, antiquary and historian, who was Prussian ambassador at St. James’s, married an English wife and was a friend of Dr. Arnold.

hearts alive to love & pity & tenderness. His work was done & he was removed.—Bolland was ordained last Sunday & preached before his Diocesan the same day at Durham. How you envy him now! But it is of no use. You made your election. You chose to be lawyer not a churchman; you preferred the broad road to the narrow one

Do you ever see Sara Coleridge. If you chance to see her soon, tell her that all her friends here, my humble self included, often talk of her & often wish to see her.

You will find your old and faithful friend the poet pretty much as he was on y<sup>r</sup> last visit. The same social cheerfulness—company cheerfulness—the same fixed despondency (uncorrected) I esteem him for both: I love him best for the latter.—I have put up a beautiful headstone to Dora's Grave. I wonder if you will like it.—God bless you, friend Crabb.

Yrs faithfully

E. Q.

1849  
No. 64b.

516. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

Oct 22. [1849]

My dear Robinson—

If you have returned from your campaign at Liverpool,<sup>1</sup> will you do me a slight favour—that is if you can?—I am collecting in one copy-book the 20 or 30 Sonnets I have written & scattered about; and my object in collecting them is to revise them strictly & mend them where I can, or destroy those that are, in my judgment, incorrigible—for I do not like the notion of preserving common-place sonnets which any versifier can write—for the great difficulty of this sort of measure is not in the construction, which is easy enough to any wishy-washy rhymmer, who will allow his sense or nonsense, to be pliable to the exigencies of the Sonnet-law of *form*, or evade that law, & thus avoid even the mechanical difficulty.

<sup>1</sup> To persuade the Unitarians to permit their college at Manchester to be moved to London and amalgamated with the new University Hall, for which sufficient funds were not otherwise forthcoming. The 'campaign' was successful.

OCTOBER 1849

All this though you do not write sonnets, being no Nun to fret<sup>1</sup> in a narrow cell (nor Monk either), you know as well as I do.— Well, in hope of satisfying one or two of my readers if not myself I wish to make a few of my stray sonnets readable by critical eyes. But I find I have not kept copies of several of them. If you have not torn up those that I sent you last, you can supply me with what I want from *one* of them. I can recollect all those except the last *four lines* of that one beginning  
*Up with the Oriflamme!*

Now all I want is that you will send me those *four lines* if you can.—Goodbye.

All well, though some of us are sad enough. There is however a gracious melancholy about autumn. I wish you could see our golden woods just now. The country was never more beautiful.

Remember Noel.—

Yours faithfully

*Endorsed* : Quillinan 1849.

E Quillinan

<sup>1849</sup>  
*Nos. 66b. 67a.*

517. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1849.

*p. 7, line 15.* . . . Our walk [near Sheffield] ended in a call on *James Montgomery*<sup>2</sup> the pious & very respectable poet who I found had not forgotten the single Evening I spent in his company some thirty years ago when we discussed the character of Wordsworth's poetry. . . .

<sup>1849</sup>  
*No. 68a.*

518. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

Nov. XII. 1849.

My dear Robinson,

Do you happen to possess the *first* edition (a private, not published, edition, I think it was) of Serg<sup>t</sup>—now Judge—Talfourd's *Ion*? And if you have it, will you be so good as

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to Wordsworth's sonnet on the sonnet, of which the first lines run :

'Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;  
And hermits are contented with their cells;'

<sup>2</sup> 1771–1854. Remembered mainly as a hymn-writer.



to bring it with you,—or to send it to me by post? In the latter case, I will return it to you when you come.—Another question, with a view to another favour. Have you got Mariotti's *Italy*,<sup>1</sup> the reprint by Chapman of the original vol. that was printed in America some years ago, & the additional vol. now published with it—I should like much to see it if you can conveniently make it your travelling companion. You perhaps may set no extraordinary value on the quality of Mariotti's mind, but I have got a sort of notion, from some extracts that I have seen, that he is no common man. And I should like to judge for myself, so far as I may be able.—Some one told me, or I somewhere heard, that Dr Channing was a weak man; I know little of him & of his works but by his Biography, the Memoirs of his Life, and I find him a strong, & sometimes almost a great, man—I mean in intellect and in character; for he appears to have had but a feeble frame, & that makes his mental energy the more admirable. I hug to my heart such an Unitarian as that. More of my inconsistency you will say. But though you & I have known one another so many long years, & though I trust we are long friends, you know me but cursorily, by snatches as it were, or you would not think me so inconsistent. I am not the less, nor the more, a Papist, for my cordial admiration of Channing—he was really what he called himself, a liberal Christian, & thoroughly *consistent*, according to his views, from the commencement of his ministry to the end. The phrase uttered or written by him at a late period of his life, 'I am little of a Unitarian', is but another proof of his consistency, though it has been interpreted to his prejudice. It merely meant that as he grew older he grew wiser in charity, that he was still more liberal than before towards sincere Christians of all denominations, not that he was the less a Unitarian in his theology. From him I have at last learned to understand what is meant by a Christian Unitarian. I am not going over to you though. On that rock (of Pope Peter) my faith was built & there it stands. But

<sup>1</sup> *Italy, Past and Present* by Antonio Gallenga, ps. L. Mariotti. The two vol. edition of 1848 contains an amplification of the '5th period' of previous editions, and a second title-page: *Present state and prospects of Italy, being the continuation of Italy, past and present.*

NOVEMBER 1849

I owe you the above admission for a bigotted remark that I once made to you, which your good-nature will have forgotten.—

Yours very truly  
Edward Quillinan

Mr & Mrs Wordsworth well and the better for expecting you soon.

1849  
Nos. 74a. b.

519. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Dec 1<sup>st</sup> 1849

p. 6, line 4. . . . I have just had a most kind letter from Wordsworth<sup>1</sup> the first he has written since his daughter's death—He expresses a strong hope that I shall be with him as usual at Christmas—And my intention is to go, but not to stay as long as I have been in the habit of doing—Indeed Ambleside will be thinner than usual. Neither Mrs *Fletcher* the fine old lady at Grasmere whom I used to breakfast with walking some 4 miles to breakfast, Nor that busy & multifarious writer & mesmeriser, Harriet *Martineau* will be there—And the Wordsworths are not as active as in old times. However as old age creeps on us all, there is this consolation attending our own growing weaknesses that as we have less power to act, we have less want of enjoyments of an active nature or of amusements in order to let life pass on with tolerable comfort. . . .

1849  
No. 76.

520. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Sunday Dec<sup>r</sup> 16 1849.

My dear Robinson—

We are all greatly disappointed,<sup>2</sup> and I have barely time to tell you this today before the Postman comes. Yet I don't like to lose a post. Leaving out a line or two only of your letter (as Mrs Arnold was present) I read it to Mr & Mrs Words-

<sup>1</sup> It is not extant among H. C. R.'s papers.

<sup>2</sup> H. C. R. was suffering from a carbuncle and could not travel. He insisted on the use of chloroform when it was lanced and was thus one of the first to experience the benefits of the new anaesthetic.

DECEMBER 1849

worth. They were all pained, yet relieved by the cheerful acc<sup>t</sup> you give of yourself—but all with one voice exclaimed, 'it would be great rashness in him to attempt such a journey'.—So, you *must* not come for some weeks. But Mr & Mrs W. especially desired me to say that come when you will you must know you are welcome, & that they still hope to see you in the Spring, or as early as you *may* & *will* come.—Mr Arnold said, Why, it will be hardly Xmas here without him!—& so we all think. But what must be must. Thanks to the chloroform for saving you the horrors of bodily suffering. We hope you will get good reports from your brother & niece at Bury.—

Pardon me for troubling you about that Book. Supposing you to be well, & coming down before any one else, I thought you of all my men in London the very man to whom a commission of that sort would give the least trouble, because you live within a stone's throw of a hundred old bookshops, & cannot walk into your club without passing fifty. As to the price, not having the least idea whether the book w<sup>d</sup> cost five shillings or five times that sum, I could not give a limit because I wanted it for *work*. So much by way of explanation. But I will tomorrow write to a Lady who is in town, & who is coming to Rydal in a few days to get it for me. Now with all kindest regards & charges to you to take care of yourself & keep quiet,

Your's most truly  
Edward Quillinan

*Endorsed* : 16 Dec 49. Quill:

1849  
No. 77.

521. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 18. 1849

My dear Robinson,

I wrote to you in such a hurry, expecting the postman's horn every moment, on Sunday Evening, that I did not half answer your kind though disappointing letter. I ought to have scolded you, I think, for writing that letter at all, or at least more than two or three lines, for I fear it must have

been painful to you and not prudent to force yourself, to write in such a constrained position—Don't write to us any more till you are once more an upright man.

We shall be very anxious to hear about you, but there are ways & means of getting some notion how you are going on, from other quarters. For example, the Miss Davy's who are in this house talking to my daughters just now, tell me that Mr<sup>s</sup> Davy is gone up to Rydal Mount to read to Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth a letter, about you, which she has received from Dr Boott<sup>1</sup>.—You asked me if I was pleased with the hymn. What will you say to my answer? But I must have courage to tell truth & shame the Devil, and make him take part in *my* shame. I have not got the hymn; I have not read the hymn, I cannot find the hymn, nor recollect that I ever laid eyes upon it. When this letter is gone however, I will have a thorough search among heaps of papers that want 'setting to rights' on my table.—I am disgracefully subject to that sort of hurry that is the maker of confusions. I toss one thing over another, & such a chaos is the consequence that I sometimes find a thing a week or two after it is wanted.—I sometimes do worse than that. A reverend Vicar of a courtly parish near London wrote to me last week to ask this question: 'Do you know of any disengaged Clergyman in your neighbourhood who w<sup>d</sup> be willing to take the duty at Keswick from the 18<sup>th</sup> Inst to the 18<sup>th</sup> of April next, for the father of my friend Mr *Goodenough* Lynn?' I answered that I did *not* know, but w<sup>d</sup> enquire. And I did enquire by the same post in two places, *Carlsle & Canterbury*; both Cathedral towns, & therefore, I thought, the most likely to contain clergymen who had nothing to do. Before I received an answer from either of those places, I got another note from my friend the Vicar near London, thanking me for mine & quietly adding that there was a *postscript* to it which he thought must have been meant for some one else, for it was asking the very question he had asked me! I was a little uneasy at this, and requested him to send me back my note that I might see that postscript. He did so; and lo & behold, what do you think the postscript

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R.'s physician and friend, who was also a near neighbour.

was? I will give it you verbatim.—‘Can you catch me a stray parson and send him to Keswick to look after Mr Lynn’s flock for four months, from the 18<sup>th</sup> Inst to the 18<sup>th</sup> of April next?’—Fancy the courtly vicar reading his own query returned upon his hands in this shape! It was intended for W. Wordsworth Junr.—

Mr Wordsworth also accuses me of not having returned to her the last letter you wrote her. I hope she is mistaken for I can’t find it.—I believe you read the Examiner. I have been unmercifully entertained with Mr Fonblanque’s<sup>1</sup> onslaught on Mr Charles Courvoisier Philips.<sup>2</sup> When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. The Examiner’s trenchant blade has not left Philips a leg to stand on, and I doubt whether, like Sir John Widdington,<sup>3</sup> he will fight it out upon his stumps.—Mr Landor, I perceive by the same paper, is wroth with the Admiralty for having *paid off* Sir James Ross’s Arctic Crew. I daresay that was a matter of course, & that there is no hardship in the case, for they are, I should hope, not only paid off but well paid and furnished with certificates of good service. But Mr Landor proposes a subscription of half-crowns to give them all a Christmas Dinner. What a wild generous fellow Walter Savage is! If I were sure the men had been ill used I would set about collecting half-crowns at every door in these vales to find them in mince pies, and grog to drink Mr Landor’s health.—At all events the men deserve the dinner; and if I hear that it is likely to take place, I will see whether I cannot get Charles Robinson & Lutwidge, who are both

<sup>1</sup> Editor of the *Examiner*, a keen radical journalist and a brilliant conversationalist. ‘He is an excellent man . . . with an honest disgust at iniquity, and taking delight in giving vent to his indignation at wrong. His critical opinions startle me.’ *Diary*, 26 Dec., 1831.

<sup>2</sup> For Charles Phillips see *ante*, note p. 537. In 1840 he defended a valet named Courvoisier, charged with the murder of his master. Phillips was generally condemned for his conduct of the trial. Knowing his client to be guilty, he not only swore to his innocence, but tried to fasten his guilt on another. Cf. his *Correspondence between S. W. and C. P. relative to the Trial of Courvoisier*, 1849.

<sup>3</sup> ‘For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be;  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.’

*The Hunting of the Cheviot*, v. 54.

captains in the Navy, to make a cruise with me in these latitudes in quest of half-crown prizes to make puddings of.—

I suppose Mr Monkhouse will be coming to Rydal for a few days. But what we are to do without *you* this Christmas, I don't know.—The Roughsedges are away. Our only Rydal & Loughrigg neighbours at present are the Fletcher Flemings and the Arnolds. Matthew Arnold comes to-day. A very little farther off, it is true, we have the Davys & our Ambleside neighbours.—Miss Martineau is, as you know, in London.—Mr Carr is not in his best way, poor prisoner as he is always ; and his Sister-in-law, Miss Dowling is in a very precarious condition. The Benson Harrisons are at home.—Charles Robinson, the ex-man of war's man, called at Rydal today to invite you, for Thursday next, to *Whist* and *Oysters*. But, much as we all regret the delay of your visit, we are well content that Dr Boott will not let you come.—My daughters send you kind regards, & best wishes for your speedy recovery.

Your's very sincerely  
Edward Quillinan

*Endorsed (twice) : Dec. 49. Quillinan.*

1849  
No. 80b.

522. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Christmas Night 1849

My dear Robinson,

Just three or four words on our return from Rydal Mount ; lest I should not have time to write to-morrow as I am going out for the greater part of the day.—They,—Mr & Mrs W.—were much interested & pleased with your account of yourself and your letter which I read to them.—Miss Wordsworth also was present & listened with more interest than she usually does to letters from any one. Mrs W. kindly hunted up, after long scrutiny, *The Hymn*,<sup>1</sup> & read it aloud to me ; then I read it aloud to Mr Wordsworth and we all agreed that it is a very good hymn, & that it might be sung at the opening of any

<sup>1</sup> The Hymn which was written for the opening ceremony at University Hall.

church, or of any place of religious Worship. Neither *M<sup>r</sup>* nor *M<sup>rs</sup>* W. had any fault to find with it, & this you know is much from *him* who has in print acknowledged to the world that he is 'slow to admire'.—*M<sup>rs</sup>* W. told me that she had not shewn it to me before, because she had mislaid it, but that she was much pleased with it at first, and had read it to her husband who had forgotten her having done so.—The only objection made was by myself, to a single word, & I am not sure that I am right, though *M<sup>r</sup>* W. was of the same opinion when his attention was drawn to it. I mean the use of the word 'PAVE-MENT' connected with the epithets 'green & bright' as applied to the appearance of the earth when first created.—Our party at Rydal *M<sup>t</sup>* today was composed of eight, besides the host & hostess,—namely Miss Hannah Cookson three of John's Boys, *M<sup>r</sup>* Rolleston our Curate, & my daughters & myself,—Now good night

Your's very truly

E. Q.

Moxon writes me word that the Marco Polo<sup>1</sup> I wanted (*Marsden's*) is a scarce book not to be had much under Four pounds ! far beyond my outlay on any single book. So it is very well that you did not get it, for if you had, I could not have returned it on the booksellers hands, cost what it might.

1850  
Nos. 1b. 2a.

523. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

Jan<sup>y</sup> 2. 1850

My dear Robinson,

It was very satisfactory to see your handwriting yesterday, New Year's Day. I should not so quickly return you thanks for your note, and the report which you kindly give us of yourself and brother, which I read to *M<sup>r</sup>* & *M<sup>rs</sup>* W., but that I want to tell you that we have had your American friend *M<sup>r</sup>* Richmond here. He came on Saturday last. With all his slap-dash manner, he must be a modest man, for though he

<sup>1</sup> Marco Polo's *Travels*, tr. with notes, by W. Marsden. 4o. 1818.

had an introduction to Rydal Mount in a letter from Dr Cr Wordsworth, he called here to ask me to present him to the Poet, saying that he felt unwilling to intrude upon him, until he could be assured from me that his visit w<sup>d</sup> not be unacceptable. He brought a gentleman named Drinkwater with him, a quiet unassuming person, from Liverpool, who, as Mr Richmond told me, had been very kind & attentive to him. Mr R. was on a preaching tour: he was to preach at Kendal on the day following; so there was not much time for Rydal. I accompanied him & his friend to the Mount, left him outside to look about him, and went in to prepare Mr W. as it was after dinner when he is apt to go to sleep for a little while. Mr R. had mentioned on the way the wish of some Lady-friend of his to have an autograph, & his unwillingness to ask for one. So I got him an autograph & then brought him in, and after a few minutes left him with Mr & Mrs W.—Yesterday they told me that they were much amused with him, & the visit seems to have passed off very well, and I hope it was to his gratification. He told Mr W. as he had previously told me, that there were five English Poets, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton & Wordsworth; and that there was also a 6<sup>th</sup>, Martin Farquhar Tupper, the proverbial Philosopher. I demur to that last: he is a clever man; but there are, in my opinion, many scores of English poets far superior to him. But, *chacun à son gout*.—I was sorry his visit was so short.—He did not seem to have seen you lately; and expressed great sorrow at your having been so unwell. He spoke with much gratitude of you. The first thing he saw, to take any particular notice of, was y<sup>r</sup> bust, which he of course recognised at once, as everybody does that has ever seen you. He however c<sup>d</sup> not but recognise it, for he has one like it in America. . . .

p. 8, line 1. . . . Mr & Mrs Wordsworth & John, from Brigham, dine with me to-day. So do Mrs & Matthew Arnold, and Mrs Dunlop, who arrived last night. On New Year's Eve I dined at Foxhow. No other guests there except Mr Fleming's Curate Mr Rolleston, and Mrs Davy. Dr D. did not come, being confined by a cold. His daughters & mine joined us in the evening.



JANUARY 1850

All your friends send you greeting and look to your coming with the daffodils, or very soon after they cease to bloom.—

Yours ever

E. Q.

Is it true that 'Jane Eyre' was written by a clergyman's daughter of York? I hear that Miss Martineau has seen & conversed with her.—

1850  
No. 46.

524. *Mr. George Nottage to W. W.*

[Copy by H. C. R.]

City of London Institution

165 Aldersgate St. London

17<sup>th</sup> Jan 1850

W. Wordsworth Esq<sup>r</sup>

Sir

With profound respect I take the liberty of addressing you upon a subject which must plead my apology for the intrusion

Last evening at the City of London Institution a lecture was delivered by the Rev<sup>d</sup> J. C. Richmond of America on the Anglo Saxon Tongue—In the course of a very rambling & disjointed address he informed his audience that he had lately visited you at Rydal Mount And further proceeded to report the remarks on various subjects & characters which it appeared you were kind & condescend<sup>s</sup> enough to make to him.

Some of these remarks related to living characters & were conveyed with all the little particulars of circumstances & manner, especially so in the instance of Lord Jeffery, whom he informed us, you in a passion denounced as a coxcomb & a puppy /

I humbly conceive that such a retailing in public of conversations held in private must be highly displeasing to you as it certainly involves not only a breach of common politeness but ordinary good feeling and is an act of which no English gentleman can possibly be guilty. I have therefore felt impelled thus to intrude upon you with this unpleasant information, so that

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you may, if in your judgement it seem prudent, cause a communication to be addressed to Mr Richmond which will prevent the repetition of any such gross violation of confidence in any future lecture.

with profound reverence

George S. Nottage

Member of the Comm<sup>ee</sup> of Managem<sup>t</sup> of the City  
of London Institution

1850  
No. 5A a.

525. W. W. jun<sup>r</sup> to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount

18<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>r</sup> 1850—

My dear Sir,

My Father received the enclosed letter this morning, & as we think you may probably know where to find this *refined American Divine* we will thank you if you will kindly endeavour to make him aware of his most *blackguard conduct*, & that my Father is *much disgusted* at so great a breach of domestic confidence—When you have done with the enclosed pray put it under cover to Dr Wordsworth, Cloisters, Westminster with a request that he would return it to his Uncle—

I am glad to find you are almost well again; and I am desirous to say that whenever it suits you you will be a most *welcome* guest at Rydal Mount—

If all be well I may perhaps be able to shake you by the hand as I pass through London on the 4<sup>th</sup> of Feb<sup>r</sup> on my way to Brighton. I hope to spend the 3<sup>rd</sup> with a friend near Leighton Buzzard, & to reach Brighton on the evening of the 4<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup>. I am glad to inform you that we are all quite well in this house, notwithstanding the cold, & the snow which has just commenced falling—With our united best regards I am  
my dear Sir

Yours most affect<sup>ly</sup>

W. Wordsworth Jr.

H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>.

1850  
No. 5a. b.

526. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
Jan<sup>y</sup> 20. 1850.

My dear Robinson—

When I first read y<sup>r</sup> letter this morning I could hardly make out what it was about, for we have been for the last three or four days snowed up, or at least kept indoors by the weather. But my daughters and I, and also M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold, dined today after Church at Rydal M<sup>t</sup> and the matter was made clear enough. What a queer chap that is! But I am not in the least surprised at anything of that sort from any of our transatlantic cousins. If nothing but L<sup>d</sup> Jeffery had been mentioned, I should, without at all justifying the act, only say it served him right. A man who c<sup>d</sup> in his old age, but the other day as it were, reprint & attempt in a note to vindicate the meanness of his Review of 'The Excursion', is not entitled to any tender consideration from Wordsworth, nor from any of his genuine admirers.—M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> W. & W.W Jun<sup>r</sup> as well as the rest of our party were highly entertained by y<sup>r</sup> letter which I read to them after dinner. William stays at Rydal till tomorrow week, then goes to Carlisle for a few days, & expects to be in London about a fortnight hence on his way to his wife at Brighton. He probably will only run through in going, but on his return with her he means to remain in Town for some days & you will, no doubt, see him.

M<sup>r</sup> Monkhouse is not coming to Rydal: but M<sup>rs</sup> & the two Miss Hutchinsons *are*, in March. It is likely, I hope, that you will be here also during some part of their visit. You say nothing of y<sup>r</sup> health, from which I infer that you are all right again.—

By the bye, among the many funny things your Rhode Island Bishop said, after I left him in possession of the poet & his wife, one was that she was 'a *Phantom of delight*', that he had always thought of her as such, that he so found her, & so should ever think of her &c. This seems to have tickled M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth exceedingly.— . . .

JANUARY 1850

<sup>1850</sup>  
No. 6a. 527. Christopher Wordsworth to H. C. R.

Cloisters  
Westminster  
Jan 24 1850

Dear Sir,

Deeply indeed do I regret to see the contents of the letters you enclosed respecting the liberty taken with private communications, and the breach of hospitality received at Rydal Mount.

I will return the letters as you desire. I was very sorry to hear that my Uncle and Aunt have been deprived of the pleasure of your annual visit, and sincerely hope that the cause of their disappointment has now been removed, and that you are enjoying your usual powers of freedom and activity.

I am,  
my dear Sir  
Yours truly  
Chr. Wordsworth

H. C. Robinson Esq

*Endorsed: 1850. Letters about the Yankee Richmond And his conduct tow<sup>as</sup> Wordsworth.*

*Worthless except as illustrative of American Manners.*

<sup>1850</sup>  
Nos. 6b. 7a.

528. H. C. R. to T. R.

Jan 26. 1850

p. 8, line 8. . . . I can't do better than conclude my letter with anecdote tho' of one you know only by name—My wrong-headed American Richmond—Wordsworth has sent me an annoying letter received from a Gent who heard R. lecture on literature in Lond: In his lecture he repeated the private Convers<sup>a</sup> he had with the poet And said that M<sup>r</sup> W in a passion speak<sup>d</sup> of Lord Jeffery called him a coxcomb & a puppy!!! W is indignant of course

I rejoice that R obtained an introduction from D<sup>r</sup> Christ: Wordsw: not from me. R. has gone about canting on Religion He is High Church And hav<sup>s</sup> the gift of the gab has found admirers.

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire . . . .

<sup>1850</sup>  
Nos. 7b. 8a.

529. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Feb 2<sup>nd</sup> 1850

*p. 1, line 14.* . . . It has more than once occurred to me that I might be easily induced, myself, to deliver a lecture, on Wordsworth But I fear I am now too old & too indolent— . . .

<sup>1850</sup>  
Nos. 11a b. 12a.

530. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme.

16<sup>th</sup> Feb 1850

My dear Robinson,

I only write to say that *of course* you are expected at Rydal Mount in Spring; and M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth, to whom, as usual, I read y<sup>r</sup> letter, desired me to tell you to come whenever you like. It will be as well that you sh<sup>d</sup> give them some few days notice, when your day is fixed; that your bedroom may be kept free from any chance visiter's occupation. So I shall not say another word about y<sup>r</sup> coming, till you come. Six weeks or two months hence, this country will be in perfection; and you are not the only London-smoked friend whom I hope to take the air of the mountains with by & by.—But by & by of that too.—I almost think you are too hard upon *Volo episcopari*. He is only a crazed Rhode-Islander broke loose from your keeping. He came to England to convert the Turks and caught a Tartar,—in you his infidus Achates. Poor man! after you had eaten so much macaroni together in the Pope-dom, he must have thought it very unreasonable in you that you would not abandon your anti-church crotchets, and become at least a Puseyite to please him. When he called at Kendal on that charming old Foxite Quakeress M<sup>rs</sup> Brathwaite, he expressed to her his surprise that she still wore the drab. He had heard, he said, with much satisfaction that she had come over to the Church! This I had from herself; but she spoke of him with the most amiable simplicity, taking him for what he probably is, a well-meaning enthusiast. He carries however the certificate of his respectability, & something more, in *your* name, wherever he goes; and you are the only man in England

responsible for him. So you had better look out for his next breeze of oratory. I have no doubt he quotes you as his instructor in theology.—Of his friend Martin Farquhar Tupper's proverbial philosophy I do not think so highly as Mr Hunter does. It seems to me that there is nothing, or at least very little, of original thinking in the book; that the best things in it are only differently worded from what is to be found more plainly, & much more pithily, expressed in Ecclesiastes and the Book of Wisdom. I had another of his publications, 'An Author's Mind,' until the other day when I gave it, with the Proverb<sup>1</sup> Phil<sup>v</sup>, to Mr<sup>s</sup> Luff, who happened to speak of the latter as a book that she had heard praised. A thick volume of Mr Tupper's verse was sent by him to Rydal the other day 'by desire of his friend' (he should have said *your* friend) Mr Richmond. He is, no doubt, a fluent clever, writer, but I do not think, as Mr Richmond thinks, that he is quite up to the mark of Milton, nor that he was even quite the person competent to finish a poem by Coleridge, yet he *has finished* Christabel.

I have read Mr Carlyle's last brochure.<sup>1</sup> He is very fond of calling names, imputing heartless motives, and denying all brains but those that are in his own head; yet I believe him to be neither more nor less than an Arch-Sham himself. After all his solemn botherment, delivered with oracular contortions, what is his *nostrum* for human misery? *Work!* Not a very new idea, being about as old as the spade of Adam; though this particular application of it to the turning up the bones of the Druids on Salisbury Plain,<sup>2</sup> and ploughing the Bog of Allen, is stolen from Lord Castlereagh, who said, that rather than that the people should not work, he would set them to dig holes and fill them up again. Mr Carlyle's theory of work would be about as productive of good to the British & Irish Community:—no, it would be far more detrimental in its

<sup>1</sup> *Latter Day Pamphlets* appeared in 1850. No. I. *The Present Time*. 1 Feb., 1850.

<sup>2</sup> Op. cit. 'I will lead you . . . to the English fox-covers, furze-grown Commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains: . . . destined yet to grow green crops, and fresh butter and milk and beef without limit.'

Carlyle, *Centenary Edition*, vol. xx, pp. 45-6.

results ; for the grain wrung from waste lands would be at the cost of enormous capital ; and unsaleable when produced, unless it were sold cheaper than free-trade corn from abroad. Mr Carlyle is fond of new words when they are queer. *His* flour is 'Bread-stuff' ; all wind and blatter, which,

' Though plenteous, all too little seems <sup>1</sup>

To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps '.

His shower of manna is as alimantal as a fever-sweat, and not so wholesome. I am told that he has lost not a few of his admirers by his advocacy of free-trade in negroes. If that be so, it should moderate his faith in the chief idol of his hero-worship, his very quaint & clever Self.—The motto to his 'Present Time' Pamphlet should have been,

' It is a reeling world,

And I believe 'twill never stand upright

Till THOMAS wears the garland '.<sup>2</sup>

He has caught the mantle of Cobbett who insisted that things would never be right till *he* got into Parliament, but Carlyle is more ambitious ; he wants to be *the* Parliament

Always yours most truly

Edward Quillinan

Have you read Emerson's seven lectures on Representative Men ? There are many good things to be found in them. I am not sure, that you w<sup>d</sup> take Swedenborg at the Lecturer's valuation. Your friend Goethe represents 'the Writer', but in a very comprehensive sense indeed. I like better to tell you about my neighbours, your friends & mine, who are not, I hope the less my friends, as well as your's, because we read out of different books.—Arnolds Davys Martineau &c &c. All well . . .

p. 11, line 6. . . . Now, good friend, admire my charity : I am not one whit less cordial in my regard for you and respect

<sup>1</sup> *Paradise Lost*, x. 600 : ' which here though plenteous ' &c. as quoted.

<sup>2</sup> *Richard III.* iii. ii. 44.

' It is a reeling world indeed, my Lord :

And I believe will never stand upright,

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.'

## FEBRUARY 1850

for your judgment on many points—because we differ so totally in what regards the most essential point of all—Faith—As to politics, I do not think we do really differ in the main. And as to these Sonnets<sup>1</sup> I am determined we shall not differ, for I give them up to your criticism or rather to your silent indifference.—I do not think I care much about them myself—nor about anything I write, except while the novelty, or what seems new to one's own mind, has the first gloss on it.—This carelessness, or hopelessness, of my own productions is not caused by irreverence for the Art Poetic, but by my extreme veneration for it, and I say this with no mock-modesty either, for I believe none but a poet can feel that veneration in its excess.—I am reading *through* Wordsworth again, and I feel no sort of diminution of *passion* for his verse, yet I like Pope as much as I did when I was a boy; & therefore I am sure that Pope is a poet as well as Wordsworth, however different, & however lustily the Cockneys<sup>2</sup> may cry, *Nay*.

1850  
Nos. 17a. b.

531. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

March 1. 1850

p. 8, line 18. . . . I have had W: Wordsworth [junior] at breakfast this morning. He is disturbed by hav<sup>e</sup> had his salary greatly reduced as a stamp distributor And he naturally complains of an economical governm<sup>t</sup> But he acknowledges that the Whigs have acted liberally towards his Grandson<sup>3</sup> who is a pupil at Woolwich— . . .

1850  
No. 21b.

532. *John Miller to H. C. R.*

March 5<sup>th</sup> 1850.

p. 2, line 6. . . . I was not aware that you were so great a votary of Wordsworth; it would be inadequate to pronounce him [J. K. Miller] less than an *idolater*. So that here alone is a sufficient pass-word of free-masonry between you.

We had the honour of having the said illustrious bard for a guest here—to dine & sleep—in the Autumn of 1845; but

<sup>1</sup> His own, which he has been discussing on the omitted pages.

<sup>2</sup> The so-called Cockney School of poetry.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. the poet's. W.W. jun. was born in 1810 and married only in 1847.



MARCH 1850

I should fear that time & sorrow may have sadly bowed him down since then. He was on a short visit to a nephew some five miles from us—& tarried for a night, with Mr Wordsworth—in transit to his brother's-in-law at Malvern.

In the chance of amusing you—certainly not from any vanity, on the score of *poetic* fancy, I enclose a copy of a serio-jesting form of invitation,<sup>1</sup> & of a little tribute found by him on his dressing-table when he retreated to bed, by way of soothing him to genial repose. The last is by 'J. E<sup>2</sup>';—single 'J.'<sup>3</sup> was perpetrator of the first. The gradual advance & eventual triumph of the Laureate, as a poet, is surely a singular phenomenon of our times; with which those who have been honest and consistent admirers have some right to be well pleased. But let me not be tedious.<sup>3</sup> . . .

*Bundle 2, Miscellaneous* 533. *H. C. R. to T. Paynter.*  
*IV, xxvii.*

[April 1850]

p. 6, line 14. . . . The accounts from Rydal are alarming I fear that the great poet is approaching to what will be the commencement of his fame as a poet—For there seems an unwillingness to acknowledge the highest merit in any living man— . . .

<sup>1850</sup>  
*Nos. 27a. b.*

534. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

Tuesday—April 23. 1850.

My dear Robinson

I hardly know where you are, nor what to say to you. I hope you have not thought me remiss; but, from day to day, for the last fortnight or three weeks (up to Saturday last), we were in such an uncertain state, that the report of one day, w<sup>d</sup> but

<sup>1</sup> Not preserved among H. C. R.'s papers.

<sup>2</sup> The initials respectively of the brothers Miller. The third (see ante) was J.K.

<sup>3</sup> The endorsement, on the previous paper in this vol. of H. C. R.'s correspondence, is a summary of the letter written in answer to John Miller on Mar. 7. The last line but one runs:

My love of Wordsw: his lines to me—

APRIL 1850

have contradicted that of the preceding one ; & I painfully felt that such was the case, so long as I continued to report almost daily to M<sup>rs</sup> Hoare & Miss Fenwick.—The *physical* debility & other symptoms of a fatal termination are no longer in the least doubtful.—I cannot attempt to give you any particulars at present.

John & William are here : (that is, at Ryd<sup>l</sup> M<sup>t</sup>) also the Miss Hutchinsons who chanced to be on a visit when the illness began ; & whose Mother is also daily expected ; M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson will probably be of much help & solace to M<sup>rs</sup> W. who bears all this wonderfully, so far. Miss W. too is as much herself as she ever was in her life, & has an almost absolute *command* of her own will ! does not make noises ; is not all self ; thinks of the feelings of others (M<sup>rs</sup> W's for example), is tenderly anxious about her brother ; &, in short, but for age & bodily infirmity, is almost *the* Miss Wordsworth we knew in past days. Whether this will last, or be the sign that she will not long survive her brother, is beyond us.—M<sup>r</sup> W's mind is, when it is brought out, *perfectly clear*, & has been so throughout ; but tranquil & reserved ; he has for the most part been so quiet as almost to seem asleep when he was not so ; except when aroused by those about him, or by his *doctors*. *All* of the latter he has dreaded ; he felt that they disturbed him, or caused him to be disturbed, by ordering him ' to be *got up* ' (of all things what he most shrinks from) or by suggesting other expedients that did him no good ; & perhaps he thought, perhaps knew, that they *could* do no good.

It seems doubtful whether he may not yet survive many days, & have much suffering to go through ; or whether he may pass away very soon & almost insensibly.—

If the horrible torment which I forebode from what are by Nurses called, I believe, *bed-sores*—(for that distressing sort of gangrene is manifest—) be coming upon him, surely *chloroform*, if it c<sup>d</sup> be administered during the time of getting him up & dressing those sores—the painful time,—would be a mercy. But I know nothing about it. I often think of you : but one trial of it for a merely local operation in a strong & hale old man, & a similar proceeding once a day, or perhaps twice, on a still

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older man in the last stage of debility, are two very different things ; & the latter may be impossible.—I HAD WRITTEN THUS FAR *when your letter came*.—I must put by the many interesting things in it,—& I will only in passing observe that I have a pleasant gleam of *your* Flaxman Gallery before me at this moment, & shall not forget y<sup>r</sup> promise to introduce me to it the first time I go to Town.—Dr Chris W. & his Wife on their way to Perthshire, will be at Ryd<sup>l</sup> M<sup>r</sup> for three days at the end of this month.—He will be tasked to write *the Life* even sooner perhaps than he expected. A stupid paragraph in the Westmoreland Gazette about 3 weeks since, intimating in the clumsiest possible way, M<sup>r</sup> W's illness, was copied into the Times & most other papers, & caused me, & still causes me, to be daily harassed with letters of enquiry from all quarters, high & low, friends & strangers ; & *very troublesome* as it is, I rather submit to the infliction than offend well-meaning though not always considerate, enquirers. I answer them *all* ! You may suppose I have enough to do, though to some I am *very curt*.

Yours ever.

Endorsed : Quillinan, 28 Apl. 50.

E. Q.

Bundle 2, Miscellaneous  
24.

535. H. Martineau to H. C. R.

Ambleside

Dear friend

Tuesday [28 April.]

I don't know whether you will hear today from any other quarter of the death of our old friend Wordsworth. Yesterday it was thought—& *feared*—that he might linger for some days—suffering sadly from long lying in one posture. He sank much during the night, & died at noon today.

I have just time to say this much to you & to Mr Moxon (to whom I send a line) before post time. Believe me ever, with much sympathy in the emotions this event will call forth,

Yours most truly

H. Martineau

Endorsed : 1850. Har: Martineau. Autograph.

APRIL 1850

1850  
No. 28.

536. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
April 30. 1850

My dear Robinson

A paper in Mr W.'s handwriting was shown to me today at Rydal M<sup>t</sup> in which he requests any of his more intimate friends, but particularising no others but You & me, to give his Biographer, Dr C. W., any aid in our power. You will probably be applied to on the subject, and this is only a private intimation to you from myself. I shall willingly render Dr W. any assistance that I can; without interfering or wishing to interfere, with his narrative; for I think a biography of this sort sh<sup>d</sup> be the production of one mind.

With one very valuable contribution I *can* furnish him: Mr W's notices of his own Poems, as dictated by him to Miss Fenwick, for Dora; & given to me by Miss F, who will quite approve of my letting Dr W. have the use of them.—He seems to take up the matter in a very good spirit, without any self-interest whatever, beyond the exceeding honour of being his Uncle's Biographer.

All as in my last.

Your's most faithfully  
Edward Quillinan.

H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>.

Wednesday, 1<sup>st</sup> May. The foregoing was written last night. Thanks for your letter received this morning. You do not seem to have taken my meaning exactly, in what I wrote to you by way of explanation of your not having been formally & in 'due time' requested to attend—& perhaps I had not quite understood your's to which mine was an answer. Personally I had nothing to be hurt about: I sh<sup>d</sup> have been hurt to think that you sh<sup>d</sup> suppose that at such a time we could forget you. But as you are, as you ought to be, quite satisfied, that that c<sup>d</sup> not be, there is an end of the matter.—

I have not been up to Rydal M<sup>t</sup> today yet: but Dr & Mr<sup>s</sup> C<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth, who have been here, tell me Mr<sup>s</sup> W. continues

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well and all as usual. In great hurry—almost too late—having to close this before I go up to Rydal to dinner, & it being now close upon the hour

E. Q.

1850  
No. 90b.

537. *Wordsworth's Notes*<sup>1</sup>

*copied from a copy by W. W. Junr.*

Rydal Mount 16 Nov<sup>r</sup> 47.

This morning at my request my nephew Dr Chr Wordsworth has kindly undertaken if he survives me, to prepare for publication any notices of my life that may be deemed necessary to illustrate my writings And by this document I express a wish that my family Executors & Friends may furnish him with any information or memorandums that they may possess which he may think useful to aid him in the Work.

William Wordsworth

Witnessed by Mary Wordsworth.

*a true copy. W. W.*

To Dr Chr Wordsworth. Cloisters Westminster.

My Sons, Son-in-law, dearest Miss Fenwick, Mr Carter & Mr Robinson with whom I have travelled, will I am surely [*sic*] be kindly disposed to give you any help & information you may require when writing the brief personal notices you dear Christopher undertook to prepare to be attached to my writings

Signed W. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount

17 Jan: 1848

*a true copy.*

W. W.

1850  
Nos. 30a b.

538. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

8/4 May. 1850

p. 6, line 16. . . . I saw Cookson yesterday And heard from him some parlars, concerning the intended publication of Wordsworths unpublished Works.—There will soon appear a public announcement—Dr Christ Wordsworth is to write a life—But it is not to be much more than a collection of notes illustra-

<sup>1</sup> In H. C. R.'s handwriting.

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tive of his poems—He left a paper with the D<sup>r</sup> on which he wrote ‘My Sons Son-in-law, dearest Miss Fenwick M<sup>r</sup> Carter & M<sup>r</sup> Robinson with whom I have travelled will I am sure be kindly disposed to give you any help & information you may require when writing the brief personal notices you dear Christopher undertook to prepare to be attached to my writings’ This will interest you

The poem which contains the history of the formation of his character will consist of 14 cantos I shall await its appearance with some anxiety

I know D<sup>r</sup> Christ: Wordsw: does not like me And perhaps will not apply to me. I fear he will try to make W: appear as a Puseyite But he cannot get rid of the Sonnet on Young England.

‘Young England what is then become of old  
Of dear old England’—

M<sup>rs</sup> W: expects to see me soon. I had a letter from her today—It was on a matter of great delicacy & confidence.—I shall write to her soon And of course express my readiness to go. . . .

1850  
Nos. 32a, b

539. H. C. R. to T. R.

May 11<sup>th</sup> 1850.

p. 3, line 4. . . . Before I give the details of my history let me say that I think the single fact recorded in your’s of more value than all mine put together—Sarah has taken to read Wordsworth with more admiration than formerly—This I rejoice to hear—a genuine love of Wordsworth will protect her against sinking into the slough of vulgar Evangelicism of which I have been afraid. By the bye I have something to tell you in connection with W: I have had letters from M<sup>rs</sup> W. as well as Quillinan and William W: I find I was expected at the funeral but it is acknowledged that the due information was not sent me And that there was no remissness imputable to me—M<sup>rs</sup> W writes in an admirable spirit She concludes her letter with—We hope to see you soon—And I have answered I shall await your intimation of the fitting time.

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Yesterday I was accosted by Archdeacon Hare who said he had been looking out for me several days. He has asked me to attend at a preliminary meeting on Monday at the bishop of Londons in order to deliberate on the means of doing fit honour to the great poet by a public manifestation, that is, a *monument* of some kind or other—It is wished to have a representative of every class And I suppose I am to represent the Liberals. It is remarkable that the most zealous of Wordsworths admirers have been the Unitarians & High Church—The Evangelicals within & without the Church have been his despisers—in couple with the rationalists of the Scotch School. I shall from time to time tell you how things go on. . . .

540. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Bundle 2, Miscellaneous  
IV. p. 8.

Loughrigg Holme  
May 11. 1850.

My dear Robinson,

We were all quite sure of the interest that would be taken in a suitable tribute to the memory of the great poet among his influential reverers in Town: and we had some discussion about it a week or two ago, on the occasion of its being proposed by several of our neighbours to erect some monument in the New Church about to be built at Ambleside. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth said that anything of that sort in this Lake-Country should be *within the church of GRASMERE*. But her Husband had no wish as to his remains, but that they should rest near those of his kindred in Grasmere Church Yard; and all that the family propose to do is to mark his Grave by a plain Headstone, with nothing but the name, William Wordsworth, inscribed on it; feeling that it is not for them, but for the Country, to which his fame belongs, to do him more elaborate honour.

Dr Christopher Wordsworth was of opinion that there should be a marble Bust, after Chantrey's, in Westminster Abbey. I think so too, and *all* assent—but we also think there should be some monument in the Grasmere Church; and it may be proper that the committee should know this, and consider

whether both may not be accomplished. Mrs Wordsworth would not like to be put forward in the matter ; and would leave it entirely to the decision of her Husband's friends in London. An Almshouse would require a considerable fund for endowment ; and we have no Poor that I know of either at Rydal or Grasmere, who are not well cared for. Ambleside, where there is a larger & an increasing Population, may be in need of some help in that way.—Miss Martineau would, I have no doubt, be all for cottage-building there ; and I believe, if the means were at her disposal, she would, in her active benevolence, smother up the whole Vale with Cottages—She has just returned from Dr Stolterfoth's at Armathwaite.

You are quite right about Bar[r]on Field's papers (an imposing name that Bar[r]on) They need not trouble themselves about them.—You are quite wrong about Dr Cristopher [*sic*] W's feelings towards You. I *know them* to be most friendly. As to your theology, that is a different affair ; he hates that, I dare say : but so he does mine : he is a High Anglican, equally eschewing the ultra-sense of Rome and the Common-Sensism of Servetus. I do not like him a bit the worse for that, though I am not in the least influenced by his fervor in polemics. I only hope he will not, in the Life of the Catholic Poet, press the Ecclesiastical Sonnets too hard into the service. Nor do I much apprehend that he will. He is to be here again with his Wife, on their way town-ward from Perthshire, next Tuesday, to stay till Friday. I have given him those precious Notes ; to be dealt with at his discretion, & then returned to me. But what if he uses them all up ? Patience ! It would have been as well perhaps to have left him to write the Life, and me to edit the unpublished Poem, and to use *my* treasure of Notes as I might think proper with You for a check. But you & I w<sup>d</sup> probably have agreed to print those Notes entire. Perhaps he will do so ; for I have not told him not. However, I have nothing to complain of ; and I am too proudly humble to grudge him his high honour I do not sup . . .

[Incomplete.]



MAY 1850

1850  
No. 33a.

541. *J. W. Hare to H. C. R.*

[May 18 1850]

My dear Mr Robinson,

We are to hold a Meeting at Judge Coleridge's at 1/4 past 4 on Monday, 26 Park Crescent. I hope you will be able to be there

Yours very truly  
J W Hare

*Endorsed* : [Above letter.] There attended the Meeting—18—

Bp of London	Rogers
— Landaff	Boxall <sup>1</sup>
Dean Milman	J Coleridge
Arch. Hare	Prof Scott <sup>2</sup>

[And on back.]

13 May 1850. Arch. Hare. Meeting Wordsworth's Monument. — *Autograph*. Archdeacon Julius Hare. An excellent man & divine.

1850  
No. 33b.

542. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[May 18<sup>th</sup> 1850.]

p. 2, line 1. . . I could half fancy that people in general have felt the Solemnity of Wordsworth's death as I did nor will the feeling with me ever pass away. I shall never feel exactly as I did before—I hope that the Poem on his own Life will be got out as soon as possible lest I should not live to see it. There are parts of it which I remember as well (not the order of words but the meaning & feeling) as any that are printed—Don't encourage any feeling with regard to Dr Christopher Wordsworth that may set you at a distance from him. Take for granted that above all things he would desire not to *misrepresent* his Uncle. When do you think you will go to Rydal? Oh how I wish I had the power of going there! . . .

<sup>1</sup> The artist.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Scott was appointed professor of English Literature at University College, London, in 1848. Three years later he became principal of Owen's College, Manchester.

MAY 1850

Bundle 2, Miscellaneous  
IV, v.

543. Quillinan to H. C. R.

May 15 [1850]

Loughrigg Holm[e]

My dear Robinson

Only time to say, Thanks.—That passage in the Spectator, published on the day when we followed the Great Poet to his Grave, is worthy of the Clique of Would-Bes from whom I take it to come. I set it down, till I have authority for a different mark, to Mr Thornton Hunt,<sup>1</sup> whom I suppose to be the representative in the Spectator of that precious set of Quid-Nuncs who modestly style themselves the New Spirits of the Age! Messrs Hone,<sup>2</sup> Leigh Hunt &c. The latter coxcomical [*sic*] old fellow ought to be ashamed of himself; for W. had always rather a kindly feeling towards him though he knew him well.—Read the Parallel in 'The New Spirits of the Age' (a Book, however, that fell deadborn from the press, five or six year ago) between Wordsworth & Leigh Hunt! Between an Elephant & a white Mouse, as I observed at the time; for both are of the same genus, though there is some difference in the size. That parallel was, I understood, nominally Mr Horne's, & much of it might be his, or any one's else; but if several pages of it were not written by Leigh Hunt himself, I know nothing of the vanities of style in Cockney Literature, nor especially of the peculiar and, in its way, very amusing manner of L. H's self complacencies.—In that paper, Wordsworth has 'no imagination'—that is settled.—

Your list of the Committee, we think, even with the omitted names that you add, looks but a poor affair, Every one of the persons mentioned is no doubt distinguished in his circle & several are public men, but there are some of the names that are little, if at all, known to the Public: and I think the thing will fall through if you have not the names of more men who represent something *in the world's eye*.—Lord Lonsdal [*sic*], Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel,—but I wd not only have

<sup>1</sup> Son of Leigh Hunt, a journalist and at one time editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

<sup>2</sup> R. H. Horne (1803–1884), editor of *A New Spirit of the Age*, 1844.

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Aristocrats High Churchmen, & a Statesman like Peel, abused & claimed by all parties, but a man of the craft like Rogers, & leading Dissenters—but *they should be all men well known*. That is the way to come handsomely before the *tax-paying* world, in such a case, if I mistake not.—

[Incomplete.]

1850  
Nos. 34b. 35a.

544. H. C. R. to T. R.

May 18<sup>th</sup> 1850

p. 1, line 7. . . . You make an enquiry concerning the going on of the Wordsworth Monument affair of which you have read something—A paragraph in which my name does *not* appear—Do not wonder at that. In the estimation of *some* who take a lively interest in this matter, I am either an insignificant man Or even a black sheep, by which the purity & the character of the whole flock are in some measure affected All this I should have told you in its due place without any enquiry on your part. . . .

p. 2, line 3. . . . [I] saw Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold—Her invalid daughter is recovering—And her own sorrows lightened she could let her affections expand over the Wordsworth family. . . .

p. 3, line 6. . . . On Monday was the meeting at Mr J: Coleridge's abo<sup>t</sup> which you saw a paragraph—Present, the bishops of London & St David—Milman, the Dean of St Pauls (Milman) & Archdeacon Hare—of whose works I believe Sarah knows something—he is an anomalous Character—Latitudinarian in the best Sense of the world [*sic*] And accused of being it in the worst. A lover of *Wordsworth*—and of *Gothe* at the same time. No wonder that I look up to him And that he tolerates me—In him this movement originates he was very earnest in making me take a prominent part—Saying All classes must be represented I laughed 'Even the *Heretics* I understand you'—I am put on a Sub-Committee & find the intention is to have a bust at West: Abbey A memorial in Grasmere Church and *possibly* if there be a Surplus—some institution There were but 18 assembled—All sorts of names have been added—Eminencies of all sorts—I shall send you the printed papers

when they come—It is intended to have if possible numerous subscriptions of a Guinea—including the different members of a family—He himself subscribes £10 and his wife a Sovereign The bishop of London headed the subscription with £25 And there were several among the clergy who with Hare gave £10. I told H: at the first that I wished to give as largely as I could with propriety—He wanted me to put down £25 also, but that I declared to be an *impertinence*—however as he said that there was a danger lest £10 should be a sort of maximum except for *dignities* I consented tho' reluctantly & with a protest to put down £20—Hare's plea was an intimate friend of lower position in society and of smaller means may with great propriety exceed in amount the subscriptions of the others who are *not* private friends There will be numerous smaller subscriptions *Quillinan* wrote word that it was wished that there should be also the names of leading men among the Dissenters—I answered that among the Orthodox I knew not a single man of taste whom I could name That, strange enough, among the U<sup>s</sup> were his warmest admirers—And among these I knew no one whom I could put down. Besides I would not *try* the good nature & liberality of the Churchmen too much—I thought of propos<sup>s</sup> Dr *Donaldson*<sup>1</sup> & Mr *Donne*, but I both doubted the propriety of *my* doing this And whether they would like to be named.—I shall try to see J Coleridge's Son today who is a sort of Secretary. And if I could, I would add a P.S. to this letter. This matter interests me much—The bishop of Oxford<sup>2</sup> is also on the Committee—but as there is not to be a public meeting There will be no danger of our meeting But were we to meet I should be better behaved than he—for being more indifferent than he I could without affectation be quite at my ease—The only applications I have made for names to be subscribed are—To Sir James Stephen and to Lady Rolfe for the Baron—I shall try to have the printing

<sup>1</sup> 'two capital talkers, both scholars and Liberals.' *Diary*, Aug. 24, 1847. Donaldson was head master of Bury School, but subsequently resigned the post owing to the unpopularity caused by his 'freedom of opinion and of speech'. He died in 1861. Donne was appointed to the Examinership of Plays in 1857. He wrote *Essays on the Drama* and edited the *Correspondence of George III with Lord North*.

<sup>2</sup> Wilberforce.

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postponed in order to get on a few other names. Cookson is already included I wish I was younger & more fit for bustling than I am just now.

On Tuesday I breakfasted with Rogers. The old man is becoming less fit for general society he is deaf and loses his good humour But he is in his 86<sup>th</sup> or 87<sup>th</sup> year—There is still a great deal of wit & point in his talk . . .

1850  
No. 35b.

545. *H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick*

30 Russell Square

20 May [18]50.

My dear Madam

There is a sad imperfection in language after all that men of genius & thought have done. We want a distinct set of words by which we may express our feelings at an incident by which pain is assuaged and suffering relieved and an approach made to enjoyment. I felt this when I sat down just now to address a few lines to you. For I felt the impropriety of saying that I was *glad* or *rejoiced* to hear of your arrival at Rydal Mount—A considerable time must elapse before joy or gladness can be associated with Rydal Mount—Yet I have at the same time felt that the grief which must be felt at the departure of the husband the brother the father & friend is, if not overpowered, yet modified by a sense of his greatness—And of the imperishability of such a mind—! For—

When the Mighty pass away  
What is it more than this,  
That Man who is from God sent forth  
Doth yet again to God return ? <sup>1</sup>

Yet I feel that I can say this to you with more propriety than to our dear friend his relict—

You will take an interest in the attempt made to give public expression to the sense of reverence which is so widely spread—I have not thought myself warranted in writing more than two

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth, *Lines written in Expectation of the Death of Mr. Fox*, ll. 19–22 ; The first line should read : ‘ But when the great and good depart ’

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letters requesting to be permitted to put down their names as of the Committee—One to Sir James Stephen—The other to Lady Rolfe. . . .

p. 8, *line* 10. I beg my affectionate regards to dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth. . . .

1850  
No. 36a.

546. *John Kenyon to H. C. R.*

89 Devonshire Place  
May 20. [1850]

Dear H. C. R.

I have received a paper about the Wordsworth testimonial—I will give £5 towards the Monument exclusively—or £25 if all the Money got is to be expended on the Monument—Why not make it a pyramid (if you have money enough?)—But I will give nothing to any Wordsworth Institution—the plain meaning of which seems to be ‘We shall get plenty of money thro’ the name of Wordsworth more than the Monument will require—and it will be a pity to refuse the Money of those who will give it!!

Would it not be more delicate to say ‘We have Money enough for our Monument and will not take more, which must probably be withheld [*sic*] from some other as useful work’—

Perhaps, very logically speaking, there is no need for any marble to those ‘who in our wonder and astonishment Have built themselves a living monument’. But it has been the custom of all ages to do this honor—And a loving posterity have a natural desire to see (as it were, in the body) those from whose great spirits they have reaped profit and delight.—Chauuntrys bust will do this.

Beyond these objects—if Wordsworths name deserves to live, it will need no Wordsworth Institution—I suppose that next week we shall have application for a Shakespeare Scholarship or a Homer Almshouse—

In the mean time what I save out of the Wordsworth Institution—£20—I will give to our University Hospital. You know that this is no new crotchet of mine—I refused somewhat indignantly to pew Keswick Church—and shall certainly keep

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clear of this mode of testifying admiration of a poet, with all its probable votings and jobbings.

Put me down in y<sup>r</sup> List Thou virtuous Sub Committee Man—for One hundred Shillings—

J. Kenyon.—

Why do you not put out two Subscriptions—?

One for the Monuments one for the testimonial—It might be less profitable, but would be more direct to each purpose—

—It would seem insolent to ask it—and I do not impose it as a condition for my pitiful £5—but I would prefer to pay my Subscription towards the Monuments solely—

But as this might seem insolent or crotchety put me down generally for £5—only—You will know why I give so moderately

*Endorsed*: 20 May 50. John Kenyon. Subscription to Wordsworth Monument.

1850  
Nos. 37a. b.

547. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

Whit-Tuesday. 1850

My dear Robinson,

21<sup>st</sup> May

I suggest two only in addition to Mr Benson Harrison whom you mention—namely Dr Davy and Matthew Arnold, & Mrs W. says she thinks there are no other of this neighbourhood, or representing families in it, that need be introduced into the list.—Matthew Arnold I name as the representative of all the Arnold Family, but as perhaps the naming him might involve a subscription (however moderate) you will judge whether it w<sup>d</sup> be right.—Mr Benson Harrison is contemplating doing something *very* munificent in regard to a Wordsworth Chapelry in the New Ambleside Church, and I am not sure that Dr Davy may not be in the secret & have something to do with it.—But it is a secret, & you will treat it as one whether it is to come to anything or not. It is possible that this notion might interfere with the wish that Dr D & Mr B. H. must otherwise have to be members of the Committee—but I will let you know, & in the mean time there *can* be *no harm* in

proposing them, for the names might be withdrawn on good reason given—

You will no doubt hear from both from [sic] Sir J Stephen & B<sup>r</sup> Rolfe, Miss Fenwick thinks, & so do I. People don't always answer promptly—a Judge, I suppose, takes time to have his wig powdered, to have it properly adjusted to his head, & then to adjudicate the question.—

I do not know whether Miss F. is writing to thank you for her note: I forgot to ask her: perhaps she gave me some message to you: but she was going to drive out, & M<sup>rs</sup> Luff came in, & we were altogether rather in a confusion.

A letter from Dr C<sup>r</sup> W. to day tells me that he is going to call on you. There will be no difficulty about the *Life* now that the principle on which it is to be written is understood on all sides. I have had some strange letters on the subject—One of them says 'I see with regret by an Advertisement in the Newspapers that the *Life* of your Father-in-law is to be written by a man *who did not know him!*'—I was rather struck & amused by the phrase, & the objection, though not in the same pithy words, has been made from other quarters. There is no doubt that you & I both knew Wordsworth much better than his nephew knew him: but in some respects he is quite the proper man; & those friends of mine are much mistaken who suppose I much dislike the arrangement for there are many reasons, & one or two of them very weighty ones, why I am well contented not to be saddled with the responsibilities attached to the office of a faithful chronicler.

Sheet '2'<sup>1</sup> . . . by making a fuller biography of it to exclude or invalidate any that may and will come from unauthorised quarters. I saw good reason in this & so did M<sup>rs</sup> W & M<sup>r</sup> Carter (an *Executor*, for C. W. is *not* his literary executor, nor is he named in the will at all, but in the two papers you saw, as edit<sup>r</sup> the Poem & writing the life or sketch of the life.) But yet M<sup>rs</sup> W. was afraid that in yielding assent, she was going contrary to her Husband's wish; & C. W. was hardly gone before she wrote him a note, suspending her consent till Miss Fenwick's arrival—Miss Fenwick strengthened her scruples at first, knowing well that

<sup>1</sup> So numbered. Sheet '2' is missing.



MAY 1850

Mr W. did not wish for a full biography in the fashion of the times ; that he even detested the idea of it as a vehicle of impertinence. But a letter today (Sunday, I am adding this) from the Doctor has satisfied them both, that the biography may be enlarged without any disregard to Mr W's known sentiments—& by Mr W's desire I have just written to C.W. telling him that he has her consent so far to enlarge on the Sketch at first contemplated as to give anything, or everything, that may illustrate the Poet in the Man—but to exclude all that is not necessary to that object. So, he will come down here & do his work.

Does anything detain you in town just now ? Can't you pay your visit now—taking a bedroom, I should recommend at the bottom of the hill, Mrs Irving's.—If you can't come now or very soon, Chris W. will be come, Mrs W. gone to Brigham or Carlisle ; & then you w<sup>d</sup> have to defer your visit till the Autumn. If you could come now, say in a week or two, it w<sup>d</sup> be very nice—Miss Fenwick being at Rydal Mt. Think of this & let me know.

Yours ever

E Q:

<sup>1850</sup>  
No. 36b.

548. *Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

May 22<sup>d</sup> 1850

My dear Mr Robinson

Tho' I know you do not lack information from Rydal Mount you will be glad of a few lines from me in the first place to thank you very gratefully for your kind note—and to tell you that I found my dear Friend here as well as one could expect her to be, and all that her most loving & anxious friend could wish she should be—She does indeed *feel* the truth—better far than He knew it & expressed it so happily—' Thou takest not away Oh death—thou strikest,—Absence perisheth—

Indifference is no more ;

The future brightens on our sight

For on the past has fallen a light—

That tempts us to adore,—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth, *Elegiac Stanzas* (' O for a dirge ! '), ll. 51-4. *For* has read bath.

MAY 1850

You will easily imagine all that is sad—and all that is consoling to me in this visit—I seem to feel the beauty of *this May*—and all that is enchanting in the scenery about me more than ever—the sadness is still in harmony with the scene—and I do feel it good for me to be here.—Mr Quillinan I know will tell you of all that is done or intended to be done—I have no doubt but that you will hear or have heard from Lady Rolfe & Sir J Stephen e'er now—I trust there will be a great Manifestation of feeling as regards his memory—Monumental memorials & Inscriptions he always deprecated—but such a living memorial as a Studentship in each of the Universitys would have been after his mind—not Oxford & Cambridge alone—but your College & King's College—Durham & Dublin also the Scotch Universitys—I had a letter from the Warden of Durham on the subject of a memorial there—he mentioned a Studentship & I said what I am now saying—it was at Durham he received his first public honors—and I hope they there may also take the lead in some such testimonial of their value for his memory.

Dear Mr Robinson I do hope we may meet here—if not you really must come & see me in Somersetshire—Our dear Friend sends her most affect regards

& I am with all that is most kind on my own part

Yours most sin<sup>ly</sup>

Isabella Fenwick.

*Endorsed* : May 1850. Miss Fenwick.

1850  
Nos. 38a b.

549. H. C. R. to T. R.

May 23<sup>rd</sup> 1850

p. 5, line 5. . . . On Sunday I drank tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher whose name you may recollect as one of the *Notables* of Grasmere—She is in lodgings here and with her I saw Col & Madame *Pulsky* the most famous Hungarians now in England—whom Mr Donne will tell you more about, if you mention them to him—I am to dine with them at Mr Tagart's<sup>1</sup> today, and Dickens

<sup>1</sup> Rev. E. Tagart 'for many years the highly-esteemed minister of Little Portland Street Chapel, and author of *Locke's Writings and Philosophy* ;

MAY 1850

is to be there. *Tagart* you perhaps know is fond of having distinguished people at his table and I certainly think it a compliment to be invited to meet Mr Fletcher the Pulslys and the most popular of modern Romancers. . . .

1850  
No. 40a.

550. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme  
May 23 1850

My dear Robinson

Mr Benson Harrison will be happy to have his name on the committee, & requests that his subscription may be entered as follows :—

Benson Harrison Esq <sup>r</sup>	£5	} Ambleside
Matthew B. Harrison Esq <sup>r</sup>	£5	
Wordsworth Harrison Esq <sup>r</sup>	£5	
Benson Harrison Jun <sup>r</sup> Esq <sup>r</sup>	£5	
Richard Harrison Esq <sup>r</sup>	£5	

being Twenty-five pounds for himself & his four sons.—All here think that the application of the surplus (should there be any) to the building of the Ambleside Schoolhouse so much wanted wd be as proper a thing as cd be done ; and if the Committee should be of that opinion, & would state their intention in the printed circulars, & send some of those circulars down here, it would very materially forward the subscription, & Mr B. Harrison, Dr Davy, & many others, could be of great local service here for such an object.

The letters which I enclose from Mr Lough the Sculptor, Mr Harrison says do him so much credit that he wishes you to see them, & to show them to the Committee if you think proper.

I am going to meet Kate Southey & Mrs Joshua Stanger at dinner at Rydal Mt by & by. They come only to pass the day there, & return in the evening

Yours truly  
E. Q.

Addressed : H. C Robinson Esq.

*Remarks on Demonstrative Reasoning, and Sketches of the Reformers* (Sadler).

1850  
Nos. 32a. b.

## 551. H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square

24<sup>th</sup> May [18]50

p. 2, line 9. . . . I had an agreeable breakf<sup>t</sup> at home on Sunday last—I had with me *Matth: Arnold* the Son of the eminent D.D & Schoolmaster—a poet & private Secretary to Lord Lansdown, a very gentlemanly young man, with a slight tinge of the top that does no harm when blended with talents, good nature & high spirits—*Strickland Cookson*, Wordsworths Exor *Clough* the principal of our Hall who knew both Arnold & Cookson and *Boxall* who painted Lady Cullum—We had one topic which interested us all alike and on which we had to confer—the forthcoming Monument for Wordsworth This subject has been on my mind let me remark ever since I wrote And will be a source both of interest & vexation. There will be conflicting opinions & tastes. One set of Committee men would willingly make Wordsworths name available for their sectarian purposes.—This man says—devote the Surplus to a *Church*.—No! a *School* says a second—an *Alms house* says a third—a *scholarship* in an old University says a fourth—Ag<sup>t</sup> all these my friend Kenyon protests with warmth ‘I would give largely to do Wordsworth honour, but nothing to a Wordsworth institute’—Fearing that there may be jobbery, he writes to me ‘Put my name down thou virtuous Sub-Commēeman for 100 s’ I have answerd my friend who has a capital of more than £200,000—that had I seen his subscription & not known the reason I should as a proportnal Sum have given my half Sovereign<sup>1</sup> I have had from the country all sorts of suggestions And I see no possibility of coming to any conclusion that will not be more objectionable than gratifying to the majority. . . .

p. 4, line 1. . . . On Monday I took tea with *Jaffray*—And talked with him de Omnibus—Except on Wordsworth & poetry—He is Scotch And as such cannot be just to our great English didactic poet— . . .

<sup>1</sup> i. e. H. C. R's capital must have been about £20,000.

MAY 1850

p. 4, line 8. . . . On Tuesday I had a call from Dr Christ Wordsw. the Canon of Westminster with his wife—He was unexpectedly courteous & friendly And an impression has been removed from my mind that he had taken a dislike to me—I believe he will write a fair life of his Uncle— . . .

p. 6, line 12. . . . I had at breakf<sup>t</sup> yesterday—rather an heterogeneous party—I had asked Tom Stansfield<sup>1</sup> to meet Mr Macdonald the former Royston minister. . . . To these *Jn<sup>o</sup> Wordsworth* came uninvited—He was forced to hear many strange novelties, but he had the good sense to hold his tongue And smile at what he imperfectly understood—John W: is a very [*deleted*] respectable dull man, who illustrates the truth that while *talents* are sometimes inherited *genius* never is— . . .

1850  
Nos. 40b 41a.

552. Quillinan to H. C. R.

May 25 50

Loughrigg Holme Saturday Even<sup>g</sup>

My dear Robinson,

I wish you to understand that, though I made that communication to Miss F. and felt bound to make it when she voluntarily & frankly opened the subject, and though Mr<sup>s</sup> W. now knows, from her, that I have been long acquainted with the fact,<sup>2</sup> the source from which I derived it is still, and will remain, unknown to Mr<sup>s</sup> W.—Miss F. & I agree that it is not necessary that she sh<sup>d</sup> know *who* told it to me: nor will she ever enquire. It is enough for her to know that she has always in me a person at hand to whom she can refer in any difficulty, or in case of your absence from home. I return you the paper, & hope with you that there is an end of it; though I have my fears. If it be true that that Granddaughter is in distress, I should have felt inclined to propose that something sh<sup>d</sup> be done for her relief; but for two reasons; the danger of opening the door to importunities, & the necessity that might arise of making the Sons acquainted with circumstance As *he* did not think

<sup>1</sup> One of a Leeds family with all of whom H. C. R. was familiar.

<sup>2</sup> Of the existence of Wordsworth's French daughter.

proper to confide it to them, I suppose it to be right that those who know it sh<sup>d</sup> be silent, and that we should trust to the chance of their never hearing of it, nor of being troubled about it from the other side of the water.—So no more of this at present.—

The Inverness Papers that you saw were probably the same that were sent to me from the Editor of the Inverness Courier, Mr Robert Carruthers, who does things for Chambers' Journal, cleverly enough, but with no remarkable attention to accuracy. I have even seen some things written by him of superior merit, in their way ; but he is a downright Radical, as it seems to me ; & his criticisms are of little worth, being coloured by party spirit. A thing is white or black, good or bad, according to its suitableness to his notion of politics, theology &c.—It was he who wrote that Article in Chambers,<sup>1</sup> on Wordsworth, Coleridge & Southey, in which such unreasonable use was made of W.'s poems, as to cause the quarrel between Moxon & Chambers, & Moxon's application for an injunction &c ; which made the Chambers so very sore that they have been as spiteful as possible to W. ever since, though he really behaved too handsomely to them, refusing any pecuniary compensation to himself.—I saw the correspondence ; in fact wrote some, if not all, of W's & therefore I know the merits of the case, so far as concerns Mr W. personally. I did not think it worth while to set the Chambers right on this subject ; but an opportunity occurred of explaining it to Mr Carruthers when he printed my Sonnet on Miss Sellon in his paper, with an encomium (strange enough from the grim anti-Romish North) attributing the lines to Mr W, & sending him the paper. By Mr W.'s consent I undeceived him as to the authorship of those lines, & took the opportunity of telling him what I thought of Chambers' spite, so illdirected against Mr W.—I told him also that his notices of W. S. & C. were full of blunders. He thanked me, & asked if I wd point out those blunders, for a forthcoming new edition, or re-issue. I showed his note to Mr W. who said there c<sup>d</sup> be no harm in acceding to that request ; on the

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, vol ii, 1844. New and improved edition, 1857-60, by Robert Carruthers (1799-1878 : see *D.N.B.*).

contrary that he thought it might be judicious to do so. I therefore told Mr Carruthers that if, he chose to send me the proofs I w<sup>d</sup> correct the errors as to *facts*. Many months afterwards, & at the very time that Mr W. was ill, he sent me a packet of the proofs with blank leaves, begging me to 'cut & carve' as I thought proper. I corrected the principal mistakes as to facts (a labour of about five minutes) & returned the packet without a single observation on the blank leaves, but informing him in a note that his opinions critical &c I could have nothing to do with, as they were so much, in many instances, at variance with my own. He was disappointed, but grateful for what I *had* done. Lord Jeffery being dead, & he (Mr C) about to write a short memoir of him for Chambers, he asked me whether I could tell him if Lord J. & Mr W. had ever met. I told him that they had, and where, & when.—I also, in reply to another of his questions, told him that Mr W. had never, *as Laureate*, published anything—that the Cambridge Ode was written, not because he was the Queen's Laureate, but at the request of Prince Albert as the Chancellor Elect of the University where Mr W. had been.—And that he had only accepted the Laureateship, having first declined it, on the express condition that nothing whatever of verse-service sh<sup>d</sup> be expected from him. After Mr W's decease, my Inverness correspondent asked for some particulars of the funeral. I gave them to him very exactly, & he very exactly printed them; & it was the only accurate report I saw. But he introduced me by name in one of his papers as his authority for the fact about Jeffery; & this I did not like, and I told him so; & requested that he w<sup>d</sup> not not [*sic*] quote me again; adding that I could not be of any further service to him, because, if I had anything to say of W., it must now be said to his authorised biographer Dr C. W.—This is a long story about a very small matter; but it shows that one cannot be frank even with a well-intentioned Newspaper Editor, (& I take him to have been so in this correspondence.) without some little risk of being too prominently booked. I have never seen Mr Carruthers.

He has sent me his eulogy on Lord J; (in Chambers' Journal)<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In *Chambers's Papers for the People*, 1850, No. 16.

MAY 1850

for which I shall thank him one of these days : though there are many things in it much overcharged with puff, in my opinion.

I hope the only thing we are now anxious about here,—that the surplus should be applied to the excellent local purpose suggested by Dr Davy, taken up eagerly by Mr Benson Harrison, and approved at Rydal Mount—may not fall through.—But, as you say, where so many judgments are to be consulted, we must not calculate on the result.—I leave my letter open till to-morrow.—Do not be frightened at all this wordiness, nor give yourself the trouble to answer it. I probably shall not have much more to trouble you with.—We have been rejoiced to hear a very favorable report of Miss Arnold, from Lady Richardson, who came to Easedale a day or two ago, & saw her the day before she left town.—I keep most of your letters because I generally think them worth preserving, but I have *burnt* your last (to which this is answer) that no vestige may remain with me of *THAT particular*<sup>1</sup>; for I might forget to destroy it at a later period.—

Your's ever,

E. Q.

Sunday—

Thanks for your letter just received, (which you forgot to seal).—You know Mr Kenyon, and I am barely acquainted with him ; or I should think (*entre nous*) his five Pounds from an old professed Wordsworthian of his wealth, coupled with the reason given a shabbiness ; and the reason given most unsatisfactory. Wordsworth was a Church of England man & the proposed application of the surplus in the erection of a new Schoolhouse to his honour & in his immediate locality, for an Endowment of precisely the same character as the Hawkshead School where he was educated, (but a School which is *not* declining, as Hawkshead is) as unobjectionable a proceeding as could be imagined.—As to Sir Robert P., somehow or other, he always shuffles the Cards—but perhaps if the Church of England schoolhouse had been thought of in time for his answer he would have seen his way more clearly. I suspect you hit the nail on the head very truly as to the Sculptor.

<sup>1</sup> See note 2 on p. 744.



If it be thought that Wordsworth's name & verse belong, in the main, to all denominations of English Religionists, as they do, & that many persons carry their conscientious scruples so far, in their opposition to Church of England principles, that they could not & would not promote any Church of England object, such as this National School, that is an objection that I can understand, though I cannot sympathise with those scruples. That however seems to me a fair reason in the objections for not subscribing at all. But if there be any desire to apply the surplus to any Church, Chapel, or educational object, in Wordsworth's name, out of the Church of England to which he belonged, that, I think, would be unfair to the memory of the Man.—All this of course between ourselves, for I am, or ought to be, but a passive looker-on.

Your's very sincerely

E. Q.

1850  
No. 42a.

553. Miss Gillies<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

[May 29. 1850]

Miss Gillies presents her compliments to Mr Crabbe Robinson & though she thinks it probable that he may have quite forgotten her, yet she takes the liberty of writing to him to ask if he could assist her in the disposal of the picture she painted of Mr Wordsworth some years ago. An engraving was made from it at the time but it was not a very satisfactory one and Miss Gillies is told that if the picture were known of many persons might be desirous of purchasing it—She encloses the copy of a letter written by Mr Wordsworth at the time which would possibly be a recommendation.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Gillies painted on ivory five portraits of Wordsworth. According to Knight, *The Portraits of Wordsworth* (1882), these were :

(1) A miniature in 1841 from which an engraving was made by Edward McInnes and published on 6 Aug. 1841 and republished 15 Feb. 1853.

(2) A second similar portrait but with Mrs. Wordsworth at the poet's side.

(3) A copy of (2).

(4) A profile, an engraving of which was afterwards published in *The New Spirit of the Age* (see p. 732). This is the best likeness of the three and is reproduced as frontispiece to this volume.

(5) Another portrait of the poet and his wife, to replace (2), which had been accidentally burnt.

Miss Gillies did not consider the engraving from the first portrait satisfactory, so it is probably to that which the letter refers.

MAY 1850

If Mr C. Robinson can suggest a mode of disposing of it Miss Gillies will feel greatly obliged to him. It would give her much pleasure to show it to Mr Robinson either at her painting rooms in Southampton St. where she is every day between 12 and 6—except (at present) on Saturday & Monday or she would send it to him.

Miss Gillies' apology for troubling Mr Robinson is that knowing his great regard for Mr Wordsworth she thinks it most likely that he could mention the picture.

29<sup>th</sup> May

17 Southampton Street

Fitzroy Square

*Endorsed* : May 50. Miss Gillies, *Portrait Painter*. Autograph.

1850  
Nos. 42b 43a.

554. H. C. R. to T. R.

31<sup>st</sup> May 1850

p. 6, line 12. . . . I have been during the whole of the week engaged about the Subscription for Wordsworths monument—You have expressed a willingness to put down your name—And I should like to see it—But there is no hurry about it—You may subscribe either one or two Sovereigns. I am ashamed of the *magnitude* of my subscription but then I had an object to obtain And I am known as the friend of W: I wrote yesterday to Dr Donaldson & Mr Donne to have their names on the Committee And Mr Boxall has written to Sir Thos Cullum for his Subscription—The Queen & Prince Albert will put themselves at the head of the Subscription—Another occupation during the week has been the writing for the Christ: Reformer an article on Wordsworth, but I am so much dissatisfied with the article that I shall not send it.<sup>1</sup> . . .

p. 8, line 3. . . . When I return [from Paris] I am expected to go to Westmoreland—where Dr Wordsworth will be writing his uncle's life And he has requested my aid—My contributions will be very insignificant, but he has asked for my assistance in an obliging manner. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Cf. No. 570, p. 760.

JUNE 1850

1850  
No. 46.

555. Voigt<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

June 18. 1850

*p. 8, line 1.* . . . Auch ich habe den Tod von Wordsworth in unseren Zeitungen seiner Zeit gelesen und an Dich gedacht : er ward mit grosser Achtung erwähnt, und ich freue mich, dass Dein Schreiben an Pr. Albert so gut aufgenommen worden ist. . . .

1850  
Nos. 49a. b.

556. H. C. R. to T. R.

June 22. 1850

*p. 5, line 7* . . . I found a letter here on my arrival from Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth requesting me to go down now that I might see Miss Fenwick who is there, but will leave in a week—I have written stating why I could not possibly go at present<sup>2</sup> . . .

*p. 8, P.S.* What shall I put down ?—£1 or £2 to the Wordsworth Monument— ?

1850  
No. 50a.

557. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holm[e].

Monday Morning

June 30. 1850

My dear Robinson—

I only write to thank you for yr letter lest you sh<sup>d</sup> think we had forgotten you—for, from day to day I have put off writing, for want of leisure, & this is a morning on which I never have any.—You must take this hurried scribble as a kind greeting from us *all*.—Miss Fenwick, I grieve to say, goes to-morrow, on her way to Northumberland, whereabout she will be for 3 or 4 weeks, & *then return* to Rydal Mount for a few weeks, we hope, before she goes south again. In a note I wrote

<sup>1</sup> Friedrich Siegmund Voigt (1781–1850), professor of botany at Jena, was a friend and correspondent of H. C. R. from his student days in Germany until Voigt's death.

<sup>2</sup> On account of his brother's illness.

JUNE 1850

—to Mr Boxall I think—several days ago I said that I had no doubt that the new resolutions of the Committee w<sup>d</sup> be satisfactory at Rydal M<sup>t</sup>. But I find this is not at all the case—for the whole length figure in the Abbey is quite distasteful to M<sup>rs</sup> W.—But this between ourselves—as neither She nor any one else of or for the family can with decorum interfere.—The less we say on the subject of the public testimonial to M<sup>rs</sup> W. the better, for she takes no interest in it, or rather no comfortable interest, & does not like to enter into the matter ; but when she does allude to it she always says—a whole length in West<sup>r</sup> Abbey corner—just the thing he would have disapproved of !—This is *her* feeling ; but she seems quite aware at the same time that it w<sup>d</sup> not at all do for her to interfere ; & she therefore is willing to let the matter take its course & hear as little as possible about it.

We all hope your anxiety as to your brother's health is at least somewhat lessened.—You will come by & by, when Miss Fenwick returns.—D<sup>r</sup> C<sup>r</sup> W. says that he does not know much about the charges made for licences by the Dean & C<sup>r</sup> of West<sup>r</sup>, nor is he exactly sure to what purpose the money is applied—but he knows that the expenses of keeping up the Abbey (which is not now done by the State) are *enormous* : he knows also that the Dean & C<sup>r</sup> are most anxious to do away with the practice of erecting such memorials in the Abbey, & w<sup>d</sup> gladly get rid of many that are there. They lately *refused* to allow a Cenotaph there to Mendleshon [*sic*] though *Prince Albert* (!) wished it ; & they also refused the licence for one for Stephenson the eminent engineer. In this particular instance (of W) they *could* not refuse, but what fee they may claim he has no idea of.—

I must close

Your's ever truly  
E. Q.

You do not mention M<sup>r</sup> Rogers—I fear much for him, at his age—

*Endorsed : 30 June 50. Quillinan.*

JULY 1850

<sup>1850</sup>  
Nos. 50b, 51a. b. 558. *H. Martineau to H. C. R.*

July 6<sup>th</sup> 1850.

p. 8, *line* 8. . . . Miss Fenwick is very infirm, & describes herself as feeling painfully so ; but she looks well in the face, & her voice is cheerful & charming as ever. Dear Mr Wordsworth looks wan ; but is awake & cheerful, & thinking of everybody sooner than herself, as usual. If that poor sister were released, it seems as if it would be a great blessing. I cannot get there often. . . .

<sup>1850</sup>  
Nos. 52a b. 559. *J. K. Miller to H. C. R.*

July 8. 1850

p. 8, *line* 7. . . . As touching the Wordsworth Memorial I shall certainly beg to do *something* towards it, but just at present I hardly feel prepared to say *what*, & perhaps it is immaterial. Be certified that your credit for capacity as a Committee man is unscathed by your 'forgetting to write to *me*' (& I may, I think, include my brothers equally) 'for permission to insert my name among the Committee'. Whether as useful or ornamental, it would have added nothing to the cause. I am content to do homage as an obscure, but certainly most ardent & loving, admirer. Be therefore on good terms with yourself, & doubt not that 'a discerning public' will fully recognize in you qualifications for one of the Committee not unworthy of your most liberal contribution in the baser matter of £: s. d. You talk of 'idling away your time' & your attainment of the honorary privilege of 'doing nothing', but I am very incredulous on that score, as unsupported by evidence & by probability.

One thing I shall be anxious to inhibit you *from* doing ; namely using any influence you may possess with Mr Wordsworth to check or abate the '*High Churchmanship*' of Dr W. in preparing his Memoir of his Uncle. It is very natural that in writing to *me* with any allusion to that point, you should imagine a sympathy with such deprecation.— . . . but . . . by imperceptible stages, I was surprised to find how

JULY 1850

'high' a Churchman I was considered. Yet *not a bit of 'dry'*. This outline will perhaps lead you to assign me (so far as you know or care about 'such matters') a place among those, to whom I am happy & proud to believe that W. W., as a layman, belonged. His name has been expressly quoted as taking a *favourable* interest in what is called the Anglo-Catholic 'Movement'—(tho' I hate the word, 'movement', from its political associations). Assuredly, therefore, I cannot wish that Dr W. should find occasion to exempt the honoured bard from any imputation of *such* 'high Churchmanship' as belongs to that class of opinion, modified by reason & sound judgment. . . .  
P.S. I am ashamed to say I do not remember—nor can find upon reference—what W. W. has left about 'Young England'<sup>1</sup>. . . .

1850  
No. 53b.

560. H. C. R. to T. R.

July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1850.

p. 8, *line* 8. . . . Wordsworth's subscription is going on well—so says Boxall the painter, but I have great doubt whether we shall be able to erect a full length statue in Westminster Abbey—Our subscription does not yet reach £800—I should think £1500 necessary.—Quillinan writes to me today And says Miss Fenwick is expected at Rydal at the end of the Month—They expect me there to meet her— . . .

1850  
No. 55b.

561. Dr. R. H. Brabant<sup>2</sup> to H. C. R.

Bath. Aug 10<sup>th</sup> 1850.

p 8, *line* 1. . . . It will serve somewhat to lighten the gloom which thousands feel at England's loss of her greatest statesman<sup>3</sup> & her greatest poet—that the one uttered with his dying breath the great principles of his political life—and that the other has left as a bequest—so large a specimen of his powers in their vigour The Prelude—of which as yet I have only read a portion.—The greatest pleasure of that kind I could have

<sup>1</sup> The sonnet which begins with those words.

<sup>2</sup> See endorsement.

<sup>3</sup> Peel.

AUGUST 1850

would be to hear it in whole or in part from you—and if you come towards the West pray let me be gratified by a visit from you— . . .

*Endorsed:* Aug<sup>t</sup> 1850. Dr Brabant of Bath, M.D. A free thinker but good man.

*Bundle 2, Miscellaneous* 562. *H. C. R. to T. R.*  
*IV, O.*

*At Rydal. 17<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> [18]50*  
*near Ambleside*

*p. 2, line 14.* . . . Dear Mr<sup>s</sup> W: received me with great composure Miss Fenwick's presence has been a great consolation to her—She is a woman of remarkable intelligence and benignity combined—It is the combination of these qualities which renders her so interesting a person—and this interest is enhanced not weakened by great bodily infirmity—She is scarcely able to move—But her mind is admirably qualified to render her a counsellor & friend to all in trouble—She lives near Bath—With Mr<sup>s</sup> W. now are Dr Wordsworth who is now engaged in preparing the life of his Uncle which is to be written under Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth's eye—his amiable wife—Also Mr<sup>s</sup> Hutchinson—the widow of Mr<sup>s</sup> W's brother— . . .

*p. 3, line 11.* . . . You know that I am well acquainted with all Mr W's friends And all yesterday was spent in making calls—It is not worth enumerating those I saw, for it would be but a catalogue of names—There is but one person here in connection with whom I could contrive to say anything that would interest you. And that is Dr Wordsworth, who is one of the most bigotted [*sic*] high churchmen I ever came near—This is ill expressed by me—I should say, whose books I ever looked into, for personally he is one of the most amiable of men—His unaffected softness of manner and kindness of disposition quite disarming those who come to him prepared to quarrel on account of his most intolerant & both absurd & offensive polemical writings— . . .

*p. 4, line 14.* . . . Yet let me add that I do not think it would be easy to find a better man—He is very devout & very zealous

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—Also ; he is a very generous charitable & disinterested man—To whom no impure motive or unworthy impulse can be imputed.—Nor any other fault than that wrong-headedness, which of course does not exist in the minds of those who think with him on these points of disputable matter—He is very gentlemanly in his manner, and tho' he very well knows who & what I am Yet our conversation is as free & unrestrained that is as far as tone & manner are employed, as need be. And I daresay he is annoyed by my presence as little as I am by his—You are aware of course that he is an eminent scholar and looked up to by a large class . . . [end of page : rest missing.]

1850  
Nov. 56b 57a. 563. J. K. Miller<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Aug. 27/8 1850

p. 8, line 3. . . . You misapprehend my imputation of 'vulgarity' (hypothetically) to W.W. I was not thinking of his treatment of the Athanasian Creed—but of his talking about 'THE PUSEYITES'—wch I hold to be *low* & peculiarly *inappropriate* language in describing the Oxford writers . . . *low*, because all the party scum of praters use it, in mere insolence & ignorance ; & 'inappropriate' because it w<sup>d</sup> fix a name on them, wch is *characteristically opposed* to a leading persuasion & tenet of theirs,—to 'call *no man* their *father* on earth' . . .

P.S. Aug. 28.

. . . I am at some loss as to the preferable direction to you, since your visit at Rydal Mount may be supposed over by this time—but I reckon the letter will be forwarded to you, if necessary—You might chance to hear of me, if you were at R. M. with the D. D. with whom I have had a little correspondence lately touching certain letters of his late uncle to me in former days.

<sup>1</sup> Vicar of Walkeringham in Nottingham, and one of three brothers with the same initial—J. They were all admirers of Wordsworth.



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1850  
Nos. 57a. b. 53a.

564. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Aug 29<sup>th</sup> 1850

p. 2, line 14. . . . I left Rydal this day week—Having really had quite as much enjoyment as I could expect. Mr Wordsworth exhibited her long recognised virtues & qualities. I believe I have already told you that I heard not one word of mourning or complaint from her. Miss Fenwick's presence must have strengthened her greatly. She is [an] admirable companion. She is to leave Rydal tomorrow— . . .

1850  
No. 59.

565. *W. S. Cookson to H. C. R.*

Grasmere. Ambleside

August 31. 1850

My dear Sir,

Your letter of the 27<sup>th</sup> from Leeds reached me on Wednesday Evening the 28<sup>th</sup> I called at Rydal Mount the following day & saw Miss Fenwick, but only for a few minutes—She had been very unwell and did not enter on the subject. I had a very long conversation with Dr W, who informed me he had received from Miss Fenwick your translation of M. Baudouins letter but he did not shew it to me.

I found that he did not consider it necessary, in the discharge of his duty as a biographer, to make any mention of the French entanglement of 1791/2, but he is now under the impression that the French people will try to get money from the family as the price of silence, & that failing in that, they will make up and publish a revelation, which will be made as romantic and attractive as French ingenuity in such matters can make it, and in which a small modicum of truth will be mixed up with just as much falsehood and perversion as may be considered necessary to make the revelation pleasing & acceptable to the French taste; and consequently that it will be better to anticipate the movement by giving in the memoir a true narrative [*sic*] of the facts, with the age of the actor, influence under which he was placed, state of society in France at the time, subsequent visit of his sister & himself to the parties (in

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1802) and knowledge of the main fact by his sister & intended wife.

You will probably agree with Dr W. that, if the conduct of the French people leave us in no doubt of their intention to publish, it will be wise to give our own version first.

I saw Dr W. yesterday Evening after the receipt of your sketch of a reply, & I then read the translation of B's letter to you. I think he means to convey that his wife will come to England, and if he should not be able to come too, he will write to a person high in office &c.

Dr W. & I think your proposed letter a very good one, but suggest that some passages may be omitted which are marked by brackets. It is very important that the tone should be decided, and that all anxiety as to the publication of their correspondence should be concealed.

Dr W. has promised not to introduce the fact into the Biography unless compelled in self defence, & I trust your letter will have the desired effect.<sup>1</sup>

The ladies all desire to be very kindly remembered to you & I remain

my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely

W. Strickland Cookson

H. Crabb Robinson Esq.

*Endorsed* : Cookson. 31 Augt 1850.

1850  
Nos. 61a b

566. H. C. R. to T. R.

2<sup>nd</sup> Sept 1850

p. 2, line 8. . . . I wrote to you on Thursday with I trust a satisfactory minute account of the last week of my journey—I perhaps hinted at my having two matters on hand which occupied my mind, it would be too much to say painfully, but

<sup>1</sup> As Dr. Wordsworth is silent on the subject of Annette and Wordsworth's French daughter, one may assume either that H. C. R.'s letter and subsequent journey to Paris had 'the desired effect', or that Dr. Wordsworth ascribed worse intentions to 'the French people' than they actually had.

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I might say anxiously, for I find I am of an anxious disposition when I have anything to do for a friend.—These matters concern my friends Mr<sup>s</sup> Niven & Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth and will I expect fill up or engage me this day, therefore I begin my letter now— . . .

1850  
Nos. 64a. b.

567. H. C. R. to T. R.

20<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1850

p. 3, line 11. . . . I took an Omnibus to Camden Town and thence walked to Hampstead. There I called first on Mr<sup>s</sup> & Miss *Hoare*, excellent women—great friends to all the Wordsworths', who tolerate me on account of the poet tho' they belong to the class of the serious high Church, notwithstanding their half quaker half calvinistic origin. . . .

p. 4, line 14. . . . Monday—A day of great enjoyment accomp<sup>d</sup> by more fatigue than I should think it prudent to undergo frequently—Having learned that Quillnan was in London I sallied out after breakfast and called on Mr<sup>s</sup> Hen: N. Coleridge and so had a sight of him before his departure—he was about to return to the North—My next direction was to the full West. I found in Piccadilly an Omn: which took me to *Mortlake*—a beautiful village on the Thames beyond Barnes—Here dwells Hen: Taylor—Author of Philip van Artevelde—An accomplished man—with whom was Miss *Fenwick*—She gave me good news of the progress making in the life of the poet by the High Church Doctor And I trust it will not give the lie to the inference to be drawn from the *Prelude*—I am glad to find that the balance is on the side of praise Sortaine<sup>1</sup> places it above the *Excursion*—With H. T. was another young poet Mr *Aubrey de Vere*—A very accomplished man too who tho' connected with liberals also associates with the High Church and will even to me quote the bp of Oxford

It is well that there are such links between opposite parties—A de V. has published travels in Turkey as well as poems—

<sup>1</sup> ' . . . the very clever preacher Sortain, in Lady Huntingdon's connexion [at Brighton]—a great favourite with . . . me. He combines zeal with liberality in an eminent degree' . . . H. C. R. to T. R., Nov. 3, 1848.

SEPTEMBER 1850

he is an Irishman but of high Norman<sup>1</sup> family as his name shews—And one of the hopes of the next generation. . . .

<sup>1850</sup>  
*No. 69a.* 568. *Dr. Christopher Wordsworth to H. C. R.*

Cloisters,  
Westminster,  
21 Oct. 1850.

My dear Sir,

This morning's Post has brought me your welcome letter (viâ Rydal) containing your Italian Itinerary, and some reminiscences of your Tour: for both of which pray accept my thanks. I have only one more favour to ask; and that is that you would allow me to incorporate your Letter in the Memoir. The Italian Tour being connected so intimately with your name, especially by the dedication of the Memorials to you, your reminiscences have an authentic character, peculiarly their own, and you will, I trust, allow me to add that the Memoir will be enhanced in value by such a recognition and contribution from your pen. I should propose only to omit the sentence at the close of your letter. I earnestly hope and believe that there are many most important truths in which we agree; at least, my opinions are probably known to you, and I cannot but hope that the personal kindnesses which I have received from you are an intimation that we concur in many respects, and that we have an earnest desire for entire harmony between us.

Have you heard again from Paris? Mr<sup>s</sup> C. Wordsworth joins me in kind remembrances &

I am,  
my dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully  
& obliged  
Chr. Wordsworth.

H. C. Robinson Esq.

*Endorsed: 21<sup>st</sup> Octr 50. Dr Wordsworth. Author of the Life of Wordsworth.*

<sup>1</sup> The poet's father, *né* Hunt, assumed the name De Vere by letters patent in 1832, but was descended from Aubrey de Vere, second son of the fifteenth Earl of Oxford.

OCTOBER 1850

1850  
Nos. 69b. 70a.

569. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Oct 25<sup>th</sup> 1850

p. 6, line 11. . . . I wrote lately to Dr Wordsworth sending him an Itinerary of my tour with Wordsworth—In reply he has requested permission to print my letter entire by which he says the value of his 'Life' will be enhanced The letter contains very little—but I am glad to have received the letter as an evidence of good will—To be known as the friend of Wordsworth confers a higher distinction than a patent of nobility. Thus I feel—I need not say—with Cowley

I shall like other people dye <sup>1</sup>

Unless you write my elegy

for I have got my passport to posterity. To be pleased with this *may be* weakness. Nay it is, but I cannot shake it off— . . .

1850  
Nos. 71b 72a b

570. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1850

p. 10, line 8. . . . Writing is now become difficult to me And I mean to give it up—I was so little pleased with what I wrote on the Prelude in the Christian Reformer that I omitted my Initials And perhaps you were not aware that the article was written by me—You did not mention the article And there was nothing in it that deserved notice from you It was a poor thing— . . .

1850  
No. 74.

571. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme 6<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>br</sup> it ought to be  
the 5<sup>th</sup> ,, 1850

My dear Robinson,

We have heard nothing of you since you sent Mrs Wordsworth yr notes, which were forwarded to Dr C. W., till this day when a letter from Dr W's Wife to Mrs W. informed us that you had been at the Cloisters, and that you quite agreed with Dr W.

<sup>1</sup> *The Motto*, ll. 3, 4 :

'I shall, like beasts or common people, die,  
Unless you write my elegy'.

as to the necessity of an active stir against the Pope's intrusive appointments of a titular Archbishop & Bishops to nominal Sees in this Country : she added if I understood rightly that you were going to the Abbey to hear the Doctor's denunciation of Papistry from the pulpit. O ! you traitor ! wait till THE Archbishop of Westminster gets hold of you. Can you take a joke ? I think you can : so here goes.<sup>1</sup> . . .

p. 8, line 26. . . . Mrs W. has as you probably know, been suffering a good deal from lumbago, but, I rejoice to say, she has almost got rid of it.—John & William were here last week, & also Fanny, W's wife, with their best tempered & nicest of babies.—Willie, John's Son, is at Rydal Mt, from Sedberg School, to nurse. He seems very delicate. Mrs W., as soon as Dr Davy allows this invalid grandson to accompany her, will go on a visit to W<sup>m</sup> & F<sup>v</sup> at Carlisle, and probably to Brigham afterwards. . . . Miss Martineau was here today, but I *unluckily* missed her, for she is a good neighbour and perhaps more tolerant or indifferent to my old world notions than I am to her faith in what I *don't* believe, and her disbelief in what I *do*. . . . [P.S] Mr Moxon who was here for a few hours on Monday, gave a very good report of Mr Rogers (at Brighton) which I was very glad to hear, for I have a sort of *tendre* for that Patriarch of living Poets.

[P.P.S] I see Cuth. Southey has brought out his 6<sup>th</sup> (& last) vol of his Father's Life. The work, the little of it that is not his Father's (the juvenile autobiography in the 1st vol & the Letters throughout being all Southey's) is creditable to his feelings as a Son and otherwise respectable on the whole, but has less of the character of judgment than of blind filial devotion. To me, it is often unsatisfactory both in its omissions & admissions : & it is occasionally incorrect as to facts though unimportant ones. But what say you to the insertion of ugly jokes on the facial defects of men still living : Say of

<sup>1</sup> Here follow 54 lines of doggerel, which poke fun at the commotion caused by these appointments and more particularly at H. C. R.'s attitude. They are much discussed in the next three letters of Quillinan ; H. C. R.'s part of the correspondence is lost. Quillinan, however, agrees in substance with H. C. R., since he 'sees no sense . . . at all, not even polite sense. but the reverse' in these titular appointments. Cf. H. C. R.'s letter to T. R., Nov. 9, Nos. 76a. b ; 77a.

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Mr Birnie? S<sup>r</sup> ought not to have written them even in a private letter—and such things ought not to be printed whether the person quizzed be living or dead, every dead man has surviving friends.

1350  
Nos 76a b.

572. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

9<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1850.

p. 3, line 9. . . . On Monday I called on Dr Wordsworth—I have told you that he is very civil to me—notwithstg my invincible obstinacy in matters of faith. He is proceeding with the Life—he has asked permission to print a letter of mine which I do not think worth the distinction. . . .

p. 7, line 13. . . . I have been this morning amused by a letter from Quillinan who makes merry with my No Popery Zeal of which M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth had told him He has written some 50 lines, of which I will copy a portion They will serve to fill my sheet Alluding to the famous passage in Virgil . . . describing a tempest raised by Aeolus opening his bags <sup>1</sup>— . . .

1850  
No. 78

573. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme—  
12<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>br</sup> 1850

My dear Robinson—

M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth & Mr Carter, after hearing the lines on you & the Pope read to them the other day at Rydal Mt, while laughing very heartily were at the same time doubtful whether you wd quite like the joke or see no joke in it: 'Crabb will be angry' said M<sup>rs</sup> W.—My answer was 'If I thought Crabb so silly as that I sh<sup>d</sup> be a fool for ever having thought him wiser. Crabb will be no such thing as angry'.—In that conviction

<sup>1</sup> Some 36 ll. are then quoted. Of two of these,  
There mired London . . . . .

. . . fondly smiles on each recruit that enters  
But most on Crabb, [the Pope, off the Dissenters]

H. C. R. writes: 'I shall write to Qu: that in his desire to be personal he has not known how—There is no sense in this—It would be better to say instead

"And e'en on Crabb tho' scorned by the Dissenters"

I repeat the offence by sending you an amended or rather a somewhat enlarged copy.—You will remember that my lines on you were suggested by the following in a note from M<sup>rs</sup> C<sup>r</sup> W. to M<sup>rs</sup> W., aptly dated Nov<sup>br</sup> 5th ‘Cloisters We had a visit ‘from M<sup>r</sup> Crabb Robinson yesterday; he was brimful of talk ‘about this new aggression of the Pope—ready to repeal the ‘Bill for Catholic Emancipation!’—On the spur of this little bit of news, I wrote those lines, literally *currente calamo*—they might be much improved & made far more pithy by a little trouble; but it was not, & is not, my mood to take any more trouble about them.<sup>1</sup> You may show them to D<sup>r</sup> C<sup>r</sup> W. or any one else you please; or put them in the fire, just as you like

M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth & her Grandson Willie went to Carlisle yesterday, & I have to day a good report of them from William and Fanny.—I have nothing else new to tell you.—I saw your friend Miss Martineau in this house yesterday morning, & again in the even<sup>g</sup> at an Exhibition of Dissolving Views and Cromatropes at Ambleside;—so full & so hot was the large room at the Salutation Hotel that we the Spectators were all in a state of dissolution whatever the Views might be.—I shall meet Miss M. again this even<sup>g</sup> at *Friend* Crosfield’s; and on Thursday we are to meet the Davys & some other neighbours at her house.—We all go on much as usual, good neighbours & good friends. . . .

1850  
No. 80.

574. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme, Nov. 17, 1850

p. 8, line 1.<sup>2</sup> . . . Your Lady friend has a good memory. I was always in love when a boy; and I was a boy-dragon at the place & period referred to. Whether the fair damsel was guarded by a dragon, or not, I do not know; but I do know that she was not inaccessible to such innocent flirtation as

<sup>1</sup> In a letter of the following day, Nov. 13, 1850, Quillinan gives what he calls a ‘prose gloss’ of his verses, stating his objection to H. C. R.’s suggested emendation to the line about ‘the Pope of the Dissenters’. See note to letter of Nov. 9th.

<sup>2</sup> The first two pp. of this letter continue the discussion on Quillinan’s verses.



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I carried on with her ; and that we both escaped unharmed. That is a pretty & touching expression of your's, Master Crabb, ' long since past over to the seat of everlasting beauty '. At my time of day, I cannot grudge so fair a star to Heaven.— But, in sad truth, all my early loves (save one) were but dreams or presentiments of the last, the noblest human creature that I ever followed to the grave. . . .

*p. 4, line 5.* . . . I will give Mrs Wordsworth your message, and right pleased she will be to receive it. She will not be here at Christmas : Rydal Mount is all to pieces with workmen (Miss W's rooms excepted), and will not be habitable for several weeks to come, by present appearances. . . .

1850  
No. 82b.

575. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*<sup>1</sup>

Nov. 24 [1850]

*p. 4, line 1.* . . . Mrs Wordsworth talks of returning home as early as the 16<sup>th</sup> of next month.— . . .

1850  
Nos. 89b. 90a.

576. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

30 Dec 1850

My very dear Friend

Finding from an affectionate letter I have just rec<sup>d</sup> from our common friend *now* Lady Cranford,<sup>2</sup> that you are in Town, I cannot let *this*, to me, year of affliction pass over my head, without expressing how much you have been in my thoughts all this SEASON which used to be cheered by your presence—I did not as heretofore,—for I had not the wish,—claim a right to your company at our Christmas board—I need not explain why, you would understand the feeling—But dear friend I trust it may not be very long before we may see you again as one of us who for a time remain. You will be glad to hear that our poor Sister continues in good health—&

<sup>1</sup> The bulk of this letter discusses the ' Papal aggression ' & the titular bishops.

<sup>2</sup> Does she mean Lady Cranworth, wife of Rolfe, who had recently been made a peer on his promotion to the Woolsack ?

*sometimes* I venture to think she is otherwise improved—She never fails in affectionate remembrance to all old friends.

I have not yet been 8 weeks returned from visiting the homes of my two Sons—It was, on all accounts, a great effort on my part—having previously been suffering from a bad attack of Lumbago—& which has still left me a *stiff* Rheumatic subject—So that, as I have often said, this last year has done more to make a REAL OLD woman of me than all the preceeding 80 years put together, of my life. However I have good cause to be thankful for, in other respects, the enjoyment of perfect health—& a multitude of blessings in this my bereaved state.

The only drawback to my comfort during the visits to my Sons, was to find poor W<sup>m</sup> so confined, & so completely overdone by the encreased duties of his Office (not to speak of the decrease of its profits) & since I left him his Wife tells me he had been at work from [for ?] some weeks from  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 in the m<sup>s</sup> till midnight—*His* health cannot stand this—& thankful should I be, (if he cannot find out for himself some change to a less sedentary & confining situation) that like Mr Carter he should *give up* in disgust & retire, before health fails, so as to render him unable to *enjoy* the means with which we might make ourselves contented. Mr Carter has kindly gone over to Carlisle to help him a little at this busy time, so as to allow of his coming over to see me for a few days, after their throng is over. Which without Mr Carters presence, W<sup>m</sup> could not leave his Office. [*etc*]

My Grandchildren are now all at home—I had 3 of them on their way from school before Christmas—W<sup>m</sup> poor fellow had been here & with me at Carlisle some weeks before—having come to recruit after an attack of Bronchitis which left him weak—he is better—but only a delicate Plant—My Niece Eliz H. is my only companion at present—Mr Q— has been & still is, much oppressed by a Cold his daughters well, & light-hearted—God bless them, as usual.

I shall dear friend be very glad to hear Lady Cs good report of your health & spirits confirmed by yourself & to hear something of dear M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson,—to whom when you write, give my tenderest love, & of our other common friends—But

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especially of your Br & his Belongings.—Of dearest Miss Fenwick I have not had flourishing accounts.—Our neighbouring friends seem all well—at least as far as I know but you hear from Mr Q & he knows more about them.—The Cooksons are to dine with me on New Years day (the return of my Sister Sarah's birth day, which I always like to spend with Mrs C. they two having been School fellows—& hence our knowledge of that excellent family

Mrs Fletcher is as bright as ever, & I am told looks forward to a tour in Scotland next summer.

God bless you dr f<sup>d</sup> for all your kindness to me & mine, & believe me ever to be sincerely y<sup>rs</sup>

M. Wordsworth

*Endorsed* : 30 Dec 50. Mrs Wordsworth.

1851  
Nos. 3a b.

577. Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.

Jan 7<sup>th</sup> 1851

p. 4, line 3. . . . Edith reads aloud the Bible in the afternoon & in the evening Wordsworth—in the old 4 vol edition—in order that I may not hear any of the newer productions, which I do not *love* (to say nought of approve and admire) as I do their predecessors. The Duddon sonnets we have just gone through & I admired them more than ever.

Those I like least are two<sup>1</sup> in which the Poet tries to be gay & gallant—talks about Cupids clipping their wings and of love-sick youths begging to be transformed into roses, that they might be petted by some divine Laura. This does not sit well upon the grand old bard. There is something forced about it But

‘ Whence that low voice—a whisper from the heart ’  
and several of those that follow, are in Mr Wordsworths highest vein and satisfy every thought & feeling.

It is long since I heard of dear Mrs Wordsworth—If you have any news of her will you kindly write a few lines to report it to me ? . . .

<sup>1</sup> No. VII. ‘ Change me, some God, into that breathing rose ! ’

No. X. ‘ Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance.’

1851  
No. 5b.578. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme

Jan 11, 1851

p. 2,<sup>1</sup> line 1. . . . On one point you mistake me and therefore naturally attribute to me more inconsistency than I am responsible for. No worldly point of honour w<sup>d</sup> have induced me to allow my children to be brought up in the Anglican Church doctrine if I had believed that there was no salvation out of the Roman Catholic pale, or that their eternal interests could be damaged by their following the religion of their Mother. Had that been my belief I could not have married any but a Roman Catholic. I have no such belief—never had,—not even when a boy though I was then rather a zealot,—and, if I know myself, or may presume upon my constancy at the hour when weakness of body and fear of death may overmaster the mind—such belief I never shall have. Up to this hour at least, if any Priest should tell me that such women as the Mother of my children and as she who was their second Mother had died out of the pale of salvation, I would answer him in the words of Laertes to him who would have refused Christian burial to Ophelia.<sup>2</sup> Thus much in seriousness. . . .

p. 3, line 17. . . . Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth will have nothing to say to your bigotries. When young Mr Greenwood of Grasmere, who was hawking about a No Popery Petition to the Queen the other day, went with it to Rydal Mount for *her* signature she refused it, & told him not to bring anything of that sort to her again. I was not there mind, nor did I know it had been there till she told me the next day . . .

[P.S.] The printing of Dr W's Memoir is getting on fast. I am delighted with it as far as I have seen—a considerable portion of the first volume.

<sup>1</sup> The 1st page consists of references to a brochure by H C. R. on the Papal aggression'.

<sup>2</sup> 'I tell thee, churhsh priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.'

*Ham. v. i. 262-4.*

Bundle 6, Miscellaneous  
X. 2.

## 579. Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.

14 Jan<sup>r</sup>/51

p. 8, line 10. . . . I hear from dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth very frequently on the whole I trust she is well her niece is with her & many friends around her—still it is sad to think of Rydal Mount. . . .

1851  
Nos. 8a. b.

## 580. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme  
Jan<sup>r</sup> 16. 1851

My dear Robinson

We have nothing to say from this quarter; for Mr<sup>s</sup> W. does not seem to take any interest in the W<sup>r</sup> Abbey Memorial. Her heart is at Grasmere, and *there* perhaps, a modest monument within the church, w<sup>d</sup> not displease her; though she has expressed no particular wish about it, but rather avoids the subject. I told her however that Dr Davy & Mr Benson Harrison and others were making arrangements for a medallion & tablet to be put up in Grasmere church, & she offered no objection, but rather seemed by the manner of her silence to approve.—With regard to the W<sup>r</sup> Abbey monument perhaps a part, not all, of her indifference may be ascribed to a disappointment that she has heard expressed by others at finding people so lukewarm about it, & the subscription so slow.—Dr Davy & Mr Benson Harrison &c want their subscription-money to be given back to them to be applied to the Grasmere purpose; & Dr D. I believe, wrote to Mr Coleridge to that effect; but with what result remains to be seen, as the question had to be submitted to your London Committee. I shall be glad to hear more about it from you . . .

p. 2, last line. . . . I have not seen Mr Landor's letter to C. S. [Cuthbert Southey] in Fraser:<sup>1</sup> I am told it is as disparaging to Wordsworth as it is eulogistic of R. S.—But censure or affected under-valuation of Wordsworth, coming from

<sup>1</sup> Dec. 1850.

Mr Landor, will make little or no impression. The motive is too transparent. L. was ever *yearning* after the praise of distinguished writers ; Southey praised him & he puffed Southey ; Cuth<sup>t</sup> reproduced those praises all through his 6 vol Life, and Landor gratefully does his best to give Cuth<sup>t</sup> S<sup>r</sup> a lift. The thing is as plain as a pikestaff—L. also praised Wordsworth, excessively praised him for years, and I believe the praise was sincere ; but he looked to be praised by W. in return ; he looked in vain ; W. ‘slow to admire’, as he tells us himself, and perhaps not sufficiently liberal of commendation to contemporary writers,—especially to fellow-poets,—disappointed him by his silence. Hope deferred made his heart sick ; hopelessness at last embittered his liver.—In short I consider Landor a perfect humbug so far as relates to his unworthy conduct to Wordsworth alive and to Wordsworth dead. But he kicks against the pricks and only wounds his own shins.

I *hope* you have detestable weather in town, for it is execrable here ; and we like the sympathy of our distant friends. . . .

<sup>1</sup> p. 5, line 19. . . . Matthew Arnold has written a very clever little poem on ‘The Death of Wordsworth’. It is *very* classical, or it would not be M. A’s. I wish you would call on him at 101 Mount St, Piccadilly, & ask him to show it to you.—Mrs FLETCHER also, and M<sup>rs</sup> Davy have tried their hands on the same subject. I was so pleased with M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher’s, and with the fact of that fine-hearted old woman paying such a tribute to a Poet-friend, who was a little less aged than herself, that I carried it to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth. She was much affected and much gratified by it ; & I left the copy with her. M<sup>rs</sup> Davy’s is very well too ; but hardly so touching, and it reminds one too much, both by the metre & in the turn of expression, of Wolf’s Elegy on Sir John Moore.—Arnold’s is the superior poem, far away as a Poem. It is a triple Epicade on your Friends Wordsworth & Goethe, & on Byron who, I think, leaving other objections out of the question, is not tall enough for the other two ;—and you, who have no taste for tri-unities will hardly approve this. But M. Arnold has a good deal of poetry in him ; & it will come out in spite of all the heathen Gods & goddesses that hold him in enchantment. . . .

<sup>1</sup> p. 7, line 8. . . . Had Dora survived, as you say, all this would have been different; and the Papist would in fact have written the Life, with Her & You for his Co-adjutors. But two thirds of my literary ambition are buried yonder. I wish to bring out Camoens for her sake, because she took so lively and constant an interest in my work; and also because it has not been done, though we have three English versions of the *Lusiad*. Southey was always seated on the Chair of Rash Judgment when he talked about Camoens; and he influenced, for a long time, even Wordsworth, who knew not a word of Portuguese, to believe that Mickle's splendid fustian, or farrago of garbage, was an improvement on his original!

I shook his faith in Southey's astonishing delusion very considerably, on various occasions, by reading him word for word, in disjointed but faithful prose, some of the nobler passages from the *Lusiad*,—and then the translation by William Julius Mickle. I could butt, I think, to some purpose against his *Mock-Lusiad*; but I must avoid knocking my head too hard against other people's translations, for I should only be accused of invidiousness; and my own will have defects enough.

Your suggestion as to the free use of *my* Notes, by the bye, is valuable; & must not be withheld from Mr<sup>s</sup> W. and the Canon. It would have frightened W. W. Jr, who has a wise regard for the main chance, to their total suppression, till every existing copy of the Poems was sold, if those Notes had been part & parcel of his Coheir-ship or of his Executor-ship. I think you had better convey the shrewd hint to Mr Moxon.—Now goodbye.

Your's most sincerely  
Edward Quillinan

<sup>1</sup> The following passages are numbered as in the 1851 volume of correspondence. But (1) the sheet is wrongly folded, and the first passage comes from a P.S., i. e. after the second; (2) the sheet does not belong to the letter of Jan. 16, which lacks a conclusion, and may possibly have had none, since it ends before the bottom of the page. The 2nd sheet begins in the middle of a word, & consists of the concluding 4 pp. of another letter.

1851  
No. 11b. 581.<sup>1</sup> *Quillinan. Verses on his Wife.*

Rydal. Sunday, February 2<sup>d</sup> 1851

The clouds of wintry Yesterday are gone ;  
The blue of heaven is pale with light today ;  
Bright shines the morn as ever morning shone  
In southern vallies, in the month of May.

Green meadows bask beneath me ; all around  
Are mountains browed with diadems of snow ;  
And Rotha dances with a silvery sound,  
At play with sunbeams, to the lake <sup>2</sup> below.

Fair scene and sunny Sabbath ! why this tear ?  
Alas, it is not Rydal Vale I see,  
Nor Rotha's springtide music that I hear,  
Nor Fairfield's crown of snow that shines for me.

Granada's circled plain is at my feet,  
The mountains <sup>3</sup> their eternal snow reveal,  
And myrtled Darro <sup>4</sup> flashes down to greet  
And mingle yonder with the soft Xenil <sup>4</sup>

And lo the magic palace of the Moor,  
The red Alhambra, haunted by Romance ;  
And *Dora*, spell-bound by delight as pure  
As ever trembled in a woman's glance.

Hark to the nightingales ! they sing her praise ;  
Not one but hundreds <sup>5</sup> hail the Poet's Child.—  
O what a day was that ! Of Sabbath-days  
The most divine that ever hope beguiled.

<sup>1</sup> These were enclosed with 13b.

<sup>2</sup> Windermere. [Q.]

<sup>3</sup> The Alpine range called Sierra Nevada, overlooking the city and Vega (plain) of Granada.—[Q.]

<sup>4</sup> 'The Darro rises from the hill of myrtles near Huetar and approaches Granada under the Monte Sacro. The walks on both sides this swift arrowy river are delicious.' The Darro flows into the Xenil (pronounced Hensel with the *H* strongly aspirated—some write it Genil) below the Carrera, one of the Alamedas, or public walks, of Granada. The Xenil rises in the glaciers of the Sierra Nevada and discharges itself, far away, at Feija, into the Guadalquivir.—[Q.]

<sup>5</sup> This is no extravagance ; the groves on the banks of the Darro and Xenil are peopled with nightingales, & the effect of their choirs of harmony in May is indescribable. [Q.]



FEBRUARY 1851

And where was Dora after one short year,  
When flowers exhaled the May's delicious breath ?  
Not yet, not yet on her untimely bier,  
But living, conscious in the arms of Death,<sup>1</sup>

O flowers of Rydal, could ye bloom again !  
The last *her* mortal eyes were doomed to see  
Were roses clustering at her lattice pane,  
The blossoms from her brother's funeral tree.<sup>2</sup>

Ere three-score suns and ten, from May-day morn,<sup>3</sup>  
Had risen and set on Rydal's laurelled height,  
The radiant Spirit which of Heaven was born,  
For us too precious, winged to heaven her flight.

*Endorsed* : 2 Feb: 51—Quillinan. Verses on his Wife.

1851  
No. 13b.

582. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Monday Feb 8<sup>th</sup> 1851

My dear Robinson

I have some hesitation in sending you the enclosed, one of many unsuspected *Suspiria* of mine ; for such things are almost too sacred for the light in one's own lifetime. These stanzas flowed into, and out of my mind yesterday morning of their own accord ; as, on looking out when I got up, I found our Vale & Mountains (as I have occasionally observed them before) a very miniature of the plain of Granada & the Sierra Nevada, though Ambleside is but a poor substitute for the Saracen City with its Alhambra.—You will hardly have time to look at such things now, at the opening of Parliament, when your head is full of war against the Pope.

Henry Wordsworth is prevented by the Measles from going to Woolwich ; most unfortunately I fear for his prospects of

<sup>1</sup> That fatal illness began before Christmas 1846, hardly six months after our return from Spain. In April 1847 all hope was over, and *she* knew it. [Q.]

<sup>2</sup> The Rose-tree that climbs up the front wall of Rydal Mount to the windows of the room where she breathed her last was planted there in memorial of her brother Thomas's death (which occurred in 1813, when he was six years old) and is called Thomas's tree.—[Q.]

<sup>3</sup> She expired on Friday the 9th of July 1847. [Q.]

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a commission in the Artillery. He is at Rydal Mount. Jane W. also has them at Brigham—All else as usual We shall see you by & by. I think of paying a short visit to Miss Fenwick at the end of the month : but I shall be back before you come down.

As always,  
Your's sincerely  
E. Q.

Do not trouble yourself to answer, nor to acknowledge the enclosed.

Yesterday was the only perfectly lovely day we have had for many weeks. Today it is *all* a white world, & snow still falling—Dr Davy has given directions to the Artist for a tablet, with a medallion likeness of Mr W., in Grasmere Church.

*Endorsed* : 1851.

*Address* : H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, 30 Russell Square, London.

*Post Mark* : Ambleside Fe 3 1851.

1851  
*Nos. 15a b.*

583. *Dr. Davy to H. C. R.*

Lisketh How, Ambleside  
Febr 8<sup>th</sup> 1851

My dear Sir,

I regret that what is in progress here should have disconcerted & given you trouble.—Were you acquainted with all the circumstances, I believe you would approve of what we have done & are doing ;—& so thinks Mr Harrison to whom I took your note.—One reason for not waiting till the closure of the subscription list for the Abbey Monument was, the little hope held out of there being any surplus for a monument here ; another was, that many who subscribed here, limited what they gave to the Grasmere Church monument ;—& some would subscribe nothing even, if the surplus were to be applied to your object.—Though an artist is engaged, do not suppose that the subscription list is closed here : on the contrary it was only this morning taken to Mr Harrison ; & we hope to have many names added to it ; & allow me to say, *your's*

also.—Respected as you are here, who is there here but would wish to pay you respect : do not think that our not having consulted or applied to you was from any improper feeling.—We are quite sure, & have been so from the beginning, that a sufficient sum could be raised here to place in the Church a simple & yet interesting monument,—suitable to the place & which will have Mr Wordsworth's approval.—Any surplus, it is proposed to apply to the procuring a window of stained glass in memory of the Poet in the new Church in Ambleside. Should there be, for the Abbey Monument as I hope there will be a surplus of several hundred pounds, might it not be advantageously applied to the building of a school & library room, also in Memory of him in the village of Ambleside,—where both are very much needed ?—

Permit me to make one remark more ; what we have done has neither been hasty, in secret, nor without consideration & consultation.—Many weeks ago I wrote to Mr Duke Coleridge<sup>1</sup> on the subject ; & after considerable delay received from him an answer quite unsatisfactory.—Tired of delays & uncertainties it was thought necessary to act & the more so as the intention was formed at an early period here to set on foot a subscription—not for the London, but for the Grasmere monument,—an intention on which Mr Harrison had set his heart.—It is probable that all I have written will not be satisfactory to you ; but I do hope that you will ultimately be satisfied & that our doings will have your approval.—

I am, my dear Sir  
faithfully your's  
J. Davy

P.s I have said that the subscription list was so late as today

H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup> [end of page. P.S. evidently an after-thought].

taken to Mr Harrison. This is fact,—no formal list had previously been prepared solely for the Grasmere monument : that list which was at the Post office was for the two objects—

<sup>1</sup> John Duke Coleridge, first Baron Coleridge, the poet's grand-nephew.

## FEBRUARY 1851

& in two columns:—in the column for Westminster Abbey two or three names were put down,—in the one for Grasmere Church very many.—

J. D.

*Endorsed*: 8 Feb. 51. Dr Davy, Wordsworth's Monument.

Kept not for respect but as a characteristic Memorial of Dr Davy brother of Sir Humphry an offensive man.

<sup>1851</sup>  
No. 22b.

### 584. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

14<sup>th</sup> March. 1851

p. 8, line 20. . . . All well as usual in the Rydal Vale.—Dr W's Mem<sup>r</sup> of his Uncle is all but completed, the first vol. consisting of 457 pages, & the second which I suppose will not run to a much greater length being printed as far as page 432. Dr W. is at his Vicarage in the country, & I have not had any proofs for the last two days, nor today.— . . .

<sup>1851</sup>  
Nos. 24b. 25a.

### 585. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Mch. 22. 51.

p. 6, line 14. . . . On Sunday I had a very interesting breakfast. Three eminent men in various ways.—Spence the entomologist Tom Taylor the comic writer wit lawyer & now in the Sanitary office Betz the Italian liberator & connoisseur, J. W. Parker the publisher—And uninvited John Wordsworth—Some staid late And it was a bright morning John W. the poets son was rather a damper—On his coming early, he saw a table set for a party—I hope I am not too many—Oh no I replied—There is room enough, but the party won't be to your taste—Why you have no Unit: Minister have you?—No but perhaps worse—Recollect the Unit<sup>s</sup> are among the warmest & most discriminating admirers of your father's Works. . . .

<sup>1851</sup>  
Nos. 29a. b.

### 586. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

6<sup>th</sup> April 1851

p. 7, line 2. . . . I learn from Quillinan and Mozon that the Life of the great poet will soon appear Perhaps in a little more than a week. I fear the Doctor will have introduced

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opinions which I shall not quite like, I should say perhaps 'statements concerning his Uncle' which I shall not altogether acquiesce in But it will be a very honest book And I am further told that he speaks civilly of me. This of course is agreeable But then on the other hand he has printed a letter of mine which I think poor And likely to occasion men to say—How little R. was able to profit by so much intercourse with a great man. Quillinan speaks with cheerfulness of *Mrs Wordsworth* And her health & spirits And says I am expected there soon. . . .

1851  
Nos. 30a b.

587. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

April 11<sup>th</sup> 1851

p. 8, line 5. . . . Yesterday I rece<sup>d</sup> a Presentation Copy of the Life of the great poet—It makes 2 Vols: 8vo and raises my apprehensions on several grounds—None on my own account He treats me with great civility—not exuberant so as to excite remark or suggest a suspicion of hypocrisy—But he inserts a letter of mine which tho' insignificant is not ill written—I may possibly write a paper on the Life in the Christ: Ref: but that will require consideration—The Life will become the talk of the day—And 'My little bark' will 'attendant Sail'. This was secured by the dedication and will be encreased by the Memoir . . . .

1851  
Nos. 31a b.

588. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

18<sup>th</sup> April 1851

p. 7, line 8. . . . W. Wordsworth has slept here ever since this day week And means to leave me this Evening—He has been very little with me breakfasting only with me And dining but once with me And that tête à tête He came here to see whether he could get relief from the really hard treatment he has met with from the government in the late change of the stamp duties—At one blow or by two successive blows following quick one on the other his income is diminished from 5 to 3 and his labour augmented 3 to 5—!!! Such is the adversity of one deemed a prosperous man. . . .

APRIL 1851

1851  
No. 33.

589. *Quillinan to H. C. R.*

Loughrigg Holme—  
April 28 1851—

*p. 1, line 10.* . . . How does Dr W's Memoir fare among the Newspaper Critics? I have not yet *seen* any notice of it, though I have *heard* of one in 'The Examiner'. There will, I have no doubt, be a good deal of carping. That of course. If you see anything on this subject worth reading, & have leisure to tell me of it, I will get it—Mrs W. is, on the whole, I think, very well satisfied with it: and so are we all; though one & all regret the intrusion of Mr Robert Montgomery's flash verses, which are to genuine poetry what flash notes are to those of the Bank. But what say you to the Memoir? I should like to know.—All well at Rydal Mount. I dined there yesterday with Mrs W., W<sup>m</sup> & his wife, & Miss H<sup>a</sup> and Jane Wordsworth. W's baby was also there. Mrs W. asked when you were coming. I could only answer by & by . . .

*p. 2, line 13.* . . . Miss H<sup>a</sup> M<sup>a</sup> I understand, wishes to lett her house for three months. I have not met her since my return home; and it will be an embarrassing meeting when I do see her; for, after her publication of such a book,<sup>1</sup> I cannot cordially enjoy her society, much as I valued it on many accounts before. If I were a bachelor or had no daughters, it might not be so difficult to keep up such neighbourly intercourse as I have been accustomed to with her: and, even as matters stand, it is not that I have the least fear of it for me or mine; for I never heard her say anything that was offensive; but I should not like to have my dau<sup>rs</sup> subjected to the censures that would be sure to follow them if we kept up intimacy after her announcement of such opinions as that book contains. This between ourselves: it is a painful business.—Mrs Fletcher wrote to her expressing regret that she could no longer be intimate with her. Her answer was not very agreeable. She wondered how a person professing liberal opinions, as Mrs F: does, could turn cold to her for expressing her's &c. &c.—

<sup>1</sup> *Man's Nature and Development* by H. G. Atkinson and Harriet Martineau, 1851.

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Everybody here is now shy of her, and it will end in her proclaiming herself a Martyr for what she calls 'the truth', and perhaps abusing us all as a set of bigots or idiots. I should care nothing for her sarcasms; but I *am*, not a little, troubled about her; for she is a person towards whom I am very far from having unkindly feelings

I should have been still more sorry than I was to have seen so little of you in Town if we were not looking for your visit here when you can get away from the throng round the Glass-House.<sup>1</sup> I hope all goes well with your Bury household.

Always your's very sincerely

Edward Quillinan

*Addressed* : H. C. Robinson Esqr.

*Endorsed* : 28 April 51. Quillinan.

1851  
Nos. 37a b.

590. Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughbrigg Holme. May 15. 1851

My dear Robinson—

Your letter deserves a better answer than I shall be able to give today—yet, as I leave home tomorrow for a week, I do not like to leave it unacknowledged till I have more leisure.—The first stone of the new Ambleside Church is to be laid today by Mrs Lutwydge ('the oldest inhabitant'), & all the Lakeword will be there this fine day—and we are to dine with the Lutwydges after.—To-morrow Dr Davy & I, with a young-lady Cousin from Kent, my guest, are going to Brigham, for two or three days' fishing & sight-seeing about Cromack & Buttermere—then to Carlisle to fish & moralize on the Eden &c —& home by Penrith & Paterdale.—

When are you coming? Mrs Wordsworth, who dined with me yesterday, asked me that question. Some one or other told me you were going to Germany first.

I quite agree with you about 'reminiscencers', yet Lady R & Mrs D have recorded nothing but what we know to be true of Mr W's sayings, though perhaps the spirit, or scope, of some of them is unconsciously warped by the narrator. Still more do

<sup>1</sup> The Crystal Palace at the Great Exhibition.

I agree with you as to the absurdity & want of generosity in our friend, my fatherinlaw, in his depreciation of Goethe's genius. It was too much W's habit to be censorious of rival celebrities of his own day, & too little his practice to give cordial praise to any of his literary contemporaries & even to those of earlier date. This is a great defect in him, & abates his greatness; but, with all his faults, he was the greatest poet & one of the most estimable characters of the time. Many a time have I felt indignant that that which I admired in him, poetical genius, he was not pleased that I should admire in others.—I *always* persisted however in my admiration, lauded Pope to the skies as the most perfect of poetical artists, praised Campbell for his occasional elegance & lyrical spirit especially in the sea-battle songs and *Hohen Lunden*, quoted fine though often ill-expressed THOUGHTS from Byron, importuned his ear with Tennyson (—the earlier poems & poemlets—not the Princess which I never can remember a line of—nor w<sup>d</sup> I have troubled him with In Memoriam which does not suit my taste, though everybody but myself understands it as the voice of genuine mourning).

For all my heresies, of admiration, Mr Wordsworth w<sup>d</sup> sometimes sarcastically tell me that I had 'a Catholic taste'—but he had some regard for my opinion about poetry & poets notwithstanding. All this is gossip between ourselves—I believe Goethe to have been really a sensual cold-hearted man, a worse man even than Byron—but for any one to assert that either the one or the other was without genius is either silly or invidious—What I know of Goethe is only from translations of *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Iphigenia* & a few other things, & it is enough to prove, even through that more or less disadvantageous medium, that there is no lack of great & high genius, whatever other want there may be. 'The Reminiscences' should not publish such uncandid sayings as those recorded in the Mem<sup>r</sup>; for, as you say, Mr W. was not competent to judge Goethe in that way. He knew little of German; & I doubt whether he ever read any of his works attentively, or with a disposition to be pleased in an English version.—Let me turn to a more pleasing subject. How the presence of that



MAY 1851

truly venerable man (however censorious critic) would have graced this day's ceremony—the foundation of a New Church in his own Vales! The Ecclesiastical Sonnets are not my favourites—but when particular sonnets in that series, are read for the occasion as we have this morning read those on New Churches &c they are very striking. Take for example that on 'Places of Worship'

'As star that shines dependent upon star'.

My brother (of Oporto) has desired me to put down his name for five pounds on the Subscription List for a Monument to Wordsworth—I infer that he means the West<sup>r</sup> Abbey memorial and therefore have requested Boxall to add his name for that sum to the London list.—

Miss M. is, I believe, away from home. I have not met her since my return from Town.

Your's ever

E. Q.

*Endorsed*: 15 May 51. *Quillman*. On Wordsworth and Gothe &c &c.

1851  
Nos. 38a. b.

591. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

May 16<sup>th</sup> 1851

p. 5, line 8. . . . At the President's [Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.], there was a select party—I met with *Ruskin* there the famous writer on art—author of the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and chatted agreeably with him—He is a lover both of Wordsworth and Flaxman. A subtle writer and fastidious critic who gives offence by his peculiar opinions and a contemptuous tone towards others— . . .

1851  
No. 51a.

592. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

July 9<sup>th</sup> 1851

p. 4, line 6. . . . M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth wrote a few lines informing me of the alarming illness and apprehended death of her Son in law Mr Quillinan—This was written several days ago. The

JULY 1851

actual death has not occurred, it appears—At least there is no announcement of it—I have called at Mr Rogers's and by his representative *Henry* invited to breakfast with him tomorrow—...

1851  
No. 52a.

593. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

12<sup>th</sup> July 1851.

*p. 2, line 7.* . . . The chief incident is a very sad one *Quillinan* Wordsworth's Son in law is dead ! This comes a severe blow to dear Mrs W. after the others—he was to be buried this day—This does not render the position of his daughters worse, but perhaps rather better. They have a very small income And whatever small allow<sup>ce</sup> was made by their father's brother, it may be hoped will be continued to them— . . .

1851  
Nos. 59a b.

594. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

13<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1851

*p. 7, line 15.* . . . I am not going to the Westward Miss Fenwick is returned on a sudden to Bath And other friends have seen her now so that Mrs Wordsworth is content that I should make my promised visit now, which I do not intend to make long And I shall be at the Rydal Mount. I had intended to be there on Tuesday And so wrote, but I mean to write today & substitute a promise to be there during the week As I am not a visitor to be prepared for, & protest against being treated as *company*— . . .

1851  
Nos. 61a b.

595. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

22<sup>nd</sup> Sept 1851

*p. 6, line 7.* . . . I found Mrs Wordsworth looking old but well She is a model of Christian resignation—Not a syllable of complaint or regret has dropped from her on account of her triple losses in her daughter, her husband & Quillinan—Her Son William & his delicate wife & two children were with her—She accepted with pleasure & returned with cordiality your remembrance—Friday & Saturday were passed quietly &

comfortably—You are aware of the great & numerous bereavements which this place has undergone—In addition to those who can never return, there are absent—Mr<sup>r</sup> Fletcher, the Arnolds & H. Martineau. The latter absence I do not regret—It relieves me from an embarrassment. She has lost the friendship of nearly all those she most respects: She affects great happiness & triumphs in the sort of social persecution, as she affects to consider the withdrawal of friendship which she now experiences.—

I made only two calls on the Saturday (none on the Friday) on Mr Carr the deaf & invalid Surgeon And on Mr Roughton a very worthy & excellent ex-Manufacturer who lately spent £1500 in building a Church for his workmen And travels by second class rail road carriages— . . .

1851  
Nos. 62a b.

596. W. Boxall to H. C. R.

Sept. 24. 1851.

[This long letter deals with the Wordsworth Memorial and Dr. Davy's 'offensive conduct' in connexion therewith. Dr. Davy and some of his friends, after having subscribed to the Westminster monument, were anxious for their donations to be returned that they might be used to promote the Grasmere scheme. Boxall quotes some objectionable sentences from Davy's letter, and then proceeds:]

p. 5, line 6. . . . a few weeks or I may say days before the death of poor Quillinan he sent me a cheque of £5 as a subscription from his brother at Oporto towards the Abbey monument. I need not tell you that both myself & Mr Coleridge have both worked in this cause because of the sincere & earnest love and admiration we both feel for our great poet—and you will remember that when the project of the memorial at Grasmere was first mentioned to me by you I was anxious to subscribe to it. But I never thought of withdrawing my efforts to raise the monument which should & ought to be a national one. This schism in the North which Dr Davy seems to have headed has deprived us of many subscriptions at least judging from the few subscribers from the country of the Lakes I cannot help thinking it must be so—It is a most painful thing to have even the slightest discussion upon the subject—I am glad to find that 'Dr Davy stands quite alone'. . . .

SEPTEMBER 1851

1851  
Nov. 63a. b.

597. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Sept. 25/6 1851  
Rydal Mount.

*p. 2, line 4.* . . . All I can now do is to give you an account of the Grasmere Church Monument—It is a tall obelisk bearing the inscription you shall read—And below on what was meant to be a sort of basement is a third medallion a profile in bas relief—Not a strong likeness, nor yet unlike—Wordsworths face was of a kind, that the likeness was hard to miss, And yet more hard to strike strongly & agreeably—It does not please.—Nor is the form of the obelisk agreeable Of the inscription you may yourself judge—

To the Memory of  
William Wordsworth  
A true philosopher and poet  
Who by the special gift and grace of  
ALMIGHTY GOD  
Whether he discoursed on Man or Nature  
Failed not to lift up the Heart  
To Holy Things :  
Tired not of maintaining the cause  
Of the poor and simple  
And so in perilous times was raised up  
To be a chief Minister  
Not only of noblest poesy  
But of high and sacred truth  
.  
.  
.  
This Memorial  
Is placed by his friends and Neighbours  
In testimony of  
Respect Affection and Gratitude  
Anno  
1851

I understand that it was composed by Mr Keble but this is a mere impression on my part—I am not sure of the fact.—It is very little talked of in this house And indeed the whole

SEPTEMBER 1851

occasion has been the source of much dissension, in consequence of this, I have not yet spoken with any one of the principals, or rather the principal in the business. . . .

*p. 4, last line.* . . . I spent the Evening in reading—to the ladies—that is, Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth—And her daughter in law Mr<sup>s</sup> William W: whom it is possible Mr<sup>s</sup> & Miss Hutchison may know. She lived for some 5 or 6 years before her marriage also in Norfolk Square Brighton. Her father Mr Graham is a tall elderly very gentlemanly man. She is a very nice person, very amiable but also a delicate creature who would excite the sympathy of you all being one of two children the survivors of eight, all the rest being the victims of pulmonary consumption. My reading this evening consisted of Andersen's 'Ugly Duck' and 'The Emperor's New Clothes', the gems of the volume—tho' all are gems—and some of Mr<sup>s</sup> Leicester's School Tales— . . .

1851  
Nos. 65a. b.

598. H. C. R. to T. R.

9<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1851.

[from Bath]

*p. 4, line 9.* . . . I am glad to find that even she [Miss Fenwick] is not pleased with the Memoir of her friend the poet—tho' her religious opinions are those of the Doctor the Westminster Canon— . . . *p. 6, P.S., line 3.* . . . I have this morning been calling on Walter Savage Landor who lives here And he was very friendly He, you may recollect, broke with me on account of my exposing his attack on Wordsworth, but that is forgotten now He is a man of marvellous genius And a beautiful writer, but of equal absurdity— . . .

1851  
Nos. 75b. 76a.

599. H. C. R. to T. R.

Nov. 28. 1851.

*p. 5, line 14.* . . . The Cooksons are persons I very much like. And certainly somewhat more because they are firm in their U—ism And do not suffer themselves to be bullied into conformity with popular prejudices—He is one of the soundest

[ 784 ]

NOVEMBER 1851

men I know— By the bye—This reminds me, he being one of Wordsworth's Executors—That you have never mentioned the poets life by the Doctor. . . . I do not expect it will give you much pleasure It pleases no one precisely. I am spoken of respectfully And there is a letter of mine but a poor one. . . .

1852  
Nos. 7. 8.

600. Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.

Feb 4. 1852.

p. 6, line 6. . . . I hear that Miss Martineau is as well received now as ever in the Lake society—Her bad *doctrine* seems merged in her *every day deeds of kindness*, which people have before their eyes & ears—while the *book* is out of sight.

I begin to wish very much to hear of dear Miss Fenwick. The last account was hopeful But she varies so that fresh reports are ever needed. . . .

1852  
No. 10a.

601. Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.

10 C[hester] Place  
Feb 11 [1852]

Dear Mr Robinson

Many thanks again. I quite enter into your feeling about 'Myrtle Leaf'<sup>1</sup> &c The heading should be simply To—— no *name* mentioned That would too much individualize, I think.

Mrs Wordsworth may possibly recollect some thing about 'Youth & Age'<sup>2</sup> as Miss Hutchinson did. Perhaps poor Miss W's memory might help her. The old remember things long past.

I wish I could ascertain when 'Caleb Williams' by Godwin

<sup>1</sup> *To an Unfortunate Woman whom the author had known in the days of her innocence* begins with the line 'Myrtle-leaf that, ill-beespiced,' . . . It was first published in 1797.

<sup>2</sup> 'First publ<sup>d</sup> in its present shape in 1834. . . . There can be little doubt that ll. 1-43 were composed in 1823, and that the last six lines . . . were composed, as an afterthought, in 1832.' E. H. Coleridge.

FEBRUARY 1852

first appeared.<sup>1</sup> S. T. C. has been accused of borrowing from it. a *most ridiculous charge* in all ways. But I fancy his passage was before the Public first.

Yours most truly  
Sara Coleridge

*Endorsed*: Feb 11 1852 M<sup>rs</sup> H. N. Coleridge M<sup>rs</sup> Sara. Auto-graph. Written just before her death. See Coleridge's poems, last edition, Vol. [^], p. [^].

<sup>1852</sup>  
No. 11b.

602. Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.

10 C[hester] Place  
Feb 16 [1852]

Dear M<sup>r</sup>. Robinson

Think of my having another letter from dear M<sup>rs</sup>. Wordsworth, answering some queries in my last,—which I begged her not to answer—but to consider as mere remarks—

She is really *wonderful*. When you write to her will you give my *best* thanks for this most kind and affectionate letter . . .

[PS.] I have been *very* poorly of late—but now better.

<sup>1852</sup>  
No. 10b.

603. Sara Coleridge to H. C. R.

10 C[hester] Place  
Friday Evening  
[N.D.]<sup>2</sup>

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson

M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth's letter gave me sincere delight What a noble hand she writes ! I think you might like to look at it some day.

The account of dear Miss F[enwick] is more cheering than otherwise—M<sup>rs</sup> W cannot throw much light on ' Youth & Age ' but she gives me the date of another poem which M<sup>r</sup> Gillman misdated by 11 years, to Italy. . . .

<sup>1</sup> 1794.

<sup>2</sup> This letter must be later than the preceding, as is shown by its contents and also by the very feeble handwriting. There is a still later letter to H. C. R. on April 1. She died on 7 May 1852.

<sup>1852</sup>  
Nos. 12a. b.

604. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

Feb. 21. 1852.

*p. 7, line 10.* . . . the chief attraction was whist in which you unluckily cannot sympathise A great loss to yourself, as Wordsworth declared it would have been to him late in life if he had not possessed it. . . .

<sup>1852</sup>  
No. 16b.

605. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

4 Mar. 52

*p. 8, line 2.* . . . Mrs Wordsworths letter delighted me. I half believe that the last time I saw her was at Sara Coleridges House No No I have seen her since that time—How delightful it is that there seems not the least difference in her—but I want to know . . . how John W— is & where his children are & who has the care of them—if he goes abroad I want to know something of the impression made by the Prelude & the Memoir & I want to know a thousand things more which I will not trouble you with asking about. . . .

<sup>1852</sup>  
Nos. 19b. 20a.

606. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

March 19<sup>th</sup> 1852.

*p. 7, line 9.* . . . Certainly *Dandy-Saints* are worse than even Literary Dandies whom Wordsworth (alluding to Litton Bulwer) declared to be the worst . . .

Nos. 5 6 7a<sup>1</sup> 607. *H. C. R. to S. Naylor jr.*

[Rydal Mount]

Sept. 8. 1852.

. . . Here I came on Monday—intending to lye by as much as possible during the week I meant to spend here—But yesterday I could not help walking about Eight Miles *not* to see the fine lake of Grasmere or the sweet Rydal Water—here the scenery

<sup>1</sup> This extract is from one of seventeen letters from H. C. R. to Samuel Naylor, jr., now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Clifford Bax, who has kindly given permission for publication.



has always been subordinate to social feelings—And the loss of the great poet, to which has been added that of his son in law Quillinan renders this place in a great degree a place for mournful recollections—And here I have three most interesting persons all sharing my feelings concerning the departed—with whom I spend my time M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth—M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher—Each in her own way most admirable—M<sup>rs</sup> F. in her 83<sup>d</sup> year has the most vigorous nature of them all. . . .

. . . I envy you the pursuit of fine art It is the portion of it especially which you cultivate, which I am least incapable of relishing as it deserves—The art which in its highest form of excellence gives

To one brief moment caught from fleeting time  
The appropriate calm of blest Eternity.<sup>1</sup>

Ruskin thanked me for communicating this sonnet to him. I have conceived a very high opinion of this man and am quite disturbed by his avowed disesteem of the greatest of landscape painters if this be a correct announcement of his highest function—Claude Lorraine— . . .

1852  
Nos. 52a b.

608. H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Mount  
9<sup>th</sup> Sept 1852

p. 4, line 10. . . . Him [Will: Wordsworth jr], I first saw next day in the Cathedral [at Carlisle] And with him were M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson the widow of M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworths brother. . . . her blind brother John Monkhouse—whose deceased brother Thomas M: was our companion Anno: 1820 in the famous Swiss Journey, rendered such by Wordsworth's Memorials— . . .

10<sup>th</sup> a/m

p. 5, line 15. . . . I went in the Evening to W: Wordsworth And found him in a very genteel house handsomely furnished

<sup>1</sup> Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture These are the concluding lines of the sonnet, which begins . ' Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay . . . '

with a fine little girl And an amiable wife with only one fault, bad health—I spent an agreeable evening—Monday I went by Rail to Oxenholme or the Kendal Junction—having a single companion in the R. R. Coach—A Chairman of Quarter Sessions who declared magisterially concerning Wordsworth as Dogberry did of Verges—That he was ‘A good Man’—Adding that he was very amiable but sadly over rated as a poet He had the vanity to think himself as great a poet as *Milton* or *Pope* or *Dryden* or *Addison*—which provoked a smile and an exclamation—‘A strange enumeration that ! I never heard those four names brought together in that way before ! . . .

p. 6, line 15. . . I had a cordial reception from dear M<sup>rs</sup> W: whom I found remarkable well in spirits—and health—still ‘a perfect woman’ The three days since, have been spent in calls on my acquaintance And as I have announced my intention to leave this place on Wednesday—I find my time already engaged by friendly invitations Tuesday 7<sup>th</sup> I called on M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold in the forenoon & after an early dinner, on M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher at Grasmere—I have so frequently written of these admirable women, that I will not again repeat what I have said of them—Except that M<sup>rs</sup> F: calls herself a *very old* woman a title which no one admits to be correct—She is *10 days* Older than you ; and retains all her youthful attachments while she allows herself to form others—Lord Brougham may be considered her first Love And Lord John Russell her second—*Mazzini* is her passion And Kossuth the object of her *temperate* attachment Monkhouse (who came here yesterday, accompanies me to dine with her to day—

On Wed: I walked to Ambleside, calling on the Harrisons—And sitting a long time with M<sup>r</sup> Carr—(Ex Surgeon) I took tea with the Arnolds Matthew the eldest has a nice little wife in the dau<sup>r</sup> of *Justice Wightman*—Yesterday I called on M<sup>rs</sup> Davy—dau<sup>r</sup> of M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher and wife of D<sup>r</sup> D brother of Sir Humphrey—the marplot of the Wordsworth Monument, to whom I am intentionally cool—And whom individually I would not call on— . . .

SEPTEMBER 1852

1852  
Nos. 53b. 54a.

609. H. C. R. to T. R.

Sept. 17<sup>th</sup> 1852.

p. 6, line 18. . . . I left Rydal on Wedn: as already stated with a painful feeling of uncertainty whether or not I shall ever be induced to go there again Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth tho' unchanged in spirit is manifestly feebler in body—And were she to dye there are but two persons living in the neighbourhood who could induce me to go there again—M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher who is in her Eighty third Year And M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold—comparatively a young woman—The others are of a lower degree in interest— . . .

1853  
Nos. 5a. b. 6a.

610. M. W. to H. C. R.

Rydal M<sup>t</sup> Jan 8<sup>th</sup> [18]58

Neither, dear Friend, did I want a 'refresher'—How could I, at this season when we used to have those *unforgettable* Meetings!—but how changed. I had been *hankering* after a desire to wish you a happy New Year, which I now do most cordially, when your note reached me, with *your* 'congratulations' which I was slow to understand what the word alluded to till I came to the '10 Shares' (but which, by the bye, are only 5).—The matter amid so many family *perplexities* had scarcely crossed my mind since I heard of the Golden River—& I only hope it may not lead any one into temptation.

You say nothing of your own health, or that of your Brother, so I trust your holidays have been passed without anxiety. Nor have we at Rydal Mount cause for any, regarding health. Our Sister is quite well—& in her usual state—indeed I think *mentally*, she is more herself than you have seen her to be—yet more indifferent to gone by Events—she passes more of her time in bed; which is a relief to her Attendant, as well as to herself.

I have my two younger Grandsons with me, & just now Mr Hill who is my Guest instead of being at Fox how, where he could not be received—M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold having most of her Belongings with her—Her Son, with his wife & Child arrived from India last week—He, poor fellow, being obliged to give up an excellent situation, not being able to bear the Climate. He

has improved upon the journey; & having, not remained abroad too long, great hope is that his Constitution may not be *much* injured. This arrival is a great comfort to his Mother, who has had many an anxious foreboding—And *his disappointment* has reconciled *me* to *that* which our good friend Mr Twining considered a disappointment in being unable to procure, as he had hoped, a Cadetship for my Grandson Henry, to India. He, poor fellow (but with a good spirit) is preparing for Australia without much plan to go upon; which is a feeling I do not like to rest upon but one that haunts *me* with painful thoughts, of its being an everlasting separation.

You have scarcely heard that a Son has been born in Castle Street to supply the place of the one which William brought, & laid near to its Grandfather in Grasmere Churchyard 14 months ago.—A great happiness to its Parents inasmuch as the Mother is doing well—& the babe flourishing. So with Gods blessing I trust this child may be spared to them. Thank you for your amusing detail of your meeting with the smooth Bishop—& of your report of the Rogers, of whom I had not lately heard he is a wonderful Person When you fall in with them do remember to say I often think of them with affectionate recollections.

Poor Moxon I understand has been subject of late to frequent returns of indisposition, I hope of no *dangerous* tendency. I think Mr Carter has been in correspondence with him upon the subject of his application to you.

I have to mention a circumstance which is more worthy of congratulation to *me at least* than that of our possessing the 5 Shares, which is, that my sister & her two daughters have taken a house in Grasmere for the next year—to commence their being *my neighbours* in March. My Nephew George, having it in his head to '*commit* matrimony' (to use an expression that Mr Carter read to me from a notice of the life of Professor Lee, & which tickled my fancy) is the occasion of their leaving Mathon. Hitherto they have not been able to meet with a house nearer Rydal, which was their wish, & which if it *continues to be desirable* they will endeavor to do against another year. Otherwise I dare say it will please them to remain near the Old Church Yard.

JANUARY 1853

I hope dear friend, it may not be long before you can visit us *all*—You have been much enquired for in the course of the last 3 weeks.

Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher is in her usual force—She has her Son, & an Old Scotch lady with her—a chearful companion. She is expecting Lady Richardson, to look after the building which is going on at Lancrigg—enlarging the Cottage.

Your friend Mr Carr is recovering from a very serious operation—which even *you* can scarcely judge of the extent of the suffering he has undergone altho you had a Carbuncle removed from *your* Back. When you meet he will give you a harrowing report of what he went thro'—& likewise a most grateful one of the attention of his tender Nurse Miss D. to whom he says he owes his life.

But I have got to the end of my paper—I have to apologise for having begun to write by mistake upon a  $\frac{1}{2}$  sheet.

Ever with every good wish most affly y<sup>rs</sup>

M. W.

*Endorsed* : Wordsworth [*sic*].

1853  
No. 29a.

611. *Lady Cranworth to H. C. R.*

March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1853

p. 2, *line* 6. . . . The accounts of dear Miss Fenwick are very grievous, but I hear she has been much cheered by dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth's expressed intention of undertaking a journey south in the Spring to see her once more, what wonderful energy in her friends behalf & how like her loving heart ! . . .

1853  
No. 37a.

612. *Lady Richardson to H. C. R.*

April 20<sup>th</sup> 1853

Haslar

Wednesday

My dear Mr Robinson

The line you ask about is not Wordsworths, but Gambolds<sup>1</sup> a Moravian brother of the last century and well known to the readers of hymn's and sacred Poems as the Author of the 'Mystery of Life'. The line quoted is from a Poem called

<sup>1</sup> John Gambold (1711–71), bishop of the Unitas Fratrum.

APRIL 1853

'Religious discourse'. His works were republished some years ago, with a Preface by Thomas Erskine. It is a real satisfaction to me to find that you approve of my little attempt<sup>1</sup> to do justice to our dear friend's true LIFE or life (as you please) that, is of much more consequence to me than your dislike of the Canon's book. I do not differ from you very much about that, except that all the little praise I give it is quite sincere.—He gives all he could, for he did not know much of his Uncle, except by hearsay, and that was not the way to know Wordsworth. It did not become *Me* to attack the Canon, it would have defeated the object I had at heart, which was to speak about what I felt & knew to be *the truth*, and so, to do it, as to give some pleasure and no pain to the dear old Lady at the Mount. I know she felt deeply grieved at the vile paper in Chamber's, just after his death for she put it in my hand saying 'could you have believed that was possible'?—and I felt it to be almost a sacred duty to counter-act if possible the false impressions afloat which De Quincey's subtle pen<sup>2</sup> and dishonest mind have been so much the means of scattering about. What you say of Archdeacon Hare's approval of the tribute is very pleasant to me. I have often thought that he ought to have written *the Life*.—

My husband unites with me in kind regards to you and believe me dear Mr Robinson

to be very sincerely  
yours Mary Richardson.

*Endorsed* : April 1853. *Lady Richardson*

<sup>1853</sup>  
No. 56a. 613. *Mr. Benson Harrison to H. C. R.*

My dear Sir

[30<sup>th</sup> June 1853]

On the Subscription List for Wordsworths' Memorial Window, your name stands for £5; how it got there I don't know; but I have been told you offered to send it once by

<sup>1</sup> 'April 7<sup>th</sup> [1853]—I read to Masquerier an excellent article on Wordsworth's life, by Lady Richardson, in *Sharpe's Magazine*; only Lady Richardson praises the written life by mistake, when she ought to have eulogized only the actual life.' *Diary*.

<sup>2</sup> In *Tass's Magazine*, Jan.—Sept. 1839; Oct. 1840; Sept. 1845. (*Works*, 1835–60; vols. ii, vi).

JUNE 1853

M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher, which would signify that you considered it rightly placed in that List.

As I understand Dr Davy and you don't now correspond, I have undertaken to ask if you still wish to contribute to that object? The Window is now in, and a very beautiful one it is. The Main Figures are Solomon, Moses and David. They have got Funds sufficient to put in two other Windows to the Family, having received £105 from Professor Reid from America. If more Money comes from that Country, they purpose having a Library, attached to a Schoolroom, to be called 'The Wordsworth Library' M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth is pretty well now.—I hope we shall see you this Summer, and that you are better than when we saw you in London. M<sup>rs</sup> Harrison joins me in regards,

& believe me my dear Sir

Your's very truly

Benson Harrison

Ambleside

30<sup>th</sup> June 1853

Endorsed: 30 June—1853. Benson Harrison. The Wordsworth Monument.

1853  
No. 83b

614. Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

Sept. 25.<sup>1</sup> 1853

p. 1, line 16. . . . But I am really better though my Capabilities do not go very far & I earnestly hope that dear dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth may [be] able & willing to come & see me & to give me the delight of seeing a granddaughter of hers. How kind of you to propose this! . . .

1853  
No. 84a.

615. Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> 1 1853.

p. 1, line 7. . . . I cannot tell the tumult of joy wh. it gave me to know that dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth thought of coming to see me—I hope that I may continue as well as I am now—and that all may go well on both sides. . . .

<sup>1</sup> These two letters are both dated Sept. 25th by the writer and by H. C. R. in his endorsements.

SEPTEMBER 1853

<sup>1853</sup>  
No. 856. 616. *Jane S. Wordsworth to H. C. R.*

The Uplands,  
East Sheen  
Sep<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 1853.

My dear Mr Robinson.

I write a few lines according to my promise to tell you that we found Miss Fenwick a great deal better than we expected ; and to assure you, that both she & Mr & Mrs Taylor will be very glad to see you here whenever it is convenient to you to come. I may add that this place is seven miles from Hyde Park Corner ; and close to Richmond Park. The cab-man cheated Hannah and myself of half a crown. We were not aware that the driver was included in the sum already paid ; & Granny being engaged with Miss Fenwick in our simplicity we yielded to his entreaties, and presented him with that coin wh Granny wishes you if possible to recover from him ; & to expend in Stationary for her ; as she is in want of that Article ; at any rate she begs you will bring her a supply when you come

Ever dear Mr Robinson

Yours affectionately  
J. S. Wordsworth

*Endorsed : 30 Sept 53. Miss Wordsworth.*

<sup>1853</sup>  
Nos. 866. 87a.

617. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

1853  
Oct 1<sup>st</sup>

p. 7, line 13. . . . Mrs Wordsw: had written to beg me to get beds for her near Russ: Squ: As she meant to be here in the Even<sup>g</sup>—Luckily Mr Leach<sup>1</sup> being from home I used his rooms & could provide for Mrs W: her granddaughter and the Maid and Mrs W. found herself very comfortable—They breakfasted and lunched And then went to Miss Fenwick at Henry Taylors—Knowing that the officiousness of friends is often more trouble-

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R.'s acquaintance and fellow-tenant.



OCTOBER 1853

some tho' less mortifying than their neglect I would not go with them And I have done right I have had a *general* invitation but I shall not go *yet*. This is to be Mrs Ws *last visit* to the South She will be perhaps a month here before she goes to Mrs Clarkson I mean to escort her And shall then accompany her—if I comply with her request—to Rydal. . . .

1853  
No. 100b. c.

618. H. C. R. to T. R.

London

30 Russ: Sq<sup>r</sup>:

12<sup>th</sup> Nov: [1853]

p. 1, *line* 12. . . . I will now give you my subsequent history which will confirm the old doctrine taught by all moralists that good natured actions turn out satisfactory to the performer & projector often beyond any expectation of his own either to others or himself.—Sarah remarks on her finding me *gone* when she came down half an hour after 7—That I should have left my shaving brush Sponge &c shewed how much in a hurry I was—The fact is that I am becoming morbidly anxious & somewhat confused about appointments &c And therefore I suffered myself to be needlessly alarmed by the incorrectness of your clock which being 20 minutes *before* the R: Road clock I thought I was in danger of being left behind And arrived at the Station before the clerk was in the office to take the tickets !!!—It was a fine day—And at Ipswich I took a walk over the hill. . . . I walked to Playford and arrived there before Mrs Clarkson was come down stairs—I declined riding out with the ladies—They were best alone And I sat the rest of the day in that happy state—half dreaming half sleeping. . . . Mrs C was during the whole of our stay greatly improved in her health—It is hard to say who most enjoyed this very improbable & unexpected meeting of the two aged Widows—One, of the greatest English poet of his age; the other, of one of the greatest benefactors to humanity of any age. And both have expressed their thanks to me warmly for having in a manner

*forced* them to have an enjoyment neither had the courage to propose or plan—

We were, you know engaged to stay three days only—but in the Even<sup>g</sup> there came to me a message—Could I without inconvenience stay another day—? Of course I could—I wished, rather than hoped for such a proposal—I gladly acceded to the proposal—But the next day was merely a day of rest & a blank—Not of Ennuie

M<sup>rs</sup> Dickenson<sup>1</sup> likes Jane Wordsworth much And she is to stay behind when her Grandmama goes home—This has occasioned M<sup>rs</sup> W. to say to me—You know you promised to go back with me but you say you cannot *stay*—And therefore as I have my Servant with me I can travel without any escort, but Jane cannot Will you therefore accompany Jane in the Spring—? You can take her to Playford in the first place—Then from Pl: thro' Bury & Cambr: to the North &c &c—A bright prospect this—

Only M<sup>rs</sup> W. has made me promise that I will not go on to Gretna Green [*end of page*] Green which seeing I am full *sixty* years older than her Grandaūr is no very dangerous undertaking for me to enter into—When this will be, I cannot tell—Jane wishes to stay some months in the South—She has to form an acquaintance with all her Grandfathers friends here She will probably stay some time at Playford when I can come to you—So this is no unpleasant prospect before us—And you will be glad to have your house made use of for such a purpose— . . .

1853  
No. 102b.

619. H. C. R. to T. R.

Nov. 19. 1853

p. 8, line 8. . . . On Tuesday I was at the Westm: Deanery with M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth who leaves her Grandaūr behind her—<sup>2</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Clarkson's daughter.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to his brother on Nov. 26, H. C. R. notes that he has twice called on M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth at the Doctor's, i. e. on the preceding Monday and Friday.

DECEMBER 1853

<sup>1853</sup>  
No. 117b.

620. *Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.*

[Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> 1853]

My dear Friend

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth wrote me a most beautiful letter the day after she reached home & I hear from her Granddaughter that she (Jane) will spend Xmas at Stanley Grove & come hear [*sic*] at the last—She says she has a cough & I hope it is attended to—you would hear that M<sup>rs</sup> Opie did not long survive. She was in her 85<sup>th</sup> year—I rather think that M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth wishes Jane to stay in the South till the Spring therefore you must not now wait for her coming—You never before gave so much pleasure (tho the greatest part of your life has been spent in acts of kindness) as in bringing M<sup>rs</sup> W here & I believe she feels it as much as I do— . . .

*p. 2, line 14.* . . . I must finish my object in writing being principally to tell you that I shall be glad to see you whenever you like to come & to thank you for bringing M<sup>rs</sup> W—& me together. God bless you !

Most affectionately yours

C. Clarkson

Dec<sup>r</sup> 20<sup>th</sup>  
1853

*Endorsed :* Dec: 1853. M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson.

<sup>1853</sup>  
Nos. 120a. b.

621 *H. C. R. to T. R. and Sarah Robinson*

24<sup>th</sup> Dec 1853

*p. 6, line 18.* . . . I have not yet told you that I had a letter from M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson—Saying in words of unmistakeable sincerity & kindness that I had in no one act of my life given so much pleasure as in taking M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth to Playford—And this she says is the feeling of M<sup>rs</sup> W: as well as herself—

I had a letter this morning from Jane W: You know I am to take her to Playford when she leaves London It will not be yet I understand—As I am afterwards to accompany her to Rydal—A promise I made as an excuse for my not going with M<sup>rs</sup> W: . . .

MARCH 1854

<sup>1854</sup>  
Nos. 24a. b.

622. *H. C. R. to T. and S. R.*

Mar 10. 1854

*p. 4, line 8.* . . . When I shall be called upon to accompany Miss Jane Wordsworth to the North I cannot tell—I hope not before April . . . I wrote to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth informing her of M<sup>rs</sup> Corsbie's death—And am somewhat apprehensive that she may be ill She must have answered that letter one would think—She has in fact not written to me since she left London—And as she left me with great kindness And I am conscious of having shewn her all the attention in my power, I cannot possibly ascribe it to any other than the ordinary involuntary forgetfulness of age Which does not offend me—As I hope my own forgetfulness towards others does not offend them—It is common to us Septuagenarians— . . .

*p. 6, line 8.* . . . If I do not soon hear from M<sup>rs</sup> W: I must call at the Cloisters at least to enquire . . .

<sup>1854</sup>  
No. 30a b.

623. *H. C. R. to T. R.*

24 March 1854

*p. 2, line 5.* . . . This morning I have had with me John Wordsworth asking for my advice on occasion of the proposed marriage of his daughter with M<sup>rs</sup> Hoare's nephew—I have lately been perpetually consulted by friends on matters which do not at all lye in my line. . . .

<sup>1854</sup>  
No. 35b.

624. *H. C. R. to Sarah Robinson*

5<sup>th</sup> April 1854

*p. 4, line 5.* . . . Today I am going to dine with John Wordsworth & his daur at M<sup>rs</sup> Hoares of Hampstead. . . .

<sup>1854</sup>  
No. 51b.

625. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend

[May 23<sup>d</sup> 1854]

I was just about to write this note as an *introduction*, tho' a needless one, to you, when you see the Card of our Friend Professor Reed of Philadelphia—who has been at Rydal Mount since Thursday—when you[r] welcome letter reached me this morning, for which, our friend will, by this hurried note bear

MAY 1854

my thanks. I need only say come when it suits you—you cannot come amiss.

All you tell me from Mr Alexander, I have long gathered from *experience*—but Dr Davy tells me that my *now* useless, or I may say *blind* eye, has a cataract formed over it.—

Your letter throughout is very interesting to me but I have now only time to notice that you are not aware, how much you *must* have *neglected* the charge I put under your care.

Upon re-reading your letter I find that Mr<sup>s</sup> Harrison's report about my eyes—has led you into a mistake—as to the *RECOVERY of the sight* of one eye. The fact is, that (tho' unconscious of it till I was about 80 years of age) I *never had* any *use* from the eye that always slunk into a corner—in plain terms the *squinting* eye—untill the useful one was worn out. Then it chose to creep into its corner (as Dr Davy tells me a Catteract is formed upon it) & the Idler is *come forth* & in some degree compensates for the loss of my old friend—but it is but a poor substitute yet ample cause for gratitude. Tho' from being long I am short sighted & in reading only pick up words separately like a learner—the vision does not expand over a line that it requires patience to get thro' even a Chapter in the Bible—I had hoped that practice might have done more for me than it does.

M. W.

Can you understand when I tell you that at the eleventh hour She, to whom you send regards 'as the Bride Elect' *changed her mind* & has consequently thrown us all into a state of—I may almost say *disgrace* But I cannot speak further that [than] to say, the Engagement is *entirely broken off*.

It is a *subject* so painful as not to have been *spoken of*, & I do not think Mr R or his Sister have heard it mentioned. So you need not introduce it. They return to Rydal before the 14<sup>th</sup> of June, to be present at the Consecration of the New Chapel at Ambleside

God bless you dear Friend, your affe<sup>s</sup> M. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount

May 23<sup>d</sup> 1854

*Endorsed* : May 1854. Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth.

<sup>1854</sup>  
No. 57b. 626. *Professor Henry Reed*<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Patterdale

June 16. 1854

p. 1, *last line*. . . . On our second visit to Rydal we found Mr Wordsworth very well, and after spending two happy days under her roof, we bade her goodbye last evening, and are now on our way to Scotland.

I take advantage of stopping overnight at this little place to answer your note,—for which duty I could not find a moment's leisure, when in the midst of the kind friends from whom we have just parted. . . .

<sup>1854</sup>  
No. 57a 627. *Mrs. Clarkson* to H. C. R.  
[2 sides only.]

30 June 1854

p. 1, *line 22*. . . . Dr Wordsworth also called here one day with his wife & a little Boy whom he has placed with Mr Rigaud<sup>2</sup> at Ipswich Grammar School I was unluckily gone out for my daily drive. I should have liked to see him & try what I c<sup>d</sup> make of him. . . . De Quincey seems with all his prejudices to have at least appreciated dear Miss Wordsworth as she deserves. . . .

farewell my dear kind friend

Your sincerest old Baby friend<sup>3</sup>

June 30<sup>th</sup> 1854

C. Clarkson

<sup>1</sup> See No. 630. He was professor of English literature in the University of Philadelphia and the man who did most to make Wordsworth known in America. With Wordsworth's permission, he edited the *Poetical Works* in 1837.

<sup>2</sup> S. J. Rigaud (1816-59); head master of Queen Elizabeth's school, Ipswich, 1850-8; Bishop of Antigua, 1858-9.

<sup>3</sup> 'Of far greater influence over me was the family of Mr. Buck. And among these the one to whom I was most devoted was his eldest daughter Catherine. She was three years older than I. Being the playfellow of her brother John . . . Catherine took me in hand to bring me forward. I have very severe letters from her, reproaching me for sloveliness of dress as well as rudeness of behaviour. But at the same time she lent me books, made me first acquainted with the new opinions that were then afloat, and was my oracle until her marriage with the then celebrated Thomas Clarkson. . . . After her marriage she quitted Bury, but our friendship never ceased. . . .' *Reminiscences*, 1795.

JULY 1854

1854  
No. 62a.

628. Miss Fenwick to H. C. R.

88 Cadogan Place  
28 July/54

My dear Mr Robinson

Our dear Friend at Rydal M<sup>r</sup> tells me she is looking for the happiness of seeing you soon—and that you would like to call on me before you leave Town—be assured that I should be glad to see you at any time & I should have sooner told you so—but that sometimes I have not be[en] able to write & that I sometimes too I [*sic*] was uncertain of my ability of seeing anyone—but come & see me when you can & I will trust to its being one of my better days

Ever dear Mr Robinson

Very much

Yours

Isabella Fenwick

Endorsed : 28<sup>th</sup> July 54. Miss Fenwick.

1854  
No. 63b.

629. M. W. to H. C. R.

[July 1854]

My dear friend

This brief note will meet you I hope on your way Northward. I wish I could give you the prospect of finding your old friend in as comfortable a state as when I last wrote to you. But I am sorry to say she has been since that time very much disturbed—so much as it has been very sad to see her, *at times* thorought [*sic*] the last week—I attribute this in some measure to the hot weather—She is now thank God for the present calm & the rain having fallen last night, the air is cooler & I hope you may find her, if not as happy as I represented tolerably comfortable.

In answer to your query about dear Miss Fenwick—I cannot say whether she is well enough to receive *visits* from *Bachelors*, but I have of late been delighted to hear that she had been much relieved by the prescriptions of a New Dr—So that I may venture to say, that there can be no harm in your

JULY 1854

calling at No 88 Cadogan Place & sending up your Card & should she be well enough I am sure she would be most glad to see you. As I shall be to receive you with news of her from you. Believe me dear M<sup>r</sup> R. in haste ever aff<sup>ly</sup> y<sup>rs</sup>

M W

Sunday M<sup>r</sup>

*Endorsed: July 54. Mrs Wordsworth.*

<sup>1854</sup>  
*No. 72a* 630. *Mrs. Derwent [Mary] Coleridge to H. C. R.*

Oct 27. 1854

*p. 1, line 8.* . . . You have doubtless seen the fate of the unfortunate Steamer 'Arctic' in the papers, but it may not have struck you that dear Professor Reed and his excellent sister Miss Bronson were amongst the passengers. . . .

*p. 2, line 15.* . . . M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth shares our sorrow. They spent their last Sunday in England at Rydal Mount—the next was at sea—the next—ah! I believe we have no cause to mourn. . . .

<sup>1854</sup>  
*No. 83b.*

631. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount Dec<sup>r</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>

My very dear Friend

Among many others I found *your* letter upon my return from Carlisle on Saturday, where I had been passing nearly a month with W<sup>m</sup> & his Family all of whom I left well—save that W<sup>m</sup> had been weakened by a bad cold—& the present busy season which confines him to his work from daylight till ab<sup>t</sup> 10 o'clock at night—is not likely to allow of his rallying—for the next three weeks, at least. I find all quite well, thank God at home—but dear friend you will be sorry to hear that my sight has almost so entirely left me that I can scarcely trace the lines I write—& am quite unable to read either my own writing or the letters of my friends without the greatest difficulty—indeed I may say that most of those I receive appear to my eyes as blank paper. This no doubt is a serious deprivation;—but with the perfect health I am permitted to enjoy



DECEMBER 1854

& all other comforts showered upon me I should be a wicked creature to murmur,—Tho' I can do no more in return for your interesting letter than thank you for it, & for the great satisfaction I always have in hearing thro' your kindness of our mutual friends. Long my dear friend may you be able to continue therefore from time to time to gratify your old friends, tho' no longer able to repay you in kind.

God bless you.

affly yours

M. Wordsworth

I sympathise in the state of your Br<sup>s</sup> household. Mr Carter begs his kind respects. We are alone—He reads to me. Best love to M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson—

1855  
No. 42.

632. M. W. to [Miss Fenwick ?]

Tuesday 22<sup>d</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup>

My beloved Friend

I merely write this to prevent your being shocked by suddenly hearing that our poor Sister is no more—She seems to be passing thro' another stage to her final home—without further *apparent* suffering than what the accumulation of phlegm occasions, except extreme restlessness. Since writing the above Dr Davy has just seen her & pronounces that 'She will get over it her pulse is better' I shall be more easy however from having given you this report of our last 3 days anxiety, & as I do not like to write what I cannot read, will thank you to put this scrawl into the enclosed cover & send it to dear Mr Robinson whom I sh<sup>d</sup> be sorry that he should hear any report to cause him anxiety or feel I neglected him.

I expect to see John today or W. if he is not confined by a very severe cold.

I am glad to find you[r] anxiety dr f<sup>d</sup> [dear friend] for yr Br has been relieved. God bless & preserve you & grant us all patience

lovingly yr

M. W

Endorsed : 1855. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.

1855  
No. 9. 633. *Lieutenant W. D. Arnold*<sup>1</sup> to H. C. R.

Rydal. [Jan 1855]

p. 2, line 9. . . . Poor Miss Wordsworth<sup>2</sup>—that Epithet has so long been joined to her in Life that it is not easily dissociated from her Name when perhaps it is no longer applicable—is to be buried this Day at Grasmere. I only know what she must have been by Report and Tintern Abbey—but even so her Death—and the Thought of her lying beside her Brother in Grasmere Church Yard is touching. . . .

*Miscellaneous Bundle 1*  
II. 26. 634. *Derwent Coleridge* to H. C. R.

[April 1855]

. . . .

[PS.] We have pretty good accounts of M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth.

1855  
No. 47a.

635. *M. W. to H. C. R.*

Aug 9<sup>th</sup> [1855]

My much valued Friend

I wish I could thank you as I feel for the gratification your last visit afforded me & the recollection I shall ever cherish therefrom—but my inability to see my way on the paper must make me confine myself to explain *why* I enclose an extract from poor Henry's<sup>3</sup> letter which you observed when reading it, 'that you would have shewn it to our friend if his name had not occurred in it.'

Dear friend in your conversation with our good friend about poor H's affairs, from the observation of Miss T. I conceive that it was not understood, from her mention of 'Shoes &c that he was involved in a concern somewhat akin to that of

<sup>1</sup> William Delasfield Arnold (d. 1859), commemorated in his brother Matthew's poem, *A Southern Night*.

<sup>2</sup> Dorothy died Jan. 25, 1855.

<sup>3</sup> Her grandson.

AUGUST 1856

Mr T's—in a humble way—but the Extract will explain better than I can do—so with 10 thousand thanks for your prompt kind attempt to serve the unlucky fellow, I can say no more.

Trusting you may have a pleasant tour & return safe & refreshed by it—so that I may soon be gratified by hearing one of your interesting letters read to me I will no longer puzzle you than by adding that I am ever your obliged & affec

M Wordsworth

*Endorsed* : Aug<sup>t</sup> 55. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth

1856  
No. 2a.

636. *Mrs. Hutchinson to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

Jany. 25<sup>th</sup> [1856]

My dear Sir

I have had the pleasure of reading to dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth your most interesting and deeply affecting letter for which she begs me to return you her sincere thanks on this the anniversary of the death of your oldest Friend Miss W.—she loses no time in answering it as she wishes to avail herself of the opp<sup>ty</sup> of Johns being in London to ask you if there is a Second vol of Robertsons Sermons out & if so beg Moxon to get a copy for her—the more [she reads] the vol you kindly read and left here which M<sup>r</sup> Carter and she read together the more highly she values them—She thanks you for the account of M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson & her son in which I join as we are both anxious to hear about them having seen the marriage announced in the Papers—she need not say how sincerely she sympathizes with you in your family anxieties and sorrows nor how very thankful she and we all shall be to have you under her roof whenever your mind is sufficiently at ease to bring you amongst us—we sorrow more for the dear Friend who is left at Hampstead than she who is gone to her reward.—M<sup>rs</sup> W. had a letter from her written yesterday week in her usual strong hand interested about all our common friends and asking if she could recommend an interesting book to read to Miss Hoare—

JANUARY 1856

All our Friends about here are well M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher particularly so, she has just entered into her 87 year—accept my thanks for your kind remembrances of me—when you see M<sup>r</sup> Kenyon say she had been sorry to hear from John of his illness and beg him to be assured of her kind regards.—

believe me D<sup>r</sup> Sir

Yours very sincerely

M. Hutchinson

You will be glad to hear that my Brother is well and in his usual good spirits we should some of us have been with him this winter but have been prevented by a severe fit of illness from which my eldest daught[er] I am thankful to say is now recovering—

*Endorsed: M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson 1856. Rydal Mount.*

*1856  
No. 2b.*

*637. Mrs. Dickenson to H. C. R.*

Jan. 31. 1856

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson

My last letter would prepare you for my present announcement—My dear Mother<sup>1</sup> has been gradually declining since Sunday night, and ceased to breathe at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past two this morning. . . .

p. 2, *line* 16. . . . Will you kindly communicate our loss to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth—Not knowing how she may be at this time I should prefer the announcement going through you, specially after the recent removal of her old friend M<sup>rs</sup> Hoare— . . .

*1856  
No. 9a.*

*638. M. W. (by Mr. Carter) to H. C. R.*

[14<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1856]

My dear Sir,

I write at the request of M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth who directs me to thank you for the Books you have so kindly sent her—

<sup>1</sup> *Mrs. Clarkson.*

FEBRUARY 1856

Robertson's Sermons, second series, and Archd<sup>s</sup> Hare's Charges. They came safe on Tuesday.

You will be glad to know that M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth is much in her usual way—nicely; the she has for some days now & then complained of her eyes rather more than she has done for some time. It is however I believe not now actual pain as it was formerly, so much as a feeling of discomfort, a *drynes[s]* in the eye as if there were *sand* in it. A little sponging with hot water, or sometimes a drop of nitrate of silver, or a night's sleep, puts all right again. We had a nice walk of three quarter's of an hour on the level terrace yesterday, the first for many days, for we have had so much rain since this month came in that she has not got out as much as she likes. She enjoys her walk very much indeed. M<sup>rs</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth after having been with us ten days, left on Tuesday. William came on Saturday last and is yet here. All your friends in this neighbourhood are well except M<sup>r</sup> Carr who has been very unwell for a fortnight or so. The Flemings left for the South yesterday, the Crewdsons<sup>1</sup> are not here, the Arnolds go shortly, and the Harrisons go to Water Park at the end of the month.

M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth wishes for peace much, but she has a great desire, as have I also, to see the Docks &c of Sebastopol thoroughly demolished. One point which we both set our hearts upon is likely to be obtained—the exclusion of men of war from the Black Sea. That & the destruction of the fortifications on its shores would be much. I shall see M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth again before I close this letter in case she may have something more to say. In the meantime I am, with what I have already in charge from her—her best remembrances to you—

Your obedient Serv<sup>t</sup>

J. Carter.

<sup>1</sup> The Crewdsons were prominent Friends who were in the cotton trade at Manchester. But Isaac (1780–1844), who wrote several books on religious subjects, was a native of Kendal and died at Bowness and he and his family were doubtless known at Rydal Mount. Jane, wife of Thomas Crewdson, another member of the family, published a book of poems for children in 1851, and other volumes, chiefly of religious verse.

FEBRUARY 1856

Rydal Mount

14 Feb<sup>r</sup> 1856

M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth directs me to thank you very specially for your letter announcing the death of her & your old friend M<sup>rs</sup> Clarkson. She rejoices that she sank to rest so calmly. You will easily conceive, M<sup>rs</sup> W. begs me to say, how much she was 'startled' at John's sudden marriage.

H. C. Robinson Esq.

*Endorsed: 14th Feb. 1856. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth by Carter*

<sup>1856</sup>  
No. 9b. 639. *M. W. and William Wordsworth Junr.*  
*to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount Ambleside

17<sup>th</sup> Feby 1856

My dear Friend,

My amanuensis read to me yesterday the announcement of your Nephew's death. Deeply as I sympathise with you all in your loss I cannot but be thankful that the poor Boy is released from his sufferings, & his anxious Friends from their long & painful watchings. The poor bereaved Mother will be much in my thoughts until I hear how she supports herself; as well as her Sister. They have still a sorrowful duty before them. Pray make my affectionate regards acceptable to them—And also to M<sup>rs</sup> Dickinson, when you see her, in whose sorrow I also have sincerely sympathised—

Believe me my dear Friend

affectionately Yours

M. Wordsworth <sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir

Allow me to join my dear Mother in what she has expressed on the other pages. She keeps well in health, but feels most deeply the numerous losses of her oldest Friends that have so recently occurred.

<sup>1</sup> Signed by herself, but in her 'inability to see her way on the paper' (see No. 631) she has written the signature so as almost to obliterate the line 'affectionately Yours' and to be itself almost illegible. Her son therefore has written her name in underneath.

FEBRUARY 1856

My Wife and Daughter returned to Carlisle on Monday last, having spent the previous week here. I return thither on Tuesday.

Yours aff<sup>ly</sup>

W<sup>m</sup> W.

Endorsed: 17 Feb: 1856. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth by Carter [*a mistake for W. W., Jnr.*]

1856  
No. 23a.

640. Mrs. Fletcher to H. C. R.

April 28<sup>th</sup> 1856

p. 3, line 13. . . . I saw dear M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth a few days since in good general health and spirits notwithstanding her total blindness! . . .

Endorsed: April 1856. M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher of Lankrig Grasmere.  
Autograph.

1856  
No. 33a.

641. M. W. (by J. Carter) to H. C. R.

[May 27<sup>th</sup> 1856]

My dear Sir,

I have just read to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth your letter to her of yesterday. She is somewhat annoyed that you should consider yourself as strongly solicited on her part in behalf of the Gentleman who is a Candidate for an Office in your Univ. Coll. She repudiates the notion of her being a 'zealous advocate' for him. He is but a friend<sup>1</sup> of a friend of hers, and she has not even seen that friend on the subject, having merely consented at M<sup>rs</sup> Crewdson's request, conveyed thro' the Quilins, to be the medium of introduction to you.

I have nothing of importance to say, beyond the fact, which I know you will consider most important, that M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth is very nicely. We are this moment come in from a nice walk of an hour on the Terrace. Miss Q. & Rotha, whom you will see very shortly, will give you all news of our quiet neighbourhood. They left at half after eight this morning for Town. They are kind enough to carry with them for you a small

<sup>1</sup> 'Nephew' is written in above the line.

MAY 1856

parcel containing half a dozen pairs of Socks of which Mrs Wordsworth begs your acceptance, & which she hopes you will value, not so much for any 'service you may have from them as that they are the knitting of your blind old friend'.

With Mrs Wordsworth's affectionate remembrances I am,  
my dear Sir

Your ob<sup>t</sup> Servant

J Carter.

Rydal Mount,

H. C. Robinson Esq.

27 May, 1856.

*Endorsed: May 1856. Carter (Rydal Mount).*

<sup>1856</sup>  
No. 47b.

642. *E. H. Plumptre*<sup>1</sup> to *H. C. R.*

Fox How

July 29<sup>th</sup> 1856

p. 1, *line* 14. . . Mrs Wordsworth is, of course, much altered since I saw her in 1844, but her old age is a very beautiful one—calm, cheerful, reverend, simple—Mrs Arnold finds an ever-growing delight in going to sit with her—and looks up with quite a daughter's fondness—

We have been—as true pilgrims should—to Grasmere Church yard—I like the characteristic simple stone *there* better than the marble tablet in the Church—though that also is good. . .

<sup>1857</sup>  
Nos. 21a, b

643. *M. W. (by Mrs. Kennedy*<sup>2</sup>) to *H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

My dear Mr Robinson

Aug<sup>t</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> [1856]

Your kind & interesting letter received this morning gave my Grandmother much pleasure, and I feel very glad to have had the opportunity of reading it to and answering it for her. She was under the impression that you had either gone already or purposed going to Heidleberg, and was glad to find you were still in England. It would please her much to see you here, if it is convenient to you to come; and she thinks from the tenor of your letter that you might easily bestow a little of your time upon her now. She has not, she says, much amusement to offer

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Dean Plumptre.

<sup>2</sup> *née* Jane Wordsworth.



AUGUST 1856

you, but there are many people coming & going just now, and you might chance to stumble upon some old friends. She saw your friends the Plumptres and was much pleased with them. She was much grieved by your account of Mr Kenyon,<sup>1</sup> as she had heard from some friends of his who visited the grounds here, that he was better. Owing to some mistake, caused by her blindness, she did not see them, which she much regretted as she was anxious to hear full particulars of him. His kindness in thinking of visiting my brother pleased her as much as if it had been carried into effect, which however cannot now be the case, as he has been removed to Aldershatt, and expects soon to go to Ireland. Mr Moxon was here, but has returned to London. Owing to lameness caused by a boil on his foot, he had a fall at that very awkward station, where you once had a similar accident, when my cousin and I were with you. He hurt his shoulder, and shook himself a good deal. This, combined with previous indisposition led him to relinquish his Scotch tour and return home. He is now, we hear, better. Playford Hall must indeed be sadly changed since we were there. I shall always be glad I saw it as it was in Mrs Clarkson's time. How well I remember our journey, dear Mr Robinson. We went from Hampstead, and this reminds me we heard the other day that Miss Hoare is much better, and displays infinitely more energy and self-reliance since by her Mother's death she has been compelled to think and act for herself. I am now, as I daresay you know, married and live in Yorkshire. I came here the other day on my way to pay a short visit to my Father & Grandfather. I find my dear Grandmother very well, and cheerful, as usual busy with her knitting and pleased to see her friends about her. Mrs Arnold too is well, she has just returned from a visit to her daughter Mrs Cropper at Liverpool. Her son Matthew & his family were to arrive yesterday, and ere long she expects her son Tom and his party from Australia. Mrs Fletcher has been here today and received your message. She is looking as well as ever, but there is much distress at Lancrigg. Sir John Richardson is now

<sup>1</sup> He died in Nov. 1856, which helps to fix the year of this letter. Cf. also No. 642.

AUGUST 1856

watching over the death-bed of his eldest daughter, who is slowly but surely declining. Mrs & Miss Taylor, who have been touring in Scotland with Mr Angus Fletcher, have just arrived, and their presence is most welcome just now. Dr & Mrs Davy are in the very north of Scotland and the young people keeping house by themselves. The Cooksons are at St Bees. They return in about a month to receive Mr & Mrs Strickland Cookson. Mr Madge called here the other day. He has been in the country some time. Mrs Hutchinson is well ; she expects shortly a visit from her brother Mr Monkhouse. Mr Carr [?] continues much as usual. My brother William is at Bonn with some friends named Hills. Granny believes you knew Mr Hills : he resided many years in Italy and is now dead. His widow, with her son & daughter, are very charming people, and my brother is very fortunate to be with them. The young man is his companion at Balliol.

I think I have now told you all the news, and as I leave this to-morrow, I must now go and pack up. Once more Granny bids me say how delighted she will be to see you the sooner the better I am ever dear Mr Robinson

Your obliged & affec<sup>d</sup>

Jane Kennedy.

*Endorsed* : 28th August—1857 [*a mistake for 1856.*]

Mrs Kennedy for Mrs Wordsworth

<sup>1856</sup>  
No. 59b.

644. *Eliz. Hutchinson to H. C. R.*

Rydal Mount

Nov<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> [1856.]

My dear Mr Robinson

In the absence of Mr Carter your usual Rydal correspondent, who is taking Williams duty at Carlisle, my Aunt desires me to thank you for [your] very kind and interesting letter, containing so affecting an account of your poor Brother, and many other topics all fully entered into by her ; especially the hope you give of a visit to Rydal Mount at a time my Aunt trusts not very future. She has much to say to you, and all your friends will rejoice to see you. Cannot you follow my Uncle Monkhouse's good example, who being disappointed in paying us his usual

# NOVEMBER 1856

summer visit, promises to be with us about Christmas, and he would I am sure be glad to meet you—I am thankful to say that my Aunt continues in the enjoyment of excellent health, with an astonishing amount of vigour both of body & mind ; she has had a visit this week from her Son John and his Wife, who left us yesterday for Brigham—We have not heard for some days from Brighton, but I hope both Fanny & William may return home improved by their trip—The Children I am glad to say are both quite well at present, but one cannot help having fears on their account, when there is so much delicacy both on Father and Mothers side—

Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher to whom your messages shall be delivered the first opportunity, continues to enjoy her life as usual, & good Sir John [Richardson] is regaining his spirits so sadly shattered by the loss of his sweet Daughter. Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold has had a most busy summer, with Sons and Daughters and friends staying with her, it has put one out of breath to think of it, and now at the close, her son Tom alas ! no longer of *our* Church, has come home, with as I understand, a sweet cast down Wife, 3 children & another near at hand. Every one who has seen him says he looks younger and more refined than when he left England, and all must deplore than [that?] his fine mind should have been overturned by the wily craft of a Romanist with whom he has been associated. But the trial must fall with the heaviest weight upon his poor wife—

You will consider it a cause for thankfulness rather than of sorrow that Mr Carr is no longer amongst our friends on earth, after much suffering he was at length released a fortnight ago, and buried in Grasmere's quiet Ch. yard. I have not seen Miss Dowling since her bereavement but [hope] to do so in a few days.

My Mother and Sister are quite well at home, and would desire to be remembered to you. The Harrisons are at Water Park. The Quillinans as brisk as ever. I will not trouble you with more than my Aunt[s] love and my own kind regards

Believe me Y<sup>r</sup>s sincerely

Eliz. Hutchinson

Endorsed : Nov: 1. 56. Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsw:

<sup>1856</sup>  
Nov. 8<sup>th</sup>. b. 645. *M.W. (by Mrs. M. Hutchinson) to H.C.R.*

Rydal Mount

Nov 4<sup>th</sup> [1856.]

My dear Sir

The former part of your letter gave us great hopes of seeing you this Christmas, & as you say *we* may not relinquish that hope, and as you may have a pleasant companion the end of next week, unless the addition of children & nurse be a ban to the pleasure of accompanying my Son William, who with his Wife are to leave Brighton on the 8<sup>th</sup>—(she seems to have profitted less by their sojourn at Brighton) than he has done and means to stay a while longer in the South, while William visits me Mr Carter being kind enough to remain at Carlisle—Mr Monkhouse we hope also will be here about that time—We read the notice of Edward Kenyons death two days ago, much to my regret ; & now another link of our friendship has passed away—John I understand has long been a great sufferer,—and we can only be thankful that he has passed away—Mr Carr is gone, and tomorrow another old Friend the Mother of our much respected Curate of Grasmere will be laid in her grave—he has been as a Son & Daughter to her from childhood—Sir J. Richardson who you know laid his sweet Daughter in the same ground a few weeks ago, is now gone to London to receive [*sic*] his medal of honour ; and also what is considered a greater honour according to Mrs Fletcher—has been called upon by Miss Nightingale to assist her in the establishing and arrangement of the Hospitals!! the old Lady is in great force—Mrs Arnold is now with her friends the Crewdsons near Kendal,—a breathing time from home duties, previous to the confinement of Toms Wife, who with her family is now at Foxhow daily expecting that event—notwithstand[ing] this a great family gathering is expected there at Christmas—how the good hospitable old Lady stands it all surprises every one—So long as you can write such interesting letters as we receive from you you must not complain of your memory, though it has failed you about Robertsons Sermons—you brought, and read the 1<sup>st</sup> Volume to me yourself, the other

NOVEMBER 1856

was sent to me—they have been read & re-read by Mr Carter & myself with great satisfaction—& by many others to whom they have been lent—I do not forget your friends at Bury, but I must have tired both you and my amanuensis so God bless you—

faithfully yours for M Wordsworth  
M Hutchinson

Who sends her very kind regard and thanks for your remembrances of her and hers

*Endorsed* : 4 Nov: 1856. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth by M<sup>rs</sup> Hutchinson.

<sup>1856</sup>  
*No. 67b.*      646. *Lord Monteagle to H. C. R.*

[Dec 1856]

My dear Sir

From the affectionate friendship which I know has always subsisted between you & our dear Miss Fenwick I think it right to let you know that we have just received an account of her death. It was calm & resigned as all her life had been. She has left few larger & nobler hearts on the face of this world of ours.

Her relations feel that to the poor sufferer this event is a great relief & as we may hope clear gain.

Always

my dear Sir

faithfully yours

Monteagle.

Park St West<sup>r</sup>  
Saturday

*Endorsed* : Dec<sup>r</sup> 1856. Lord Monteagle. Miss Fenwick's death.

<sup>1857</sup>  
*No. 6a.*      647. *M. W. (by J. Carter) to H. C. R.*

[2<sup>nd</sup> March 1857]

My dear Sir,

M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth directs me to thank you for your letter of the 20<sup>th</sup> ult<sup>o</sup> & desires me to assure you, which I am sure I need not, of her entire sympathy with you in your great loss. She

MARCH 1857

is too well aware of the value that Mr Peto<sup>1</sup> was to you not to fully appreciate it, & to feel for you.

Mrs Wordsworth hears with pleasure of your purpose to visit her this spring. We have at present her Grandson John, but he shortly leaves us to join the depot of his Regiment.

I am myself only lately returned to Rydal, having been between three & four months at Carlisle while William was in the south for the benefit of his health. His Holiday I am happy to say has done him immense good. His wife too I think is better, but I fear far from satisfactory.

You will be glad to know that Mrs Wordsworth is very nicely. With the exception of occasional discomfort in her eye sometimes amounting to pain, I may say she is well. She seems to have got nicely, so far, over an oldfashioned severe winter. She had chiefly some one with her during my absence—Hannah Cookson since New Year's day.

Mr Moxon was suddenly seized with illness when he was here in summer, and I fear from what I have heard from time to time that he has not been quite well for months. We hear with pleasure a good account of Derwent Coleridge. He certainly was not well, nor looking so, when he was here in summer. Fox How is shut up. Mrs Arnold does not return, I hear, till April. With best remembrances from Mrs Wordsworth, I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant

J. Carter.

Rydal Mount

2 Mar. 1857

H. C. Robinson Esq.

*Endorsed* : 2<sup>d</sup> March 1857. Carter for Mrs Wordsw

<sup>1857</sup>  
Nos. 22a b.

648. J. Brown to H. C. R.

Sept 2<sup>nd</sup> 1857

p. 5, line 1. . . . What a very interesting visit you must have had at Rydal particularly with all your *old associations & recollections of the Poet* and what a pleasure to Mrs Wordsworth to have you to talk to—and to speak of him & past times. I cannot fancy a more interesting group than you all were. . . .

<sup>1</sup> H. C. R.'s landlord.

649. *H. C. R. to James Mottram, Jun., Esq.*<sup>1</sup>

September 12th, 1857.

It is a reasonable request you make me, that having put into your hands Wordsworth's Poems, I should give you some assistance in setting about to read them ; otherwise you might be alarmed at the undertaking. Much, indeed intensely, as I love Wordsworth—acknowledging that I owe more to him than any other poet in our language—yet when I look at the single volume which comprehends the whole collection, I feel some apprehension that any young person who may open it will be inclined to shut it again, and look no further than the title and a few pages beyond. All poetry, except the narrative, requires an effort to get on with ; and ballads are popular from their brevity and ease. But a poem is worth nothing that is not a companion for years, and this is what distinguishes Wordsworth from the herd of poets. *He lasts.* I love him more now than I did fifty years ago. You will see few men advanced in life who will say the same of Lord Byron, even though they once loved him—that is, as I did Wordsworth, from the beginning. You have, I dare say, heard that Wordsworth was, for between twenty and thirty years, utterly decried, and mainly through the satire in the *Edinburgh Review*. In my youth, I fell in with those of his works then just published, and became a passionate lover. I knew many by heart, and on my journeys was always repeating or reading them. I made many converts. Wordsworth had to create his public. He formed the taste of the age in a great measure. Even Byron, who affected to ridicule him (and Wordsworth laid himself open to ridicule), nevertheless studied and imitated him. The third and fourth cantos of 'Childe Harold' were written under Wordsworth's inspiration—that is, as to style ; in matter, nothing can be more opposed. The cause of the opposition, and the pretext for the satire, lies in the *simple style*, on which every abuse was lavished. Wordsworth was of opinion that

<sup>1</sup> This letter and the accompanying notes are reprinted from Sadler, end of Ch. LI ; 1857. The originals are not forthcoming.

posterity will value most those lyrical ballads which were most laughed at. He may be *partial* in this opinion ; certainly they are the most *characteristic*. This he said to me when I remarked that no metrical form of his various poems afforded me so great pleasure as the Sonnets. 'You are quite wrong,' he replied. But I forget that my object is not to dissert on Wordsworth as a poet, but to give you my opinion as to *the order* in which the poems should be read, and which of them may be altogether passed over. I would not recommend you to begin with the Preface, wise and convincing as it is ; I would wait a little before entering on the controversy. I enjoy these prose writings much ; indeed, I hope one day there will be a collection of his prose compositions.

I shall now go over the contents of the volume, and put down the titles of those poems that are to be read at all events, and those that are to be read first. I go over the single volume regularly :

'*Poems written in Youth*'—(Pass them over, unread.)

'*Poems referring to the Period of Childhood*.'—Among them read 'Lucy Gray' ; \* 'We are Seven' ; \* 'The Longest Day'. This may be enough on a first perusal. On a second nearly all are good. 'Alice Fell' is the one least worthy, and which caused most reproach.

'*Poems founded on the Affections*.'—\* 'The Brothers' ; 'Michael' ; 'Louisa' ; 'The Armenian Lady's Love' ; \* 'She dwelt among the untrodden ways' ; 'Tis said that some have died for Love' ; (\* 'Let other Bards of Angels Sing' ; and \* 'Yes, thou art fair', etc.) (These, I know from Wordsworth himself, were made on his wife.) In this section is found one of the poems about which most controversy has been held—'The Idiot Boy'. Lord Byron's joke was that the subject of the poem must have been the poet. Let it be read hereafter, not yet. Wordsworth would not permit a selection to be published which did not include this.

'*Poems on the naming of Places*' are founded on feelings so personal, that with all my admiration of them, I would not recommend any for a first perusal of Wordsworth.

Note.—For explanation of asterisks see the end of the letter.



'*Poems of the Fancy.*'—One of the least clear of Wordsworth's disquisitions, and in which he differed from Coleridge, is his distinction between Fancy and Imagination. Hereafter it will be seen that Imagination is the higher, and Fancy the lower power. I can only set out a few in either class : \* 'To the Daisy'; 'To the same Flower'; \* 'To the small Celandine'; 'To the same Flower'.

'*Poems of the Imagination.*'—\* 'To the Cuckoo'; (\* 'A Night Piece'; \* 'Yew Trees'.) (In Wordsworth's own opinion, his best specimens of blank verse.) \* 'She was a Phantom of Delight' (Mrs. Wordsworth.) 'Oh Nightingale, thou surely art'; \* 'I wandered lonely as a Cloud'; 'Ruth'; 'The Thorn'; \* 'Resolution and Independence'; \* 'Hart-leap Well'; \* 'Lines composed above Tintern Abbey'; \* 'Laodamia'; 'Presentiments'; \* 'A Jewish Family'. The fourteen poems set down in the class of Imaginative Poems are of such characteristic quality, that whoever has read them without enjoyment should not be teased with any recommendation to read more. I could have added to the number, but should have rendered the selection too numerous. 'Peter Bell', and 'The Waggoner' are among those I could best spare, and do not recommend.

'*Miscellaneous Sonnets.*'—'Wordsworth', says Landor, his bitter enemy, 'has written more fine Sonnets than are to be met with in the language besides.' I can only put part of the lines : i. 'Nuns, fret not'; ix. 'Praised be the Art'; xxiv, v, vi. 'Specimens of Translations from Michael Angelo'; xxxiii. 'The World is too much with us'.

Part Second.—'Scorn not the Sonnet'; ('To Lady Beaumont'; 'To Lady Mary Lowther'.) (No Court ever produced anything more graceful.) xxii. 'Hail Twilight!' Repeating this, and another on a Painting to Tieck, he exclaimed, 'This is an English Goethe!' xxxiii. 'Pure Elements of Waters'; xxxvi. 'Earth has not anything', &c.

Part Third.—xxxii, iii. 'Two on a Likeness'; xlvii. 'Proud were ye, Mountains'. I have found the selecting hard.

'*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1808.*'—'Rob Roy's Grave';

'The Matron of Jedborough'; \* 'Yarrow Unvisited';  
\* 'The Blind Highland Boy'.

'*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland*, 1814.'—\* 'Yarrow Visited'; compare with 'Yarrow Unvisited'.

'*Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*.'—I abstain from selecting any from this class. *Let it all be read in due time.* Southey echoed a remark of mine, that whoever strips these poems of their poetry will find the naked prose to be wisdom of a high character. The 'Thanksgiving Ode' closes this set.

'*Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820.'—These should be read in connection also, but for the present may be selected, 'Was it to disenchant or to undo'; 'Oh, for the Help of Angels'; 'Elegiac Stanzas'; (H. C. R. was the friend, and he supplied the Introduction.)

'*Memorials of a Tour in Italy*.'—These may be read in connection, otherwise they do not belong to the best of his works, but are very wise. 'The Egyptian Maid' may be read hereafter. It is gracefully romantic.

The '*Duddon Sonnets*' are exquisitely refined; to be studied hereafter. It is not easy to separate any by exalting or excluding.

'*The White Doe of Rylstone*.'—Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, declares this to have the distinction of being *the very worst poem ever written*. In a certain technical sense, and with reference to arbitrary rules, it may be. If so, I would rather be the author of Wordsworth's worst than Jeffrey's best. It is not Wordsworth's best, certainly.

'*The Ecclesiastical Sonnets*' ought to be studied by him who would favourably appreciate the Church of England; and in connection with the 'Book of the Church', by Southey. No. xx is recommended for its wise and liberal conclusion. I repeated it to O'Connell, and he acknowledged its excellence. All the varied charms of religion are collected in these Sonnets. Though accused falsely of bigotry, Wordsworth shows that he can do justice to the Non-cons. In \* Part 8, vi, 'Clerical Integrity', Milton has justice done him—Milton, the Non-con.

'Yarrow Revisited' is not equal to the other two on Yarrow.

But the Sonnet on Sir Walter Scott, 'A trouble not of Clouds' is among the very best.

'*Tour in Scotland, 1881*,' should be read after the other Scotch Tours.

'*Evening Voluntaries*.'—This is one of the later poems (1882). It is the characteristic of these to be less striking and remarkable and less objectionable—more like the poems of other men.

'*Poems on a Tour in 1883*.'—I made this journey with Wordsworth. The remark made before applies to these. I would notice only, though others may be equal, 'Lowther, in thy majestic pile are seen'.

'*Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*.'—\* 'Expostulation and Reply'; II. 'The Tables Turned'; \* III. 'Lines written in Early Spring'; V. 'To my Sister'; \* VI. 'Simon Lee'; \* VIII. 'A Poet's Epitaph'; \* X. 'Matthew'; \* XI. 'Two April Mornings'; XII. 'The Fountain'; \* XIII. 'Three Sonnets on Personal Talk'; \* XVIII. 'Fidelity'. These last poems are the most characteristic, and therefore most decisive of the reader's taste. The 'Ode to Duty' and the 'Happy Warrior', on the other hand, among the most correct and dignified.

'*Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order*.'—The remark made on 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence' applies equally to these. Indeed, one does not see why the classes are separated. These should be studied hereafter.

'*Sonnets on the Punishment of Death*' have more truth than poetry.

'*Miscellaneous*.'—'The Horn of Egremont Castle'.

'*Inscriptions*.'—'Hopes, what are they?' A sort of continuation of 'The Longest Day'. All these Inscriptions deserve perusal hereafter.

'*Chaucer Modernized*' may be passed over.

'*Referring to Old Age*.'—\* 'The Old Cumberland Beggar'. One of the very best.

'*Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces*.'—All excellent. I can select only 'Elegiac Stanzas'; 'To the Daisy'.

'*Ode—Intimations of Immortality*.'—This is the grandest of Wordsworth's smaller poems, as it is perhaps the grandest ode in

the English language. But let it be passed over for the present. It is, as some say, mystical. It treats of a mystery, certainly.

'*The Excursion*' is to be studied with attention, as it will be read with delight by all who have perused with love the poems already recommended.

This applies also to the *Prelude*.

This list has swollen to such a size that I have been forced to go over it again, and put a \* to those which I think might be first read. If, when this is done, the reader has not already acquired a taste for Wordsworth, it would be loss of time to go on.<sup>1</sup>

1857  
No. 30a. 650. M. W. (by Mr. Carter) to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount

5 Oct. 1857.

My dear Sir,

At length at Mr<sup>s</sup> Wordsworth's request I write to thank you for your long interesting letter to her. William the youngest is again here, with Hills a young friend of his. He left Rydal three days after you & has been since at Brigham & in the neighbourhood. He must be in Oxford shortly. Mr<sup>s</sup> Kennedy came to us on Tuesday & left on Friday. She was on her return from Slaidburn & Manchester. Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Words-

<sup>1</sup> In another letter on the same subject, H. C. R. says: 'I owe much of the happiness of my life to the effect produced on me, first by his works, and then by his friendship. I am by no means a general reader of poetry, and require a substantial and moral drift in all . . . There are two idyls, or pastoral poems, which dear Charles Lamb used to place after the Gospels, which should appertain to a *second course* of Wordsworth. . . . To me they seem perfect—they are "The Brothers" and "Michael" . . . One of the lady revilers of the eighteenth century, expressing great contempt for Wordsworth, but being a good Christian at heart, I begged permission to read to her "Resolution and Independence". She was affected to tears, and said, "I have not heard anything for years that so much delighted me, but, after all, it is not poetry". *N'importe*, we will come to a compromise—verses, not poetry, but giving great delight. Wordsworth said the same of Kenyon's "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance", sent him anonymously: he said, "I cannot say it is precisely poetry, but it is something as good". Kenyon was by no means displeased.' [Cf. No. 667. May 17, 1861—the letter from which Sadler is quoting.]

Mr. Robinson was remarkable for the extent to which he could repeat Wordsworth's poems from memory: and this use of them he retained till the end. At ninety and ninety-one he quoted them with perfect ease. The rich possession which he speaks of as a great source of happiness to him had doubtless no small part in making his character what it was.

[Sadler.]

OCTOBER 1857

worth instead of staying quietly in France for six weeks, got home on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Sept. having been absent but a month altogether. William came over to see his Mother two days after & remained ten days. M<sup>rs</sup> W<sup>m</sup> on her return did not feel better for her tour, but I hope now she is beginning to feel benefit from it, as, in her letter to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth last week, she says she has not been so well for many months ; & that her Husband too is well. James, your old Rydal friend James, is with them for the present for change of air & medical advice his state of health having been, I am sorry to say, very unsatisfactory for many months. As you are aware, M<sup>rs</sup> W. had visits from Lady Cranworth & from the Dr Wordsworths immediately after you left, both of which she enjoyed. Since then we have been on the whole quiet. You will be glad to know that she is very nicely, her eyes seldom giving her discomfort & her hearing being not worse than when you were here. She directs me to give you her very best remembrances. M<sup>rs</sup> Cookson is off to Manchester tomorrow, not so much for the Exhibition as to meet her son Strickland, who is to be there for some days & cannot come forward to Grasmere. Henry & his wife left last week. The Arnolds have had an overflowing house for many weeks. Mat & his belongings & the Croppers are still here. The Davys go today for a three weeks visit to their son. The Roughsedges, Quillinans & Hutchinsons are in statu quo. M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher I suppose is brisk as she was having a music party a few evenings ago. The Henry F's are with her.

I am, My dear Sir

Your obedient Servant

H. C. Robinson Esq.

J. Carter.

*Endorsed* : CARTER Oct 1857.

<sup>1857</sup>  
*No. 346.* 651. *Derwent Coleridge to H. C. R.*

Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> 1857.

p. 4, . . . P.S. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth has recently walked to Ambleside and back without suffering from the exertion. Her powers both of mind and body are truly wonderful.—M<sup>rs</sup> Fletcher has, I understand, at last given way.—

1858  
No. 5a.

652. William Wordsworth [grandson] to  
H. C. R.

Brigham. Workington. Jan. 1858.

My dear Mr Robinson

Before leaving Rydal last week I undertook to answer, for my Grandmother, your kind Christmas letter: and this I should have done sooner, had I not been fully occupied the last few days in finishing a budget of colonial letters. I am sure it will give you the greatest pleasure to learn how unusually well & active my dear Grandmother is this winter.—she is certainly stronger every way than she was this time last year,—and especially is a better talker & listener than she was. Mr<sup>s</sup> Cookson & her daughters are with her now, for the first 6 days of the New Year according to a long established custom—and in such matters, & at such a time of life, you will allow Conservatism to be an aimiable [*sic*] & praiseworthy feeling.

My late visit to Rydal was among other things much saddened by the melancholy state in which I found dear Mr<sup>s</sup> Fletcher. For many Years, I have been accustomed to consider calling for a talk with her as almost the first duty before me after my arrival: in essentials we pretty much agreed, tho I could never, I fear, work myself up to what in her eyes was the proper pitch of enthusiasm for certain members of the Whig Aristocracy. At her age it would be idle and presumptuous to speculate on her chances of recovery; one might rather pray for a speedy release—and yet the very brightness & serenity of her past life makes so dark & cheerless a close by contrast all the more painful

Of Mr Carter, Mr<sup>s</sup> Davy, Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnold & her family and all other your friends I can report well. Mary Twining (Mr<sup>s</sup> Arnolds second daughter), in a few days re-enters the state of wedlock as the wife of a Mr Hiley, an *orthodox* Leicestershire clergyman. None of the young men were down this time: The poet Mathew gave his inaugural lecture as Professor of Poetry in the Sheldonian Theatre, this last term. As a composition it was pointed & telling: tho' the matter was little to my taste: he seems to lust after a system of his own: and systems

are not made in a day: or if they are—like a hastily-built fort, the stronger they are at one point, so much the weaker are they at another. The preface to his earlier volume was curiously inconsistent with his practice: for I suppose few writers are so intensely introspective as he is: I do not know whether it is the result of a general law or not, but it seems to me that these young gentlemen who are as melancholy as night, and kick under the burden of life—seem sufficiently resigned & prosperous when one meets them. Still there are many poems in his two volumes of great merit: and I wish the poetic reviewer of the *National* would prepare a fair and careful paper upon them.

Everyone I suppose in these days is in a chronic state of alarm about something. Without ignoring the dangers imminent from the growth of Papal tyranny & despotism abroad—the events of the quarter, I think, direct one's thoughts to a nearer & not less serious evil—I mean the growth of commercial immorality, the craving for wealth, sudden wealth, and all the hideous train of evils *that* entails. The sonnet beginning—

Oh Friend, I know not which way I must look  
is truly as applicable now, as it could have been then.

My Father unites with me in our kindest regards

Ever yours truly

W. Wordsworth.

*Endorsed: Jan 58. Will Wordsworth Jun.*

1859  
No. 1a.

653. *William Wordsworth [grandson]*  
*to H. C. R.*

Friday Jan<sup>y</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> [1859.]

My dear Mr Robinson

My father in quitting us yesterday, requested me to send you from time to time some account of my dear Grandmother. I reached Rydal, last Saturday, with but a very faint hope of seeing her alive: since then, however she has, if not positively rallied, continued out of immediate danger, tho' unfortunately she does not seem to gain strength. She is quite herself: cheerful, contented almost too ready to talk: her voice is

strong, tho' she seems to breathe with some difficulty. She eats very little: Any one with a less robust constitution would, I am convinced, [have] sunk long ago: but she has hardly ever, as you well know, had a day's illness in her life, & all the vital powers are consequently unimpaired and vigorous. I have been sitting with her, half an hour, this morning: and she has been reciting verses to me with her customary accuracy & feeling. Strange, she never recurs to the idea of a death, as at all imminent, or converses what people call, seriously: she rather reminds me of a child in illness, she talks with so much lightheartedness and simplicity of her present state, and what she will do when she is well again. This, I have often said to myself is indeed the

' old age serene and bright  
And lovely as a Lapland night  
Which leads thee to thy grave '.<sup>1</sup>

Ever my dear Mr Robinson,  
Yours faithfully  
W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

*Endorsed*: 7 Jan 1859. W. Wordsworth (the S<sup>d</sup>).

1859  
No. 2a.

654. *John Wordsworth to H. C. R.*

Rydal M<sup>t</sup>

Dear Robinson

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> [1859]

You will be prepared to hear that my dearest Mother is gradually sinking. She cannot now lift her head from the pillow & takes nothing, I may say, but cold water.

I never saw so happy a death bed. I do not say *spiritually* (& you know the just grounds for *that*.) but *physically*. She suffers *no* pain, & follows up any little service with the remark ' That is so nice. ' ' I am so happy & thankful ' &c

Excuse my writing more at this trying time & believe me ever faith<sup>ly</sup> yrs  
J Wordsworth.

*Endorsed*: 1859 January. M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworths death.

<sup>1</sup> The final lines of the poem *To a Young Lady, Who Had Been Reproached for Taking Long Walks in the Country* (published *Morning Post*, 1802, ed. 1807).



655. *Mrs. Wordsworth, by Harriet Martineau*<sup>1</sup>

Jan 1859

Mrs. Wordsworth, widow of the poet, died on Monday night at 11 o'clock.

The last thing that would have occurred to Mrs. Wordsworth would have been that her departure, or anything about her, would be publicly noticed, amidst the events of a stirring time. Those who knew her well regarded her with as true a homage as they ever rendered to any member of the household, or to any personage of the remarkable group which will be for ever traditionally associated with the Lake district; but this reverence, genuine and hearty as it was, would not, in all eyes, be a sufficient reason for recording more than the fact of her death. It is her survivorship of such a group which constituted an undisputed public interest in her decease. With her closes a remarkable scene in the history of the literature of our century. The well-known cottage, mount, and garden at Rydal will be regarded with other eyes when shut up or transferred to new occupants. With Mrs. Wordsworth an old world has passed away before the eyes of the inhabitants of the district, and a new one succeeds, which may have its own delights, solemnities, honours, and graces, but which can never replace the familiar one that is gone. There was something mournful in the lingering of this aged lady—blind, deaf, and bereaved in her latter years; but she was not mournful any more than she was insensible. Age did not blunt her feelings nor deaden her interest in the events of the day. It seems not so long ago that she said that the worst of living in such a place (as the Lake District) was its making one unwilling to go. It was too beautiful to let one be ready to leave it. Within a few years, the beloved daughter was gone; and then the aged husband, and then, the son-in-law; and then the devoted friend, Mr. Wordsworth's publisher, Mr. Moxon, who paid his duty occasionally by the side of her chair; then she became blind and deaf. Still her cheerfulness was indomitable. No doubt,

<sup>1</sup> Obituary Notice (from the *Daily News*) kindly supplied by Mr. Gordon Wordsworth.

she would in reality have been 'willing to go' whenever called upon, throughout her long life; but she liked life to the end. By her disinterestedness of nature, by her fortitude of spirit, and her constitutional elasticity and activity, she was qualified for the honour of surviving her household—nursing and burying them, and bearing the bereavement which they were vicariously spared. She did it wisely, tenderly, bravely, and cheerfully, and she will be remembered accordingly by all who witnessed the spectacle.

It was by the accident (so to speak) of her early friendship with Wordsworth's sister that her life became involved with the poetic element, which her mind would hardly have sought for itself in another position. She was the incarnation of good sense, as applied to the concerns of the everyday world. In as far as her marriage and course of life tended to infuse a new elevation into her views of things, it was a blessing; and, on the other hand, in as far as it infected her with the spirit of exclusiveness which was the grand defect of the group in its own place, it was hurtful, but it was less an evil than an amusement, after all. It was rather a serious matter to hear the poet's denunciations of the railway, and to read his well-known sonnets on the desecration of the Lake region by the unhallowed presence of commonplace strangers; and it was truly painful to observe how the scornful and grudging mood spread among the young, who thought they were agreeing with Wordsworth in claiming the vales and lakes as a natural property for their enlightened selves. But it was so unlike Mrs. Wordsworth, with her kindly, cheery, generous turn, to say that a green field with buttercups would answer all the purposes of Lancashire operatives, and that they did not know what to do with themselves when they came among the mountains, that the innocent insolence could do no harm. It became a fixed sentiment when she alone survived to uphold it; and one demonstration of it amused the whole neighbourhood in a good-natured way. 'People from Birthwaite' were the bugbear—Birthwaite being the end of the railway. In the summer of 1857 Mrs. Wordsworth's companion told her (she being then blind) that there were some strangers in the garden—two or three

boys on the Mount, looking at the view. 'Boys from Birthwaite', said the old lady, in the well-known tone which conveyed that nothing good could come from Birthwaite. When the strangers were gone it appeared that they were the Prince of Wales and his companions. Making allowance for prejudices, neither few nor small, but easily dissolved when reason and kindness had opportunity to work, she was a truly wise woman, equal to all occasions of action, and supplying other persons' needs and deficiencies. In the *Memoirs of Wordsworth* it is stated that she was the original of

'She was a phantom of delight',

and some things in the next few pages look like it ; but for the greater part of the poet's life it was certainly believed by some who ought to know that that wonderful description related to another, who fitted before his imagination in earlier days than those in which he discovered the aptitude of Mary Hutchinson in his own needs. The last stanza is very like her, and her husband's sonnet to the painter of her portrait in old age discloses to us how the first stanza might be so also, in days beyond the ken of the existing generation. Of her early sorrows, in the loss of two children and a beloved sister who was domesticated with the family, there are probably no living witnesses. It will never be forgotten by any one who saw it how the late dreary train of afflictions was met. For many years Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was a melancholy charge. Mrs. Wordsworth was wont to warn any rash enthusiasts for mountain walking by the spectacle before them. The adoring sister would never fail her brother ; and she destroyed her health, and then her reason, by exhausting walks, and wrong remedies for the consequences. Forty miles in a day was not a singular feat of Dorothy's. During the long years of this devoted creature's helplessness she was tended with admirable cheerfulness and good sense. Thousands of Lake tourists must remember the locked garden gate when Miss Wordsworth was taking the air, and the garden chair going round and round the terrace, with the emaciated little woman in it, who occasionally called out to strangers and amused them with her clever sayings. She outlived the beloved Dora, Wordsworth's only

surviving daughter. After the lingering illness of that daughter (Mrs. Quillinan) the mother encountered the dreariest portion, probably, of her life. Her aged husband used to spend the long winter evenings in grief and tears—week after week, month after month. Neither of them had eyes for reading. He could not be comforted. She, who carried as tender a maternal heart as ever beat, had to bear her own grief and his too. She grew whiter and smaller, so as to be greatly changed in a few months; but this was the only expression of what she endured, and he did not discover it. When he, too, had left her it was seen how disinterested had been her trouble. When his trouble had ceased she, too, was relieved. She followed his coffin to the sacred corner of Grasmere churchyard, where lay now all those who had once made her home. She joined the household guests on their return from the funeral, and made tea as usual. And this was the disinterested spirit which carried her through the last few years, till she had just reached the 90th. Even then, she had strength to combat disease for many days. Several times she rallied and relapsed; and she was full of alacrity of mind and body as long as exertion of any kind was possible. There were many eager to render all duty and love—her two sons, nieces, and friends, and a whole sympathizing neighbourhood.

The question commonly asked by visitors to that corner of Grasmere churchyard was, Where would she be laid when the time came, the space was so completely filled? The cluster of stones told of the little children who died a long lifetime ago: of the sisters Sarah Hutchinson and Dorothy Wordsworth, and of Mr. Quillinan, and his two wives, Dora lying between her husband and father, and seeming to occupy her mother's rightful place. And Hartley Coleridge lies next the family group, and others press closely round. There is room, however. The large grey stone which bears the name of William Wordsworth has ample space left for another inscription; and the grave beneath has ample space also for his faithful life-companion.

Not one is left now of the eminent persons who rendered that cluster of valleys so eminent as it has been. Dr. Arnold went

first in the vigour of his years. Southey died at Keswick, and Hartley Coleridge on the margin of Rydal Lake, and the Quillinans under the shadow of Loughrigg, and Professor Wilson disappeared from Elleray, and the aged Mrs. Fletcher from Lancrigg, and the three venerable Wordsworths from Rydal Mount.

The survivor of the rest had a heart and a memory for the solemn last of everything. She was the one to inquire of about the last eagle in the district, the last pair of ravens in any crest of rocks, the last old dalesman in any improved spot, the last round of the last pedlar among hills where the broad white road has succeeded the green bridle-path. She knew the district during the period between its first recognition, through *Gray's Letters*, to its complete publicity in the age of railways. She saw, perhaps, the best of it. But she contributed to modernize and improve it, though the idea of doing so probably never occurred to her. There were great people before to give away Christmas bounties and spoil their neighbours as the established almsgiving of the rich does spoil the labouring class, which ought to be above that kind of aid. Mrs. Wordsworth did infinitely more good in her own way, and without being aware. An example of comfortable thrift was a greater boon to the people round than money, clothes, meat, or fuel. The oldest residents have long borne witness that the homes of the neighbours have assumed a new character of order and comfort, and wholesome economy, since the poet's family lived at Rydal Mount. It used to be a pleasant sight when Wordsworth was seen in the middle of a hedge, cutting switches for a half-a-dozen children, who were pulling at his cloak or gathering about his heels; and it will long be pleasant to family friends to hear how the young wives of half a century learned to make home comfortable by the example of the good housewife at the Mount, who was never above letting her thrift be known.

Finally, she who had noted so many last survivors was herself the last of a company more venerable than eagles, or ravens, or old-world yeomen, or antique customs. She would not in any case be the first forgotten. As it is, her honoured

JULY 1859

name will live for generations in the traditions of the valleys round. If she was studied as the poet's wife, she came out so well from that investigation that she was contemplated for herself, and the image so received is her true monument. It will be better preserved in her old-fashioned neighbourhood than many monuments which make a greater show.

H. MARTINEAU.

1859  
Nos. 17b. c. 656. *Rev. J. J. Tayler to H. C. R.*

Gale Cottage, Keswick

July 25<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dear Sir,

Last week my daughter & I went over to Rydal on the second day of the sale of the poet's library—my daughter mainly in the hope of seeing his house & garden & catching a glimpse of his trusty old domestic, James.—We were destined to some disappointment; for the greater part of the day, it poured with rain, & the sale did not take place even within the precincts of the premises. The property, we were informed, is sold or let to a boarding-house keeper, who expects to make a good profit out of the memories of the poet. Determined that the relish of her speculation shall not be dulled by premature enjoyment, she had barred up the entrance so effectually, that no one could approach the house or get into the grounds; & though the house itself is stripped of everything, all admission into the rooms was strictly prohibited.—Even the books had been removed for sale into a vacant Coachhouse of Lady Fleming's. There was something very offensive to our feelings in this tradesmanlike dealing with so hallowed a spot—making the most for gain of a poet's sanctuary.—I wonder the family allowed it, & even at some pecuniary loss did not take care that the property should pass into the hands of some friend or relation, who would have preserved, within certain limits at least, its privacy.<sup>1</sup>

We heard that one of the Coleridges wished to purchase it for a summer residence. That would have been appropriate.—I hope some things that we were told, may be mere rumour.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix III for a different account of the matter.

But what a sight-seeing age we live in ! Facility of locomotion is converting half the world into a great moving theatre, whose chief pleasure seems to consist in looking at & clipping the visions of the past—We were fortunate enough, in one of the short intervals of rain & storm, through the kindness of Lady Fleming's Coachman, to steal by a back entrance for a few moments into the garden, & stand on the beautiful terrace which commands, as you must well remember, a charming glimpse in one view of the extremity of Rydal Mere & of Windermere. We also saw James who was busy at the Sale, handing to the auctioneer (a good specimen of the impudence & vulgarity so often found in his class) the books of his beloved master. Hannah found him out at once by his looks, & would have been glad to have exchanged a few words with him, had we had the opportunity.

The books went at high prices, evidently for the associations attached to them, & for the autographs they contained, for they were not generally speaking of much value for their rarity, their editions or their condition. Kerslake of Bristol, the well-known bookseller, seemed to me the chief purchaser.—I bid for the copy of Mr<sup>s</sup> Barbauld's works, till I had exceeded by a shilling or two the price to which you had limited me, when I did not feel myself at liberty to proceed any further. The work went for nearly double the sum you had mentioned. I found you had marked on the Catalogue the *original* edition of the Friend. I bid for it up to a certain amount. It sold for 1—12—0. I did not feel sure, you would like to have given so much for it.—I got myself in one lot a copy of Coleridge's Table Talk, with Wordsworth's autograph & some leaf pencil notes, which have interest as throwing light on the history of Coleridge's reputed plagiarisms & especially on the genesis of the Ancient Mariner, & along with it a small copy of Emerson's Essays, also with Wordsworth's autograph. The Table Talk is a presentation Copy from the Editor, with H. N. Coleridge's inscription. I think this was a fortunate purchase. I read the preface to my wife & daughter last night. What delightful prose H. N. Coleridge writes ! I remember to have read years ago his charming Introduction to the Study of the

JULY 1859

Greek Classic Poets. Do you know him? How is he related to the poet of the same name? And what is his vocation in the world?—One other book I was tempted to buy—the presentation Copy to Wordsworth of Southey's 'Colloquies on Society' with an inscription by himself.—

The last day of the Sale the books, I am told, went higher still. Moxon's edition of Wordsworth's Poems, with annotations & some additions from his own hand, sold for 15£, an edition of Byron's Poems for 5£, & other works in the same proportion. These things will no doubt be noticed in the London prints. The attendance at the Sale was not very numerous, & judging from appearance consisted very much of persons who were buying with a view to sell again. There were exceptions however. Several ladies were present, among whom, I am told, was Lady Cranworth. There was no bidding for the picture by Lucca Giordano wh. Wordsworth bought many years ago in Italy. I am no judge in these matters—but speaking from a hurried view, I should say the colouring particularly of this piece was very fine.

We are in a delightful spot—the quiet & freshness of which are like Paradise after the heat & bustle of London. My wife who wishes to add a few lines, will give you more particulars. I sincerely wish we were where we could have a chance of occasionally seeing you. But I can well understand your present feelings with regard to this country. In some additional letters on the Geology of the District by Professor Sedgwick in the last edition of Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes—there are some allusions to the great & good men whom he once knew here, but who are now no more, written with a simple pathos of natural eloquence that is quite touching.—If you can find time, dear Sir, a few lines to any of us telling us that you are well, or in fact anything that interests you—will give us great pleasure. We have formed an acquaintance through W. R. Greg with the Speddings of this neighbourhood, & have exchanged calls. They live in a beautiful place. Hoping we may meet again in the autumn, I remain, dear Sir

Very truly yours

Endorsed : Rev J J Tayler ans<sup>d</sup>.

J. J. Tayler



MAY 1861

1860-1863  
No. 32a.

657.

30 Russell Square  
May 17<sup>th</sup> 1861

*List of Wordsworth Poems recommended by H. C. R. as the  
best to begin with*

I have been applied to for references to *ten* of the best specimens of Wordsworth's poetry—And that by one who professes to have found only one yet worth reading—'The Kitten and the falling leaves'. There is 'badinage' in this assertion of course, but its sincerity might be tested at once by observing whether his taste lies generally towards poetry of *fancy* rather than *imagination*. But W's poems are not to be noted down by the *good better & best* or the *opposites*—They may be characterised—And distinguished—And a willing mind assisted in the appreciation—I owe much of the happiness of my life to the effect produced on me first by his works and then by his friendship—I am by no means a general reader of poetry And require a substantial and moral drift in all—Sixty years ago the Ednburg[h] Review made it a point of vanity to set down the lake-school as it was ignorantly called And as it is easier to make men laugh than think or feel And as W. was guilty of some flagrant faults—the Rev: succeeded in shewing him up as a 'Namby Pamby' poet—and the poem which will be looked upon as the great work of that generation was introduced with *This 'will never do'*.

However W. rose after a submersion of thirty years And now needs no advocate beyond one who will exhibit his poems.

He has written too much for a beginner And I would recommend any one who wishes not to have an unjust that is, unfavorable impression to shun the single volume and first look into a selection published by Moxon—to which W. gave his consent only on condition that certain poems should be included which had been the objects he thought of unjust derision. I will not name these for I wish not to stimulate curiosity—

His first publication worth notice was *The lyrical ballads* that which in his own opinion posterity will value the most—

This declaration was forced from him by my assertion that of all his works his Sonnets gave me the most pleasure—and of these I will name some half dozen—hereafter—Looking over the *Contents* of the Six Volumes I find it very embarrassing to make a selection It is the Embarras de Richesse

- Lucy Gray* (i. 178)      The first I recommend as a specimen of pathetic narrative in his earliest style  
*We are Seven* (181)      This is the most popular of all the first  
*The Longest Day* (202)      A later style of condensed thought—  
*She dwelt among the untrodden ways* (250)      This is the only small poem I could select from those founded on the Affections which I can find room for

Let me add that this §<sup>1</sup> contains two Idyls or Pastoral Poems which dear Charles Lamb used to place after the Gospels but which I would rather should appertain to a *second course* of W: And which I name but do not underline As I would not have them read too soon. To me they seem perfect. They are the Brothers and Michael. But they are not among the ten

To the lover of the Kitten &c I recommend in the same §: as of kindred genus the poems on the *Small Celandine* and the *Daisy* but I do not include them on my List except for resemblance to the Kitten.

Among the Poems of the *Imagination* I would name

- To the Cuckoo* (ii. 96)  
*A Night Piece* (102) } His specimen blank verse  
*Yew Trees.* }  
*She was a Phantom of Delight*      W said to me one day If posterity wished to know how I felt towards my Wife these poems should be read in succession naming this among others. I put this to solve a doubt—  
*I wanderd lonely as a cloud* (ii. 109)      I put this down because it is a special favorite with me and of ridicule and abuse to the Edinb. reviewers.  
*Ruth* (128)      To be compared with Campbells Gertrude of Wyoming—

<sup>1</sup> i.e. section: *Poems founded on the Affections.*

*Resolution* (182)  
*and Indisposition*  
 [etc].

One of the Lady Revilers of the 18<sup>th</sup> cent express<sup>d</sup> great contempt for Wordsworth but being a good Christian at heart I begged permission to read it She was affected to tears—and said I have not heard anything for Years that so much delighted me—But after all *it is not poetry*. N'importe—

We will come to a compromise Verses—not poetry but giving great delight—W. said the same of Kenyon's Rhymed Plea for Tolerance—sent him anonymously—He said I cannot say it is precisely poetry, but it is something as good. K: was by no means displeased—

This Resolution & Independence was the theme of ridicule to the Edinb. Rev<sup>s</sup> Scotch pedlars, Leech Gatherers & Dancing Daffodils—were their constant joke yet Jeffery said to me at Talfourds I was always among Ws admirers—I answered him rudely enough—but I did not wish to be civil—You had an odd way of shewing it. He made no reply—Yet he was honest—more than [blank in MS.] was—He told T. I retain all my opinions of W: but feel ashamed of what I wrote ag<sup>t</sup> Charles Lamb.

*Laodamia*

*To a sky-lark* The Sky-lark is not equal to *Shelley's* admirable poem—which is absolutely perfect Yet the thought of W. is superior to anything in Shelley.

iv

*Expostulation & Reply.*  
*The Tables Turned*  
*Lines written in Early Spring*  
*A Poet's Eptaph*  
*Personal Talk*

} These from the Poems of Sentiment I refer to in defiance of ridicule being the most ridiculed  
 } Except the last not wishing to misrepresent The last I note for subtlety of Thought 4 Sonnetts.

*The Ode to Duty*  
     *& the*  
*Happy Warrior* } are a marked contrast to the early ballads—

*Lines at Tintern Abbey* universally admired in a lent volume

I must mention one other poem the *Ode* which had no title

MAY 1861

till I urged the necessity of it, to guide the reader to a perception of its drift but which I do not mean to copy here. Nor can I refer to the Series of *political* and *Ecclesiastical* Sonnets—as well as to the *Itinerary* Sonnets. These as well as the *Excursion* & *Prelude* will hereafter be read if the present *dose* has not been too strong & therefore repulsive I would write at a heat And have written too much. If those marked be read or only the first ten poems underlined—more will not be required to make a convert or repel a pupil—

1860-1863 No. 35a. 658. W. Wordsworth [grandson] to H. C. R.

[June 1861]

My dear Mr Robinson

Permit me again to thank you for y<sup>r</sup> very acceptable present of Mr Robertson's sermons & addresses. I shall always connect the perusal of them with recollections of yourself and the long friendship which existed between you and my grandfather. . . .

p. 2, line 10. I shall always remember you my dear Mr Robinson, with great reverence—

Once more I am very aff<sup>ly</sup> your

W. Wordsworth.

I wish you would allow me to give my friend Mr Stanley an introduction to you. Above all things he would like to meet some of y<sup>r</sup> friends at breakfast on Sundry morning

Endorsed : June 1861. W. Wordsworth.

1860-1863 No. 56a. 659. W. Wordsworth [grandson] to H. C. R.

May 23<sup>rd</sup> 1862.

Khandala

My dear Mr Robinson

I hope it is not too late to thank you for your kind present of Dr Brown Essays. I find them very pleasant reading though perhaps the big men of Scotland look a trifle bigger in his pages than they would anywhere else. The giants who were around Charles Lamb no art could magnify. I hope you continue well this summer, and have not found the infirmities

MAY 1863

natural to your age increasing upon you. There is little now I fear to take you to the North, as few of the old familiar faces are left. Mrs Arnold I hear proposes spending the winter in Italy. I was affected by hearing the other day of the death of Mr Angus Fletcher who always showed me great kindness when I was a boy. James I hear is still flourishing in tranquil shelter of his old age. . . .

1860-1863  
No. 81a.

660. *Mrs. Davy to H. C. R.*

Lesketh How  
Ambleside [26<sup>th</sup> Jan 1863.]

My dear Sir

I do not know whether you have been already informed by any friend here, that a memorial of Mr Wordsworth in addition to those already existing in our church and that of Grasmere, has been lately completed at Ambleside,—namely a room of good size and well fitted for the reception of books, intended to bear the name of ‘the Wordsworth Library’. The expence of erecting this room, which is attached to the newly built Grammar school of the village, has been defrayed from money remaining after the two former memorials had been put up. The books are yet to be provided,—and contributions of these of useful sort,—good books of reference on subjects of intelligent interest, or money for the purchase of such are still called for. It has occurred to me that you might like to join Mr Harrison,—Mr Crakenthorpe and others who have shown themselves well disposed to aid in this matter. Mr William Wordsworth sends as his contribution the latest edition, published by Moxon, of his Fathers works

You will I am sure be sorry to learn that Mr Carter who if I mistake not, saw that edition through press as corrector—is now and for some time past has been so dangerously ill that his recovery now is considered hopeless. He is at his house in our valley Loughrigg Howe—Miss Quillinans abode,—where all medical and nursing attentions have been paid him—but we fear in vain. I had lately the pleasure of seeing our dear old friend Mrs Cookson in remarkably good case for a lady

JANUARY 1863

of 89—indeed I should say in bright looks and good spirits for any age.—Dear Mrs Arnold is also well I am glad to say. She and your other lady friends here would I know be glad to join me in kind remembrance and in all good wishes for the new year. It has been a stormy season with us—but not I think at all an unhealthy one.

Believe me to be yours dear Sir respectfully and truly

Margaret Davy.

What do you say to the two American 'Proclamations'. How well the 'Spectator' writes about them though the writer of that Article respects the North more than I can yet feel it possible to do—or you either I believe.

*Endorsed* : 26<sup>th</sup> Jan—63. Mrs Davy.

1860-1863  
No. 83a. b.

661. Mrs. Davy to H. C. R.

Lesketh How

Ambleside

Feb 6<sup>th</sup> [1863.]

My dear Sir

I thank you for your note of the 30<sup>th</sup> Jany & for the kindly inclination it expresses to give aid in furnishing with books the room which is in memory of our Poet to be named the ' Wordsworth Library '. No Catalogue as yet exists, for the books collected thus far are very few. Mrs Bury has sent some relating to Civil engineering, which, like all that may come of good & useful kind are welcome—Any books of real worth relating to English History or Literature would be especially so.

Good maps, or dictionaries for reference on Biographical Historical or Geographical subjects are also much desired. Any such addressed to Dr Davy's care will have careful tending at this How, till they can be placed in their proper shelves.

The Library is in no way connected with the Free School of Ambleside except that the room is under the same roof & thus forms part of the new School building lately erected near our Church in the Valley.

The School is now I am glad to say a very efficient and useful one, under the care of a respectable & much respected

FEBRUARY 1863

master, provided by the Trustees of the endowment. It is free to all the boys of Ambleside and is well attended; though not by any seeking classical instruction. . . .

p. 7, line 7. . . . Your friends in the valley are well—Mr Carter's remains were laid in the grave in Grasmere Church yard last Saturday the respectful attendance at his funeral testifying to his worth as the devoted friend of the Wordsworths

I am dear Sir

Very truly yours

M. Davy

Endorsed: 1863. Mr<sup>s</sup> Davy. The Wordsworth Library  
Feb 1863.

662. Rev. J. C. Richmond to H. C. R.

Bundle 1, Miscellaneous  
VI. 41.

March 5<sup>th</sup> 1863.

p. 4, line 23. . . . There are some *Robinsonia* that I could add, of very great interest, which you could not so well tell—e.g. 'Some men, Mr Landor, are hen-pecked—but Wordsworth is *chicken pecked*' also, to me, first morning in Trieste—'I hope you won't take it ill but I can lend you £50 as well as not'—. . .

1860-1863  
No. 106a.

663. James Dixon to H. C. R.

The Hollins Grasmere

November 1863

Honoured Sir

I beg to acknowledg the receipt of a Sovereign<sup>1</sup> which I have just received from Miss Hannah Cookson as I understand you wished it to be given to me I have received it and return you many thanks for it 'and for all former presents of thee Same Kind'. My health as been very good since I so you in London at the time I left London I intended remaining at Rydal Mount through the Winter but when I arrived there I fond a note for me from M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth Carlisle asking me to go to there house for 3 Month in the depth of Winter While they whare in Brighton this I Could not with reason refuse because

<sup>1</sup> An annual gift.

NOVEMBER 1863

I Considerd it a duty I owed to M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth to Serve them as far as it was in my power <sup>1</sup> for this the Good Lady at Rydal Mount took offence at me for my Consenting to go to Carlisle and tho M<sup>rs</sup> Hills ad Shown me a good deal of Kindness at Rydal Mount My Grattitud felt Stronger to Mr Wordsworth and in Consequence I conseted to go. But before I left the Mont I asked M<sup>rs</sup> Hills if she wished me to return to Rydal Mount again the answer was whe will say nothing about that so I have been obliged to be in another situation

I am now at the Hollins Grasmere. With Miss Aglionby who as been very kind to me if all be well I Shall Stay at Grasmere through the winter the place is very good and very nice But Still it is not like my dear Rydal Mount. M<sup>r</sup> Carter as been taken from us and I am the only one of the famaly left But I pay many little visits to the famaly in the Church yard at Grasmere and there I often reflect on the Many happy Years that I spent with them in life—

with my kindest regards and thanks and Believe me Dear Sir

Your Ob<sup>t</sup> and Humble Ser<sup>t</sup>

James Dixon

*Endorsed* : James Dixon to H C R 1863.

1864-1867  
No. 27b.

664. W. W. [son] to H. C. R.

' Stamp Office

St Ann's Hall, Carlisle—

24<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> 1865

My most dear Friend,

We have been at home ever since I last had the great pleasure of seeing you & do not, we trust, hope to be in Brighton again before November. I wish much your movement of today was to Carlisle, rather than to Brighton, so that we might have all of us have been gratified by a sight of you. . . .

<sup>1</sup> 'After Wordsworth's death James was hardly able to include among his duties the care of the poney and carriage; but M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth resolved to give up the poney and carriage rather than part with the faithful servant.' [The annotations to this letter are in Sadler's handwriting.]



AUGUST 1865

*p. 3, line 5.* . . . My Brother is somewhat better—he is at Wildbad, at present.

I had a very pleasant & gratifying letter from his son. William, of Poonah, yesterday. . . .

*p. 4, line 9.* . . . I was over at Rydal for one day only, last week—Saw M<sup>rs</sup> Arnold, Mrs Forster Fan & three Grandchildren—Mima Quillinan & Rotha, who I am sorry to say was not well—& numerous of the house of Harrison—all well & happy.

. . .

Yours my dear Friend  
always at command & most affect<sup>ly</sup>  
Wm Wordsworth—

*H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>r</sup>.*

*Endorsed : 24<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> 1865. W. Wordsworth.*

1864-1867  
No. 406.

665. *John Forster to H. C. R.*

Palace Gate House  
Kensington W.  
26 March 1866

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Robinson

I thank you very much for having sent me Landor's letters.

I do not think, from the glance I have given to them, that there are many passages I shall feel disposed to use. I shall be better able to determine this, however, if you are so good as to leave the letters at my disposal for a few weeks. They shall be carefully kept and returned.

He is so entirely in the wrong about this Wordsworth matter that it seems needless to revive what is best forgotten—especially where there are so many other disagreeable subjects which cannot be evaded so easily.

You may be sure of the care & consideration with which any letters of yours will be used by me—if it should be expedient or necessary to print any portions at all.

Believe me most sincerely y<sup>rs</sup>  
John Forster.

*Endorsed : 25 March. 1866. John Forster. Landors Letters.*

UNDATED

1864-1867  
No. 104.

666. *Sir Walter Scott to W. W.*

N. D. [? April 1815 <sup>1</sup>]

My dear Wordsworth

It grieves me much to take farewell of you by writing but such is our present confusion that I cannot make your quarters out this morning—it will cost you twopence too to get this expression of my sincere regret at parting with you but hang expences—My wife & daughter join in best love to M<sup>rs</sup> Wordsworth & Miss Hutchinson & in hoping we may soon have a more quiet & less hurried meeting Ever yours most sincerely & affectionately

Walter Scott.

Piccadilly  
Saturday

1838-1840  
No. 6b.

667. *W. W. to H. C. R.*

My dear Friend,

N. D.

I know not what chance there is of this Note reaching you; but as it will only cost you twopence I send it at hazard merely to say, that the hope I had encouraged of being able to tour with you in Ireland is vanished. You need not be troubled with particulars but the sum is I cannot get my Neighbour Lady le F' . . . [*sic*] to assure me that in the event of her Aunt not coming to Rydal Mount which the aunt does not wish to do, we may be permitted to remain.

As to your tour in N. Wales it would be impossible to chalk one out without knowing what time you have at disposal, or where you would enter upon the principality. My Sister seems to have some hope of seeing you in Herefordshire. In that case, you ought to go up the Wye as far as Rhaidwr Gorvy [?], there fall in with the Aberystwith Coach, & proceed to an Inn within four or five miles of the Devil's Bridge, I forget its name, turn down thence to Hafod on foot, & from Hafod to the Devil's Bridge—which thoroughly to see with the Waterfalls of the 2 Streams would detain you two Hours. From the

<sup>1</sup> This would seem to be the only date when the Wordsworths were in London at the same time as the Scotts

# UNDATED

Devil's Bridge to Machynlleth is a horse track of 20 miles over a desolate Country, (for Aberystwith though a pleasant Bathing place is not worth going to see). From Machynlleth to Tal-y Llyn where you might ascend Cader Idris, and thence drop down on Dollgelli whence to Barmouth or to Harlech and over Traeth Mawr to Pont Aberglaslynn and Bedd Kelert—And now comes a difficulty, you are in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, but the finest outline of this mountain and almost of any other, is to be seen from the Garden of the Inn at Kepel Kerrig—If you could sacrifice this view I should say at once take the road from Bedd Kellert towards Kepel Kerrig & pursue it till within 4 or five miles of the Latter place and then turn off along a faint Horse track to the left for Llanberrys.

This walk would shew you some of the most exquisite scenery in Great Britain.

[Incomplete and undated.]

*Bundle 1, Miscellaneous* 668. *W. W. to H. C. R.* N. D.  
*II. 31.*

T. Clarkson was to have been the Bearer of this to you—but I find he will not reach London for three weeks, he will therefore get it franked—pray excuse the miserable scrawl—written in extreme hurry.

*Endorsed* : Wordsworth. 6 Apl. Autograph of the poet.

*Motto & Seal* : Nul plaisir sans peine—a little winged figure looking at a plant.

*Bundle 1, Miscellaneous* 669. *W. W. to his Tailor.*  
*II. 34.*

No frank required today. N. D.

—Tomorrow I shall send, or today, a pattern for the waistcoat I wish—if I can procure it, if you do not receive from me such a pattern today or tomorrow make it of the one *crossed*—

*Endorsed* : Wordsworth Autograph.

*Address* [?] : W. Wordsworth Esqr. &&&

[H. C. R.'s hand.]

[To the Moon. Composed by the seaside—on the coast of Cumberland. 1835. Evening Voluntary.]

What fond affections on the name atten[d] [1]

Which calls thee, gentle Moon! *the Sailor's Friend!*

So calls thee not alone for wh[a]t the sky

Through mist or cloud permits thee to supply

(As from a moving watch tower) of wan light [5]

To guide his Bark through perils of the night ;

But for thy private bounties ; for that meek

And tender influence of which few will speak

Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.

<sup>2</sup> Say is there one

Queen of the Stars, as bright as when of yore [10]

Whole nations knelt thy presence to adore ;

Thou to whom Fable gave (Truth loved the [*sic*] so)

When thou doon doomed these regions to forego

Alternate empire in the shades below,<sup>2</sup>

Say is there one

Breathes <sup>3</sup> there a Man<sup>3</sup> of all whose business lies [15]

deep cut off

On the great <sup>3</sup> waters <sup>3</sup> far from household ties,

A Man endowed with human sympathies,

Who has not felt the fitness of thy sway

To cherish thoughts that shun the blaze of day,

soft

The true accordance of thy placid chear [20]

With all that pensive memory holds most dear

Or Fancy pictures forth to soothe a breast

<sup>3</sup> That asks not happiness but longs for <sup>3</sup> [MS. torn. ? rest]

Tired with its daily share of ear[th's unrest. MS. torn <sup>4</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix IV, p. 873.

<sup>2</sup> There is a vertical line (see reproduction facing this page) from *Queen* to *When* as well as erasures of the first word or two in each verse: *doon* in line 13 is separately deleted. The vertical line indicates the intention to use the passage elsewhere (see Appendix IV, p. 873) 'Breathes there a Man' is scratched out, doubtless because of the similar well-known phrase by Scott. Mr. Gordon Wordsworth tells me that the repetition of 'Say is there one' is to be regarded not as a correction but as a guide where to go on, this being the poet's habitual use. l. 23 is also scratched through.

<sup>3</sup> Words deleted.

<sup>4</sup> End of page Cf. published version. See Appendix, p. 875. l. 59.

UNDATED

[MS. torn]                      the Helmsman                      & he sees  
    alone on  
 And [MS. torn] the lifelong Wanderer o'er the seas  
 Steers his [? good ? MS. torn] ship before a steady breeze                      [25]  
<sup>1</sup> Runs a smooth course <sup>1</sup> before a steady breeze  
 While he keeps watch in some far distant clime  
 Dull darkness  
<sup>1</sup> Thy absence <sup>1</sup> adding to the weight of time  
 Oft does thy image with his musings blend  
 And thou art Still, O Moon, the <sup>1</sup> Poet <sup>1</sup> Sailors Friend.  
                                  has marked watchd  
 Who <sup>1</sup> while he marks <sup>1</sup> thee bright as when of yore                      [30]  
 Whole nations knelt thy presence to adore  
                                  crossed  
 Beholds the[e] girt by clouds that slowly move  
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove,  
 Nor felt the fitness of thy modest sway  
 To cherish the thought that shuns the blaze of day                      [35]

*Endorsed* : Wordsworth Autograph. 1. II 88.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These words are deleted

<sup>2</sup> If this is the date, this MS draft was written two years earlier than the published version.

UNDATED

*Bundle I, Miscellaneous*  
*II. 36.*

671.

II. 96

Cards.

n. d.

*Mr H. C. Robinson*

M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth

D<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth's

Cloisters

Westminster

*On reverse :* The poets Autograph except the name H. C. R.  
April 1847.

Saturday morn<sup>g</sup>

could you look in

*M<sup>r</sup> Wordsworth*

upon me this Evening

at M<sup>r</sup> Marshalls.

*41 Upper Grosvenor St*

M<sup>r</sup> H. C. Robinson.

[These cards are enclosed in a scrap of paper, endorsed by H. C. R. The address is not but the note is the poet's autograph.]

## APPENDIX I

### A LETTER OF WORDSWORTH

*Kindly supplied and annotated by Sir Charles Firth.*

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

Dr. Satterthwaite was to leave Lowther about this time, for London ; but I think your best way would be to address him at Lowther, to be forwarded, if gone, as he would certainly order his letters to be sent after him

I distinctly remember the day I passed at Mr Hammond's ; but have, as I regret, a much stronger recollection of Pollock the Lawyer than of my Host. Pollock is a forward person, talking much like most Lawyers ; Hammond said little. There was also present a Mr. Miller, Brother of a gentleman who acquired some distinction at Oxford. Hammond was a great admirer of Joanna Bailey.—As I purpose, if possible, to go to Switzerland this summer, my journey to London will be deferred till May ; so that I cannot hope for the pleasure of accompanying you. You will probably see Gifford, the Editor of the Quarterly Review ; tell him from me, if you think proper, that every true-born Englishman will regard the pretensions of the Review to the character of a faithful defender of the institutions of the country, as *hollow*, while it leaves that infamous publication Don Juan unbranded ; I do not mean by a formal Critique, for it is not worth it ; it would also tend to keep it in memory ; but by some decisive words of reprobation, both as to the damnable tendency of such works, and as to [the] despicable quality of the powers requisite for their production. What avails it to hunt down Shelley, whom few read, and leave Byron untouched ?

I am persuaded that Don Juan will do more harm to the English character, than anything of our time ; not so much as a *Book* ;—But thousands who would be afraid to have it in that shape, will batten upon choice bits of it, in the shape of Extracts. I could tell you an anecdote to this purpose which I heard the other day.’ . . .

I bought this letter many years ago from Mrs. M. L. Bennett of High Holborn. It is undated and unsigned, the date and signature both having

## APPENDIX I

been out off. It is in Wordsworth's handwriting, and is evidently addressed to Crabb Robinson.

It begins by referring to the suicide of Robinson's friend, Elton Hamond, which took place at the end of December 1819. A long account of Hamond is given by Robinson in his diary, 3rd edition, i. 338. At the inquest on Hamond, which took place on Jan. 4, 1820, Robinson attended to give evidence as to Hamond's character, and with him Frederick Pollock, afterwards the Lord Chief Baron. This seems to fix the date of the letter as January 1820.

After mentioning Hamond, Wordsworth mentions an intended journey to London in May and to Switzerland in the summer. These intentions were carried out. Robinson met the Wordsworths at Charles Lamb's on June 2 (ib. i. 349) and followed them to Switzerland on August 1st. They had left England on July 10th. Dorothy Wordsworth's account of the tour is in part printed in Professor Knight's *Life of Wm. Wordsworth*, iii, p. 3 (ed. 1889). Crabb Robinson's account of the tour is also printed, *Diary*, i. 351 (3rd ed.).

At this time only the first two cantos of *Don Juan* had appeared. They were published in July 1819 without the name of the author. Cantos III, IV, and V were not published till August 1821. It is amusing to remember that Byron himself had reviewed Wordsworth's poems in a periodical called *Monthly Literary Recreations* for August 1807.

Gifford was Editor of the Quarterly from 1809 to Sept. 1824 (60th no.). Heber in an article on Milman's *Fall of Jerusalem* (*Quarterly Review* 23. 225) incidentally referred to Byron as 'one of the mightiest spirits of the age', who 'by a strange predilection for the worser half of Manicheism has, apparently devoted himself and his genius to the adornment and extension of evil'.

Gifford was very friendly with Byron and was at this time assisting in the correction of the proofs of *Marino Faliero* (Moore's *Byron* 453 and 455). Byron professed to set great store by Gifford's opinion and was much mortified that he did not take to his dramas (*Sardanapalus* and *The Foscari*). *The British*, or as Byron calls it 'my grandmother's review, the British', denounced *Don Juan*, named Lord Byron as its author (No. 18, 1819), and was answered by Byron in a letter to the editor (see pp. 581 and 798, Moore's *Byron*). *Blackwood* in Aug. 1819 was still stronger on the genius and vice of the first two cantos. This also was answered by Byron (*Some Observations upon an Article in Blackwood's Magazine*, no. xxx, August 1819. Moore's *Byron*, p. 800). In these *Observations* Byron discussed the present state of English poetry and criticized Wordsworth with severity.

C. H. FIFTH.



## APPENDIX II

Reprinted from

*Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1848, p. 518.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION, BETWEEN MR. WALTER SAVAGE  
LANDOR AND THE EDITOR OF 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE'

*To Christopher North, Esq.*

SIR,—Mr. Walter Savage Landor has become a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*! I stared at the announcement, and it will presently be seen why. There is nothing extraordinary in the apparition of another and another of this garrulous sexagenarian's 'Imaginary Conversations'. They come like shadows, so depart.

The thing, we know, is neither new nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil it got there. . .

. . You, Mr North, have placed the cart before the horse, in allowing Mr Landor's dialogue between Porson and Southey precedence of the following between Mr. Landor and yourself.

You may object that it is a feigned colloquy, in which an unauthorised use is made of your name. True; but all Mr Landor's colloquies are likewise feigned, and none is more fictitious than one that has appeared in your pages, wherein Southey's name is used in a manner not only unauthorised, but at which he would have sickened.

You and I must differ more widely in our notions of fair play than I hope and believe we do, if you refuse to one whose purpose is neither unjust nor ungenerous, as much license in your columns as you have accorded to Mr Landor, when it was his whim, without the smallest provocation, to throw obloquy on the venerated author of the *Excursion*.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

The Conversation begins on p. 519.

. . . . .

p 528.

*North* I will not tempt you further. Let us proceed to business. To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit, Mr. Landor?

*Landor.* I sent you the manuscript of a new Imaginary Conversation between Porson and Southey

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*North.* A sort of abnegation of your former one. For what purpose did you send it to me ?

*Landor.* For your perusal. Have you read it ?

*North.* I have, and I do not find it altogether new.

*Landor.* How ?

*North.* I have seen some part of it in print before.

*Landor.* Where ?

*North.* In a production of your own.

*Landor.* Impossible !

*North.* In a rhymed lampoon printed in London in 1836. It is called 'A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors.' Do you know such a thing ?

*Landor.* (*Aside.* Unlucky ! some good-natured friend has sent him that suppressed pamphlet.) Yes, Mr. North ; a poetical manifesto of mine with that title has been printed but not published.

*North.* No, only privately distributed among friends. It contained some reflections on Wordsworth.

*Landor.* It did.

*North.* Why did you suppress it ?

*Landor.* Because I was ashamed of it. Byron and others had anticipated me. I had produced nothing either new or true to damage Wordsworth.

*North.* Yet you have now, in this article that you offer me, reproduced the same stale gibes.

*Landor.* But I have kept them in salt for six years : they will now have more flavour. I have added some spice, too.

*North.* Which you found wrapt up in old leaves of the *Edinburgh Review*.

*Landor.* Not the whole of it : a part was given to me by acquaintances of the poet.

*North.* Eavesdroppers about Rydal Mount and Trinity Lodge. It was hardly worth your acceptance.

*Landor.* Then you refuse my article.

*North.* It is a rare article, Mr. Landor—a brave caricature of many persons and things ; but, before I consent to frame it in ebony, we must come to some understanding about other parts of the suppressed pamphlet. Here it is. I find that in this atrabilarious effusion you have treated ourselves very scurvily. At page 9 I see,

'Sooner shall Tuscan Vallombrosa lack wood,  
Than Britain, Grub Street, Billingsgate, and *Blackwood*.'

## LANDOR AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

Then there is a note at page 10: 'Who can account for the eulogies of *Blackwood* on Sotheby's Homer as compared with Pope's and Cowper's? Eulogy is not reported to be the side he *lies* upon, in general.' On the same page, and the next, you say of Us, high Churchmen and high Tories,

'Beneath the battlements of Holyrood  
There never squatted a more sordid brood  
Than that which now, across the clotted perch,  
Crookens the claw and screams for Court and Church.'

Then again at page 12,

'Look behind you, look!  
There issues from the Treasury, dull and dry as  
The leaves in winter, Gifford and Matthias.  
Brighter and braver Peter Pindar started,  
And ranged around him all the lighter-hearted.  
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,  
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine.'

All which is nothing to Us, but what does it lead to?

'Him W . . son follow'd'—

Why those dots, Mr Landor?

'Him W . . son follow'd, of congenial quill,  
As near the dirt and no less prone to ill.  
Walcot, of English heart, had English pen,  
Buffoon he might be, but for hire was none;  
Nor plumed and mounted in Professor's chair  
Offered to grin for wages at a fair.'

The rest is too foul-mouthed for repetition. You are a man of nasty ideas, Mr Landor. You append a note, in which, without any authority but common rumour, you exhibit the learned Professor as an important contributor to *Blackwood*, especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. You declare, too, that we fight under cover, and only for spite and pay: that honest and wiser satirists were brave, that—

'Their courteous soldiership, outshining ours,  
Mounted the engine and took aim from towers;'

But that

'From putrid ditches we more safely fight,  
And push our zig-zag parallels by night.'

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Again, at page 19—

'The Gentleman's, the Lady's we have seen,  
Now blusters forth the Blackguard's Magazine ;  
And (Heaven from joint-stock companies protect us ;)  
Dustman and nightman issue their prospectus.'

*Landor* (who has sate listening, with a broad grin, while Mr. North was getting rather red in the face) Really, Mr. North, considering that you have followed the trade of a currier for the last thirty years, you are remarkably sensitive to any little experiment on your own skin. But what has my unpublished satire to do with our present affair ?

*North* The answer to that question I will borrow from the satire itself, as you choose to term your scurrilous lampoon. Our present affair, then, is to consider whether Walter Savage Landor, Imaginary Conversation writer, in rushlight emulation of the wax-candles that illumine our Noctes, shall be raised, as he aspires, to the dignity of Fellow of the *Blackwood* society. In the note at page 13 of the said lampoon, you state that 'Lord Byron declared that no gentleman could write in *Blackwood*' ; and you ask, 'Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment ?' Now, Mr. Landor, as you thus adopted and often re-echoed Lord Byron's opinion, that *no gentleman could write in Blackwood*, and yet wish to enrol yourself among our writers, what is the inference ?

*Landor*. That I confess myself no gentleman, *you* would infer. I make no such confession. I would disprove Byron's assertion, by making the experiment.

*North*. You do us too much honour. Yet reflect, Mr. Landor. After the character you have given us, would you verily seek to be of our fraternity ? You who have denounced us so grandiloquently—you who claim credit for lofty and disinterested principles of action ? Recollect that you have represented us as the worthy men who have turned into ridicule Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, Coleridge—(diverse metals curiously graduated !)—all in short, who, recently dead, are now dividing among them the admiration of their country. Whatever could lessen their estimation ; whatever could injure their fortune ; whatever could make their poverty more bitter, whatever could tend to cast down their aspirations after fame ; whatever had a tendency to drive them to the grave which now has opened to them, was incessantly brought into action against them by *us* zealots for religion and laws. A more deliberate, a more torturing murder, never was committed, than the murder of Keats. The chief perpetrator of his

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murder knew beforehand that he could not be hanged for it. These are your words, Mr. Landor.

*Landor.* I do not deny them.

*North.* And in regard for the taste of the common public for Blackwood's Cordials, you have said that, to those who are habituated to the gin-shop, the dram is sustenance, and they feel themselves both uncomfortable and empty without the hot excitement. *Blackwood's* is really a gin-palace.

*Landor.* All this I have both said and printed, and the last sentence you have just read from my satire is preceded by one that you have not read. An exposure of the impudence and falsehood of *Blackwood's Magazine* is not likely to injure its character, or diminish the number of its subscribers; and in this sentence you have the secret of my desire to become a contributor to *Blackwood*. I want a popular vehicle to convey my censures to the world, especially on Wordsworth. I do not pretend to have any love for you and your brotherhood, Mr. North. But I dislike you less than I do Wordsworth; and I frankly own to you, that the fame of that man is a perpetual blister to my self-love.

*North.* Your habitual contemplation of his merits has confused you into a notion that they are your own, and you think him an usurper of the laurel crown that is yours by the divine right of genius. What an unhappy monomania! Still, your application for redress to us is unaccountable. You should know that we Black Foresters, lawless as you may suppose us, are Wordsworth's liegemen. He is our intellectual Chief. We call him the General! We are ever busy in promoting his fame.

*Landor.* You are always blowing hot and cold on it, and have done so for years past. One month you place him among the stars, the next as low as the daisies.

*North.* And rightly too; for both are the better for his presence.

*Landor.* But you alternately worship and insult him, as some people do their wooden idols.

*North.* If you must learn the truth, then, he has been to us, in one sense, nothing better than an unfeeling wooden idol. Some of us have been provoked by his indifference to our powers of annoyance, and his ingratitude in not repaying eulogy in kind. We have among ourselves a gander or two (no offence, Mr. Landor), that, forgetting they are web-footed, pretend to a perch on the tall bay-tree of Apollo, and, though heavy of wing, are angry with Wordsworth for

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not encouraging their awkward flights. They, like you, accuse him of jealousy, forsooth ! That is the reason that they are now gabbling at his knees, now hissing at his heels. Moreover, our caprices are not unuseful to our interests. We alternately pique and soothe readers by them, and so keep our customers. As day is partitioned between light and darkness, so has the public taste as to Wordsworth been divided between his reverers and the followers of the Jeffrey heresy. After a lengthened winter, Wordsworth's glory is now in the long summer days : all good judgments that lay torpid have been awakened, and the light prevails against the darkness. But as bats and owls, the haters of light, are ever most restless in the season when nights are shortest, so are purblind egotists most uneasy when their dusky range is contracted by the near approach and sustained ascendancy of genius. We now put up a screen for the weak-sighted, now withdraw it from stronger eyes ; thus we plague and please all parties.

*Landor.* Except Wordsworth, whose eyelids are too tender to endure his own lustre reflected and doubled on the focus of your burnished brass. He dreads the fate of Milton, ' blasted with excess of light.'

*North.* Thank you, sir, that is an ingenious way of accounting for Wordsworth's neglect of our luminous pages. Yet it rather sounds like irony, coming from Mr. Walter Savage Landor to the editor of 'The (Not Gentleman's) Magazine'.

*Landor.* Pshaw ! still harping on my Satire.

*North.* In that Satire you have charged Wordsworth with having talked of Southey's poetry as not worth five shillings a ream. So long as you refrained from *publishing* this invidious imputation, even those few among Wordsworth's friends who knew that you *had printed* it (Southey himself among the number), might think it discreet to leave the calumny unregarded. But I observe that you have renewed it, in a somewhat aggravated form, in the Article that you now wish me to publish. You here allege that Wordsworth represented Southey as an author, *all* whose poetry was not worth five shillings. You and I both know that Wordsworth would not deign to notice such an accusation. Through good and evil report, the brave man persevered in his ascent to the mountain-top, without ever turning round to look upon the rabble that was hooting him from its base : and he is not likely now to heed such a charge as this. But his friends may now ask, on what authority it is published ? Was it to you, Mr. Walter Landor, whom Southey (in his strange

## LANDOR AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

affection for the name of Wat) had honoured with so much kindness—to you whose ‘*matin chirpings*’ he had so generously encouraged (as he did John Jones’s<sup>1</sup> ‘*mellower song*’,<sup>2</sup>)—was it to you that Wordsworth delivered so injurious a judgment on the works of your patron? If so, what was your reply?

*Landor.* Whether it was expressed to myself or not, is of little consequence; it has been studiously repeated, and even printed by others as well as by me.

*North.* By whom?

*Landor.* That, too, is of no importance to the fact.

*North.* I am thoroughly convinced that it is no fact, and that Wordsworth never uttered anything like such an opinion in the sense that you report it. He and Southey have been constant neighbours and intimate friends for forty years, there has never been the slightest interruption to their friendship. Every one that knows Wordsworth is aware of his frank and fearless openness in conversation. He has been beset for the last half century, not only by genuine admirers, but by the curious and idle of all ranks, and of many nations, and sometimes by envious and designing listeners, who have misrepresented and distorted his casual expressions. Instances of negligent and infelicitous composition are numerous in Southey, as in most voluminous authors. Suppose some particular passage of this kind to have been under discussion, and Mr. Wordsworth to have exclaimed, ‘I would not give five shillings a ream for such poetry as that.’ Southey himself would only smile (he had probably heard Wordsworth express himself to the same effect a hundred times), but some insidious hearer catches at the phrase and reports it as Wordsworth’s sweeping denunciation of all the poetry that his friend has ever written, in defiance of all the evidence to the contrary to be met with, not only in Wordsworth’s everyday conversation, but in his published works. There is no man for whose genius Mr. Wordsworth has more steadily or consistently testified his admiration than for Southey’s; there is none for whom, and for whose character, he has evinced more affection and respect. You and I, who have both read his works, and walked and talked with the Old Man of the Mountain, know that perfectly well. You have

<sup>1</sup> [The ‘*uneducated poet*’ whose work suggested to Southey a volume of selections from his poems and others of writers of the same social rank.]

<sup>2</sup> ‘I lagged; he (Southey) call’d me; urgent to prolong  
My *matin chirpings* into *mellower song*.’—*Landor*.

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perhaps been under his roof, at Rydal Mount? I have; and over his dining-room fireplace I observed, as hundreds of his visitors must have done, five portraits—Chaucer's, Bacon's, Spenser's, Shakespeare's, and Milton's, in one line. On the same line is a bust on the right of these, and a portrait on the left; and there are no other ornaments on that wall of the apartment. That bust and that portrait are both of Southey, the man whom you pretend he has so undervalued! By the bye, no one has been more ardent in praise of Wordsworth than yourself.

*Landor.* You allude to the first dialogue between Southey and Porson, in Vol. i of my *Imaginary Conversations*.

*North.* Not to that only, though in that dialogue there are sentiments much at variance with those which you would now give out as Porson's. For example, remember what Porson there says of the *Laodamia*.

*Landor.* The most fervid expression in commendation of it is printed as Porson's improperly, as the whole context shows. It should have been Southey's.

*North.* So, I perceive, you say in this new dialogue; and such a mode of attempting to turn your back on yourself, to borrow a phrase from your friend Lord Castlereagh's rhetoric, will be pronounced, even by those who do not care a bawbee about the debate, as not only ludicrous, but pitifully shabby. Keep your seat, Mr. Landor, and keep your temper for once in your life. Let us examine into this pretended mistake in your former dialogue about *Laodamia*. Well, as you are up, do me the favour, Sir, to mount the ladder, and take down from yon top shelf the first volume of your *Conversations*. Up in the corner, on the left hand, next the ceiling. You see I have given you a high place.

*Landor.* Here is the book, Mr. North; it is covered with dust and cobwebs.

*North.* The fate of classics, Mr. Landor. They are above the reach of the housemaid, except when she brings the Turk's Head to bear upon them. Now, let us turn to the list of *errata* in this first volume. We are directed to turn to page 52, line 4, and for *sugar-bakers*, read *sugar-bakers' wives*. I turn to the page, and find the error corrected by yourself: as are all the press errors in these volumes, which were presented by you to a friend. I bought the whole set for an old song at a sale. You see that the omitted word *wives* is carefully supplied by yourself, in your own handwriting, Mr. Landor. On the same



page, only five lines below this correction, is the identical passage that you would now transfer from Porson to Southey. Why did you not affix Porson's name to the passage then, when you were so vigilantly perfecting the very page? Why does no such correction appear even in the printed list of *errata*? Let us read the passage. 'A current of rich and bright thoughts runs throughout the poem. Pindar himself would not, on that subject, have braced one into more nerve and freshness, nor Euripides have inspired into it more tenderness and passion.'<sup>1</sup>

*Landor.* Mr. North, I repeat that that sentence should have been printed as Southey's, not Porson's.

*North.* Yet it is quite consistent with a preceding sentence which you can by no ingenuity of afterthought withdraw from Porson; for the whole context forbids the possibility of its transition. What does Porson there testify of the *Laodamia*? That it is '*a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own!*'—and a part of one of its stanzas '*might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the Elysium the poet describes.*'<sup>2</sup> These expressions are at least as fervid as those which you would reclaim from Porson, now that, like a pettifogging practitioner, you want to retain him as counsel against the most illustrious of Southey's friends—the individual of whom in this same dialogue you cause Southey to ask, 'What man ever existed who spent a more retired, a more inoffensive, a more virtuous life, than Wordsworth, or who has adorned it with nobler studies?'—and what does Porson answer? 'I believe so; I have always heard it; and

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i, p. 51. Few persons will think that Mr. Landor's drift, which is obvious enough, could be favoured if these passages could be *all* shuffled over to Mr. Southey. It would be unwise and inconsistent in Mr. Landor of all men to intimate that Southey's judgement in poetry was inferior to Porson's; for Southey has been so singular as to laud some of Mr. Landor's, and Mr. Landor has been so grateful as to proclaim Southey the sole critic of modern times who has shown 'a delicate perception in poetry'. It is rash, too, in him to insinuate that Southey's opinion could be influenced by his friendship; for he, the most amiable of men, was nevertheless a friend of Mr. Landor also. But the only object of this argument is to show how maladroitly Mr. Landor plays at thimble-rig. He lets us see him shift the pea. As for the praise and censure contained in his dialogues, we have no doubt that any one concerned willingly makes him a present of both. It is but returning bad money to Diogenes. It is all Mr. Landor's; and, lest there should be any doubt about the matter, he has taken care to tell us that he has not inserted in his dialogues a single sentence written by, or recorded of, the persons who are supposed to hold them (see vol. i, p. 96, end of note).

## APPENDIX II

*those who attack him with virulence or with levity are men of no morality and no reflection.*<sup>1</sup> Thus you print Wordsworth's praise in rubric, and fix it on the walls, and knock your head against them. You must have a hard skull, Mr. Landor.

*Landor.* Be civil, Mr. North, or I will brain you.

*North.* Pooh, pooh, man ! all your Welsh puddles, which you call pools, wouldn't hold my brains. To return to your proffered article, there is one very ingenious illustration in it. 'Diamonds sparkle the most brilliantly on heads stricken by the palsy.'

*Landor.* Yes ; I flatter myself that I have there struck out a new and beautiful, though somewhat melancholy thought.

*North.* New ! My good man, it isn't yours ; you have purloined those diamonds.

*Landor.* From whom ?

*North.* From the very poet you would disparage—Wordsworth.

'Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From the palsy-shaken head.'

Those lines have been in print above twenty years.

*Landor.* An untoward coincidence of idea between us.

*North.* Both original, no doubt ; only, as Puff says in the *Critic*, one of you thought of it the first, that's all. But how busy would Wordsworth be, and how we should laugh at him for his pains, if he were to set about reclaiming the thousands of ideas that have been pilfered from him, and have been made the staple of volumes of poems, sermons, and philosophical treatises without end ! He makes no stir about such larcenies. And what a coil have you made about that eternal sea-shell, which you say he stole from you, and which, we know, is the true and trivial cause of your hostility towards him !

*Landor.* Surely I am an ill-used man, Mr. North. My poetry, if not worth five shillings, nor thanks, nor acknowledgement, was yet worth borrowing and putting on. I, the author of *Gebir*, Mr. North—do you mark me ?

*North.* Yes ; the author of *Gebir* and *Gebirus* : think of that, St. Crispin and Crispinus !

Sing me the fates of Gebir, and the Nymph  
Who challenged Tamar to a wrestling match,  
And on the issue pledged her precious shell.  
'Above her knees she drew the robe succinct,

<sup>1</sup> The lines within inverted commas are Mr. Landor's, without alteration.

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'Above her breast, and just below her arms.  
'She, rushing at him, closed,' and floor'd him flat.  
And carried off the prize, a bleating sheep :  
'The sheep she carried easy as a cloak,'  
And left the loser blubbing from his fall,  
And for his vanished mutton. 'Nymph divine !  
'I cannot wait describing how she came ;  
'My glance first lighted on her nimble feet ;  
'Her feet resembled those long shells explored  
'By him who, to befriend his steed's dim sight,  
'Would blow the pungent powder in his eye.'<sup>1</sup>

Is that receipt for horse eye powder to be found in White's Farriery, Mr. Landor ?

*Landor.* Perhaps not, Mr. North. Will you cease your fooling, and allow me to proceed ? 'I,' the author of *Gebir*, 'never lamented when I believed it lost.' The MS. was mislaid at my grandmother's, and lay undiscovered for four years. 'I saw it neglected, and never complained. Southey and Forster have since given it a place whence men of lower stature are in vain on tiptoe to take it down. It would have been honester and more decorous if the writer of certain verses had mentioned from what bar he took his wine.'<sup>2</sup> Now keep your ears open, Mr. North ; I will read my verses first, and then Wordsworth's. Here they are. I always carry a copy of them both in my pocket. Listen !

*North* List, oh list ! I am all attention, Mr. Landor.

*Landor (reads).*

'But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,  
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.  
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply  
Its polished lip to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.'

These are lines for you, sir ! They are mine. What do you think of them ?

*North.* I think very well of them ; they remind one of Coleridge's 'Eolian Harp'. They are very pretty lines, Mr. Landor. I have written some worse myself.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i, p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Landor's printed complaint, *verbatim*, from his 'Satire on Satirists'.

## APPENDIX II

*Landor.* So has Wordsworth. Attend to the echo in the *Excursion*.

‘I have seen

A curious child who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell  
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul  
Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for, murmuring from within,  
Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby,  
To his belief, the monitor express'd  
Mysterious union with its native sea.’

*North.* There is certainly much resemblance between the two passages; and, so far as you have recited Wordsworth's, his is not superior to your's; which very likely, too, suggested it; though that is by no means a sure deduction, for the thought itself is as common as the sea-shell you describe, and, in all probability, at least as old as the Deluge.

*Landor.* ‘It is but justice to add, that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr. Wordsworth's great poem.’<sup>1</sup>

*North.* Hout, tout, man! The author of the *Excursion* could afford to spare you a thousand finer passages, and he would seem none the poorer. As to the imputed plagiarism, Wordsworth would no doubt have avowed it had he been conscious that it was one, and that you could attach so much importance to the honour of having reminded him of a secret in conchology, known to every old nurse in the country, as well as to every boy or girl that ever found a shell on the shore, or was tall enough to reach one off a cottage parlour mantelpiece: but which he could apply to a sublime and reverent purpose, never dreamed of by them or you. It is in the application of the familiar image, that we recognize the master hand of the poet. He does not stop when he has described the toy, and the effect of air within it. The lute in Hamlet's hands is not more philosophically dealt with. There is a pearl within Wordsworth's shell which is not to be found in your's, Mr. Landor. He goes on:

‘Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things—  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation.’

<sup>1</sup> From Mr. Landor, *verbatim*.

## LANDOR AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

These are the lines of a poet, who not only stoops to pick up a shell now and then, as he saunters along the sea-shore, but is accustomed to climb to the promontory above, and to look upon the ocean of things

'From those imaginative heights that yield  
Far stretching views into eternity.'

Do not look so fierce again, Mr. Landor. You who are so censorious of self-complacency in others, and indeed of all other people's faults, real or imagined, should endure to have your vanity rebuked.

*Landor.* I have no vanity. I am too proud to be vain.

*North.* Proud of what?

*Landor.* Of something beyond the comprehension of a Scotchman, Mr. North—proud of my genius.

*North.* Are you so very great a genius, Mr. Landor?

*Landor.* I am. *Almighty Homer is twice far above Troy and her towers, Olympus and Jupiter. First, when Priam bends before Achilles, and a second time, when the shade of Agamemnon speaks among the dead. That awful spectre, called up by genius in after-time, shook the Athenian stage. That scene was ever before me; father and daughter were ever in my sight; I felt their looks, their words, and again gave them form and utterance; and, with proud humility, I say it—*

*'I am tragedian in this scene alone.  
Station the Greek and Briton side by side,  
And if derision be deserved—deride.'*

Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffolding is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel, in the subject, from *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. To this labour the whole body of the Scotch critics and poets are invited, and, moreover, to add the ornaments of translation.<sup>1</sup>

*North.* So you are not only a match for *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, but on a par with 'almighty Homer when he is far above Olympus and Jove'. Oh! ho! ho! As you have long since recorded that modest opinion of yourself in print, and not been lodged in Bedlam for it, I will not now take upon myself to send for a straight-waistcoat.

*Landor.* Is this the treatment I receive from the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in return for my condescension in offering him my assistance? Give me back my manuscript, sir. I was indeed a fool

<sup>1</sup> This strange rhapsody is verily Mr. Landor's. It is extracted from his 'Satire on Satirists'.

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to come hither. I see how it is. You Scotchmen are all alike. We consider no part of God's creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful as the Scotch : nevertheless, we see them hang together by the claws, like bats ; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman in the midst of them.<sup>1</sup> But you shall answer for this usage, Mr. North : you shall suffer for it. These two fingers have more power than all your malice, sir, even if you had the two Houses of Parliament to back you. A pen ! You shall live for it.<sup>2</sup>

*North.* Fair and softly, Mr. Landor ; I have not rejected your article yet. I am going to be generous. Notwithstanding all your abuse of Blackwood and his countrymen, I consent to exhibit you to the world as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* ; and, in the teeth of all your recorded admiration of Wordsworth, I will allow you to prove yourself towards him a more formidable critic than Wakley, and a candidate for immortality with Lauder. Do you rue ?

*Landor.* Not at all. I have past the Rubicon.

*North.* Is that a pun ? It is worthy of Plato. Mr. Landor, you have been a friend of Wordsworth. But, as *he* says—

'What is friendship ? Do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made ;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From the palsy shaken head.'

*Landor.* I have never professed friendship for him.

*North.* You have professed something more, then. Let me read a short poem to you, or at least a portion of it. It is an 'Ode to Wordsworth'.

'O WORDSWORTH !  
That other men should work for me  
In the rich mines of poesy,  
Pleases me better than the toil  
Of smoothing, under harden'd hand,  
With attic emery and oil  
The shining point for wisdom's wand,  
Like those THOU temperest 'mid the rills  
Descending from thy native hills.  
He who would build his name up high,  
The rule and plummet must apply,  
Nor say—I'll do what I have plann'd,  
Before he try if loam or sand

<sup>1</sup> *Imaginary Conversations*, vol. iv, p. 283.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 126.

## LANDOR AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

Be still remaining in the place  
Delved for each polish'd pillar's base.  
*With skilful eye and fit device*  
*THOU raisest every edifice :*  
Whether in shelter'd vale it stand,  
Or overlook the Dardan strand,  
Amid those cypresses that mourn  
Laodamia's love forlorn.'

Four of the brightest intellects that ever adorned any age or country are then named, and a fifth who, though not equal to the least of them, is not unworthy of their company ; and what follows ?

'I wish them every joy above  
That highly blessed spirits prove,  
Save one, and that too shall be theirs,  
But after many rolling years,  
WHEN 'MID THEIR LIGHT THY LIGHT APPEARS.'

Here are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden, too,<sup>1</sup> all in bliss above, yet not to be perfectly blest till the arrival of Wordsworth among them ! Who wrote that, Mr. Landor ?

*Landor* I did, Mr. North.

*North* Sir, I accept your article. It shall be published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Good-morning, sir.

*Landor*. Good-day, sir Let me request your particular attention to the correction of the press (*Landor retires*)

*North*. He is gone ! Incomparable Savage ! I cannot more effectually retaliate upon him for all his invectives against us than by admitting his gossiping trash into the Magazine. No part of the dialogue will be mistaken for Southey's ; nor even for Porson's inspirations from the brandy-bottle. All the honour due to the author will be exclusively Mr. Walter Savage Landor's ; and as it is certainly 'not worth five shillings', no one will think it 'worth borrowing or putting on'.

<sup>1</sup> Whom Mr. L., who is the most capricious as well as the most arrogant of censors, sometimes takes into favour.

## APPENDIX III

### WORDSWORTH'S LIBRARY<sup>1</sup>

ACCORDING to Miss Fenwick, Wordsworth so seldom opened a book that he did not deserve to possess one. Yet when his library was sold after Mrs. Wordsworth's death, the auctioneer's catalogue enumerated 'nearly three thousand volumes'. We know from numerous references in the letters here published that it was for many years customary, in the evenings at Rydal Mount, for one or other of the party to read aloud to the assembled family. Though towards the end, eyes and voices and hearing failed, and, even when a reader was available—since former listeners were scattered or dead—the poet could no longer bring himself to attend, yet it is certain that he at no period undervalued the pleasure of reading. For him it was emphatically true that

'Dreams, books, are each a world, and books we know  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good :  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.'

*Personal Talk*, III v.

In addition to the books sold by auction in 1859, we may perhaps assume that a number were bought in or otherwise acquired by the family. We know, for instance,<sup>2</sup> that on June 23, 1896, there was

<sup>1</sup> See No 656. *Rev. J. Tayler to H. C. R.*

<sup>2</sup> In *Literature*, 19, v. 1900, Mr. W. Roberts, in an article on *Wordsworth as a Book Collector* describes this sale at Sotheby's, beginning with some amusing quotations from the auctioneer, after which he proceeds to note many of the books, and the autographs in them. The interests of the writer are in general literature and in poetry, and the remarks discursive. The last paragraph notes the sale of the books from Bombay in 1896, and mentions two or three of the volumes, particularly a copy of Sir Thomas Browne's *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, with a long letter relative to it from Mary Hutchinson (afterwards Mrs. Wordsworth), MS. notes by Coleridge and Charles Lamb's autograph.

In *The Times Literary Supplement* of 27 May 1920, Mr. Roberts has a further account of a sale at Preston, Lancs., of the library of Mr. J. Fisher Wordsworth, every book in the catalogue being from Rydal Mount, 'notwithstanding the moderate prices'. Few of the books have any connexion with the poet, though Mr. Roberts, following the sale catalogue, includes among these Wordsworth's own set of the first and early editions of Scott's works, 'the set, we are told, which De Quincey commented upon as never having been read'. But Mr. Gordon Wordsworth says that there is no reason to believe that these books



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a sale at Sotheby's of a collection of books formerly in the poet's library and at that time in the possession of his grandson, Dr. William Wordsworth, 'late of Elphinstone College, Bombay'. These may or may not have been included in the original auction, to the catalogue of which—not preserved among H. C. R.'s papers<sup>1</sup>—we must now return.

If we may judge by the cover, of which the letter-press is reprinted opposite, the auctioneer appreciated the importance of his task.

Mr. Burton's grandiose description savours of the sale-room, but it raises no expectations that are not amply fulfilled. It is of real interest to see what books were on the poet's shelves and, in so far as this is possible from the annotations, at what date and by what means he acquired them. The catalogue is classified under various headings,—History, Political Economy, Jurisprudence, &c.; Biography, Topography, Geography, and Science; Theology, Ethics, Ecclesiastical History, and Polemical Divinity; Philology, Bibliography, Belles-Lettres, and Miscellanea; and, finally, Poetry, *Historic Literature*, *Fiction*, and *Fine Arts*. The last division contains 246 lots, and is, as one would expect, by far the largest, the total number of lots being 700. Next in bulk comes the third division (Theology, &c.) with 144. Under all the headings are included presentation volumes from the poet's friends and admirers: these, in the words of the prefatory note, are 'too numerous to detail', but they include names as diverse as those of the Earl of Ellesmere and Ebenezer Elliott, Scott and Bulwer Lytton, Whewell and Martin Tupper, Bernard Barton and Julius Hare; nor, we note with amusement,

had belonged to the poet. The bookseller, when challenged, could give no evidence in support of his statement that they had done so, and it is practically certain that they were never in Wordsworth's possession. There is no mention of them in the 1859 catalogue. It is more probable that he may have owned 'Cottle's second edition of the *Poems*, 1797, of Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd, one of the scarcer books in the collection.' Mr. Roberts adds that 'Books from the Rydal Mount Library are, in fact, by no means uncommon'. In the same article he refers to a forthcoming sale at Sotheby's (9 June 1920) which was to include one lot consisting of 'nine letters from Wordsworth to his daughter, Dora (afterwards Mrs. Quillinan), affectionate epistles full of interesting news and fatherly advice; and another to Edward Quillinan, also on family matters, with occasional references to his work'. Another interesting statement in the article is the following: 'Wordsworth . . . was the victim of the book borrower; and in Mr. Dobell's Catalogue of March 1910, there was evidence of this in Wordsworth's 'Library Book', in which were entered the titles of books lent, the names of the borrowers, and so forth.' One would like to examine that book.

<sup>1</sup> Copies in the British Museum and London Library.

**WORDSWORTH'S LIBRARY**

Rydal Mount—near Ambleside—Westmoreland.

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**AT THAT HAUNT OF HALLOWED MEMORIES**

**RYDAL MOUNT, NEAR AMBLESIDE,**

Windermere,

On Tuesday the 19<sup>th</sup>, Wednesday the 20<sup>th</sup>, and

Thursday the 21<sup>st</sup>, days of July, 1859 ;

at eleven o'clock 'fore Noon each day ;—

In pursuance of instructions from the Executors.

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To be viewed on the Mornings of Sale.—Catalogues may be had, in the mean time, on application (inclosing four Postage Stamps) to Mr. John Burton, Auctioneer and Accountant, 38 Avenham Lane, Preston.

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Chas. Ambler, Printer, Cannon-street, Preston.

## WORDSWORTH'S LIBRARY

is H. Martineau's *Letters on Mesmerism* missing. The 15th lot consists of the first sixty-one volumes of the *Camden Society's Publications*, presented, so the correspondence tells us, by H. C. R., whose other gifts, Blackstone and the rest, also figure in the Catalogue. The auctioneer records that there are no costly bindings among the poet's books. But he possessed a fair number of volumes which are noted as being 'very scarce', e. g. No. 39. Thos. Herbert's *Description of the Persian Monarchy*, 1634, or 'extremely rare', e. g. No. 192. Behmen's *De Signatura Rerum*, 1651. Then there are several examples of 'Black Letter', among others, No. 17, Caxton's *Ancient Historie of Troye*, 1636, No. 36, Harrington's *Oceana*, 1656, No. 74, Stow's *English Chronicle*, 1611, Nos. 195, 196, 197, three *Bibles*, the second of which is noted as printed in 1552; No. 378, Guevara's *Epistles*, 1577; No. 528, Fenton's *Certaine Tragickall Discourses*; No. 542, Golding's *Ovid*, 1593; No. 50, Sir David Lindsay's *The Monarchie*, 1566. There are various seventeenth-century books, not catalogued as 'black letter'—e. g. No. 285, *Purchas his Pilgrimage*, 1617; No. 231, Daniel Featley's *The Dippers Dvpt, or the Anabaptists Duck'd and plung'd over Head and Ears at a Disputation in Southwark*, 1645; No. 221, Kenelm Digby's *Treatises on the Nature of Bodies and Souls*, 1647, and, among the poets, No. 489, Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, 1659; No. 611, *England's Parnassus*, 1641; No. 629, *England's Helicon*, 1614, Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glass*, 1688, and No. 625, Quarles's *Divine Poems*, 1642.

In *The Recluse* (ll 721-44) Wordsworth asserts that he had had a hard struggle to tame his natural delight in adventure and fighting. The list of books in his possession is there to give new meaning to the statement:

... 'Yea to this hour I cannot read a tale  
Of two brave vessels matched in deadly fight,  
And fighting to the death, but I am pleased  
More than a wise man ought to be, I wish,  
Fret, burn, and struggle, and in soul am there; ' . . .

We find in the catalogue not only Shelvocke's *Voyage round the World*, 1726 (No. 159), famous by reason of its connexion with *The Ancient Mariner*, but a goodly company of other travellers' tales—Busbequius' *Travels into Turkey*, 1744, twenty-four volumes of Mavor's *Voyages, Travels and Discoveries*, 1796, Psalmanazar's *Description of Formosa*, 1704, Cook's *Voyages*, 1809, Drake's *Life*, 1828, Burnet's *Travels*, 1762, Smith's *First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia*, 1747,

### APPENDIX III

as well as many more—nineteenth century as well as earlier travels. A *Vocabulary of Sea Phrases*, 1799, catches the eye, in the same lot (No. 170) as Howell's *Instructions for Forren Travels*, 1650, or, on the previous page (No. 161), Alan Stevenson's <sup>1</sup> *Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse*. More unexpected is the proof that Wordsworth shared the 'passion of the wise and good' for criminal proceedings, trials, and other raw material for detective stories. Here, for example, is the *Trial of Terry and Macdonald for Murder*, 1754, Hargrave's *State Trials* (11 vols.) and Richer's *Causes Célèbres*, 1772–87 (20 vols.). Less surprising is the presence of *The Right Joyous and Pleasant History of the Feats, Gests and Prowesses of the Chevalier Bayard* (1825)<sup>2</sup>, or the fact that the poet's children had easy access on his shelves to the complete *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, 6 vols., 1811, for which his one volume had made him long in his own boyhood (*Prelude*, Bk. 5, l. 460 et seq.). Here too, to show traces of his youthful interest in 'the romantic revival', are Hicks's *Linguarum Vett. Septentrionalium Grammatico Criticus et Archæologicus* (1705), Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* (1765), *Ancient and Modern Scottish Heroic Ballads* (1791), Burns's *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* (1793), with Marginal Glossary 'in the handwriting of my dear Sister, done long ago' (the note, dated June 6th, 1847)—Gilpin's *Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty* (1787 and 1789), Rousseau's *Emile* (1762) and *Confessions* (1782), Macpherson's *Ossian* (1796), and Percy's *Reliques*, 1794 (with MS. note, 'bought at Hamburg, 1798, by William Wordsworth'). Sixteenth and seventeenth century poets and dramatists are well represented, e.g. Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, Beaumont and Fletcher, Blackmore's *Prince Arthur* (1695), *Hudibras*, Chapman's *Homer*, Congreve, Cowley, Davenant, Drummond, Dryden, Ford, Greene, Herbert, Jonson, Massinger, Middleton, Oldham, Peele, Shadwell, four editions of Shakespeare, Sidney's *Arcadia*, Waller, Webster, Wither—but, curiously, Spenser seems to be absent. Newton's *Milton* is there, and Bentley's, together with Lauder's forgeries. Here, too, is a complete edition of Milton's *Prose*, along with many Royalist and Puritan accounts of the Civil War, including the King's speech on the scaffold, Burnet, Clarendon, Fuller, Hooker, Baxter, Stillingfleet, Jeremy Taylor, Prynne, various seventeenth century works on Charles I, Bates's *Rise and Progress of the Late Troubles*, and *Mercurius Rusticus*. Other seventeenth century prose includes Donne's *Sermons*, Tillotson, Burton's *Anatomy*,

<sup>1</sup> Uncle of R. L. Stevenson.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Sara Coleridge.

## WORDSWORTH'S LIBRARY

Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* (1623), Hobbes's *Tracts*, Locke, Florio's *Montaigne*, Pepys, Temple, Matthew Hale, Sir T. Browne, Butler's *Remains*, while the eighteenth century is represented, among others, by Atterbury, Addison, Bentley, Arbuthnot, Defoe, Swift, Goldsmith, Johnson, South, Toland, Hoadley, and other divines, *Hermes Harris*, and Spence's *Polymetis*; with *Humphry Clinker*, *Evelina*, and *The Romance of the Forest* to represent the beginnings of the novel. Eighteenth century poets, as we should expect, are not so well represented as their predecessors: there are an 'odd volume' of Pope, Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the first edition, and other *Poems by various Authors*, with MS. notes by W. W.; poems by Beattie, Mason's *Odes*, Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*, Collins's *Odes*, 1747 ('the first Edition, extremely rare'), Cowper's *Poems*, 1794, the 8 vol. edition of Crabbe, R. Ferguson, Gray (Mason's edition and also that of Matthias), Savage, Thomson (two editions), seem pretty well to exhaust the list, if we supplement it by the ballads and poets mentioned previously.

The list of nineteenth century books cannot tell us so much since many of them were presentation copies. But they include the 1830 four-volume edition of Byron, which cannot have been given by the author, and a French edition (1829) of the poems of Shelley and Keats, in one volume along with those of Coleridge. Leigh Hunt seems to be represented only by the *Legend of Florence*, 1840, and it is noteworthy that there is nothing by Godwin. On the other hand it is pleasant to see that the first two volumes of *Modern Painters* (1843-6) are included: since they are 'not uniform in size', one may hope they were not presentation copies either from the author or from H. C. R., who greatly admired them.

Finally, we may note that not only the Tractarian Movement, but also the Deist Controversy and the Puritan and other seventeenth century religious sects are fully represented among the theological works, while *Debates in the House of Commons*, 1667-94 and 1743-6, the *History and Proceedings of the House of Commons from the Restoration to the Present Time*, 14 vols., 1742-4, 7 volumes of *Parliamentary Abstracts*, 54 volumes of the *Annual Register*, together with such works as the various writings of Clarkson on the Slave Trade and H. C. R.'s *Exposure of Misrepresentation in the Life of Wilberforce*, all testify to the poet's interest both in the history of constitutional developments and in current affairs.

Whatever may have been the case in the last years of his life, the

### APPENDIX III

bare enumeration of his books proves the inaccuracy of the statement that :

. . . ' Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken  
From half of human fate.'

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Since the above account was written, I have come across another copy of the sale catalogue which belongs to Mr. Savage, proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, Ambleside. This copy is of peculiar interest inasmuch as it is annotated, and belonged to John Brown, the then owner of the hotel, who was well acquainted with the poet and his family. His name and address and the date 1859 are on the fly-leaf, and on the cover of the catalogue is the inscription, 'Coffee Room Table, Commercial Hotel, Ambleside'. The note overleaf puts a different complexion on the account of the sale given by the Rev. J. J. Tayler (*vide* p. 833). It reads as follows :

'In consequence, it was understood, of the disgraceful manner in which visitors to "Rydal Mount" gratified their abominable propensity of carrying away souvenirs of the place in the shape of plants, pieces of wood, and stone, &c., &c., whereby the house and grounds were much disfigured, the Post Laureates Library was sold in a Coach House adjoining.—

'The number of people present at the Sale did not average more than about 50 each day.

'The principal purchasers were Kerslake, Bookseller, Bristol; Geo: Dawson, 74 Cannon St. London; Geo: Clayton, Bookseller, Derby.—The Rev<sup>d</sup> — Graves, Ambleside, The Rev<sup>d</sup> — Tatham, Rydala.—

'The prices affixed to each Lot in this Catalogue were taken at the time by a visitor, and it is earnestly requested that the Catalogue be carefully preserved, as it will no doubt prove an interesting as well as perhaps valuable memorial of the great genius by whose fame this neighbourhood is hallowed and serve as a book of reference of the prices at which the Library was sold.

'Ambleside.

A. W. D.<sup>1</sup>

21st July 1859.'

The first day's sale amounted to £89 16s. 9d.; the second to £123 4s. 3d.; and the third to £180 5s. 9d., i. e. £393 6s. 9d. in all. The prices paid seem extraordinarily small from the present-day point of view, and this is most noticeable in the case of the older books. Thus Caxton's *Historie of Troye*, 1636, sold for 10s.; Har-

<sup>1</sup> These initials have not been identified.

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rington's *Oceana*, 1656, Wren's *Considerations* thereon, 1627, and *Monarchy asserted to be the best, most ancient, and legal form of Government*, 1660, together fetched only 5s 6d.; Lindsay's *Monarchie*, 1566, 9s. 6d.; two volumes of Bede, 1566 and 1599, 7s. 6d.; Fuller's *Holy War*, 1640, 11s.; Barclay's *Argenis*, 1625, 5s.; Purchas his *Pilgrimage*, 3rd edition, 1617, 23s.; Guevara's *Epistles*, translated by Hellowes, 1577, 6s. 6d.; Davenant's *Works*, folio, 1673, 11s.; Golding's *Ovid*, 1593, 11s.; *England's Parnassus*, 1600, and *Wit's Recreations*, 1641, together £2 12s.; Quarles's *Divine Poems*, 1642, and *Divers Dramas . . . and a Miscellane of Sundrie Straines in Poetry* by Thomas Heywood, together 9s. 6d.; Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glass*, 1688, and *England's Helicon*, 1614, together £4 11s.; and Wither's *Britain's Remembrancer*, 1628, together with *Ernest or Political Regeneration, a Poem—written in the Light of his glorious countenance, and Dedicated to the Memory of Milton*, 1679, £1 6s. On the other hand it is pleasant to note that Wordsworth's own poems fetched good prices. The six volume edition, 1837, was bought by Kerslake of Bristol for £15, the largest amount paid for any lot, and a manuscript note says: 'Smart competition. Bidding went from 12s. to £5 at once.' Southey and Coleridge also sold fairly well, especially when autographed copies, and Chapman's *Homer* with the frontispiece, obtained £5, and another copy without it, but with a long criticism of Chapman by Coleridge, £3 9s. Tillotson's *Life*, together with the *Remains* of Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh, and Dyer's *Memoirs of the Rev Robert Robinson*, together 4 vols., were bought for 12s. by 'Mr. Winthrop, U. S. America who was passing. and secured a Memorial of the poet'. Lastly, we note that Mr. Wm. Wordsworth, junr., secured Swift's *Works*, 13 vols., 1768, for 7s. 6d. and 21 vols. of Harrison's *Novelist's Magazine* for 17s., while the *Cumberland Magazine or Whitehaven Monthly Miscellany, containing everything proper to dispense to promote virtue, to help agreeable conversation, &c.*, 1780, and *The Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i, 1838, were 'Bought for the Lit. & Phil Soc. at Kendal' for 5s. There was no bid for the picture by Lucca Giordano.





## APPENDIX IV<sup>1</sup>

*No. 670.* The rough draft of the lines *To the Moon*. Composed by the seaside—on the coast of Cumberland, 1835, here printed (No. 670), is preserved on a dirty, torn quarto sheet among H. C. R.'s miscellaneous papers (Bundle 1, Miscellaneous). The MS., as is usual when it is an autograph of the poet, is very difficult to read and at times almost illegible; it has no date, title, or signature. Wordsworth has scratched out and altered a good many words, lines, and passages on this scribbled page, and comparison with the published version shows that there were many subsequent changes before he passed the poem for press in the 1837 volume. The reference, twice repeated, to the moon as 'the Sailor's Friend', and other identical or almost identical lines and passages marked below, make it pretty certain that this is the original version of the poem. It is shorter than and otherwise inferior to the accepted text—itself not among the great poems of Wordsworth—but it is interesting as illustrating the development and correction of his work before it was considered suitable for publication. His emendations show that in this case he exercised his critical faculty with advantage on his own work.

Another point worth notice is that some of the deleted lines in the original version were utilized in the second ode *To the Moon*, the last, as this is sometimes included as the last but one, of *The Evening Voluntaries*, e. g. in ll. 1-5 :

Queen of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,  
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,  
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow  
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,  
Alternate empire in the shades below—

which may be compared with ll. 10-14 (erased) of the MS. poem.

For convenience in comparison I reprint the published version of the poem, which is prolix but in many respects more satisfactory :

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near  
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;  
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,  
So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;

<sup>1</sup> This Appendix is, in the main, a reprint of a note I first published in *The Modern Language Review*, April 1924 (pp. 211-14).

## TO THE MOON

And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,  
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;  
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names  
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,  
 An idolizing dreamer as of yore !—  
 I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore 10  
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend  
<sup>1</sup> That bid me hail thee as the *SAILOR'S FRIEND*;  
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known  
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,  
 When not a twinkling star or beacon's light  
 Abates the perils of a stormy night;  
 And for less obvious benefits, that find  
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;  
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;  
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime, 20  
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,  
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.  
 The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,  
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;  
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,  
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;  
 Thou, chequering peaceably the munster's gloom,  
 Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;  
 Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell  
 Welcome, though silent and intangible!— 30  
 And lives there one, of all that come and go  
 On the great waters toiling to and fro,  
 One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour  
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,  
 Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move  
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove—  
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway  
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,  
 And make the serious happier than the gay?  
 Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright 40  
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,  
 To fiercer mood the frenzy-stricken brain,  
 Let me a compensating faith maintain;  
 That there's a sensitive, a tender, part  
 Which thou canst touch in every human heart,  
 For healing and composure.—But as least

<sup>1</sup> The following lines respectively in the published version (as above) and in the MS. correspond: 12-17: 2-7, 35-6: 32-3; 37-8: 18, 19, 34-5; 56-9 20-23; 61-2: 8, 9; 65-9. 24-7, 4, 5; 72: 29.

#### APPENDIX IV

And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
 Thy domination ; as the whole vast Sea  
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty ;  
 So shines that countenance with especial grace 50  
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace  
 Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,  
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood—  
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,  
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—  
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,  
 With some internal lights to memory dear,  
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast  
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—  
 Gentle awakenings, visitations meek ; 60  
 A kindly influence whereof few will speak,  
 Though it can wet with tears the hardest cheek.  
 And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave  
 Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave ;  
 Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea  
 Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,  
 Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,  
 And nothing save the moving ship's own light  
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—  
 Oft with his musings does thy image blend, 70  
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,  
 And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND !

The question naturally arises how Crabb Robinson came to possess Wordsworth's MS,<sup>1</sup> and no answer can be discovered in the extant correspondence or papers. But these prove that Robinson was frequently sent or shown new poems long before their publication and that he not seldom ventured to suggest changes, either directly to the poet or in letters to Mrs. Wordsworth or Dorothy. Sometimes these alterations were accepted, sometimes reasons were given for disapproval of them ; there is no reason to suppose that Wordsworth ever resented his friend's criticisms. It may well be that this MS. was sent to H. C. R. in the ordinary course of correspondence, or, since there is no extant acknowledgement or comment, perhaps he got hold of it during one of his visits to Rydal Mount, or when he was travelling with Wordsworth in 1837. Be this as it may, we can be grateful to him for its preservation, along with much else that tends to illuminate the ' growth of a poet's mind '.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gordon Wordsworth knows of no other extant autograph draft poem with corrections in the Poet's own handwriting.



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